THE CIVILE WARES betweene the Howses of Lancaster and Yorke corrected and continued by Samuel Daniel one of the Groomes of hir Maiesties most honorable Priuie Chamber.

Ætas prima canat veneres postrema tumultus.



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THE WHOLE VVORKES OF SAMVEL DANIEL Eſquire *in Poetrie.*

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for SIMON WATERSON, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe in *Paules* Church-yard, at the Signe of the Crowne.
1623.

TO THE HIGH and moſt Illuſtrious Prince CHARLES *His Excellence.*

SIR:

PResents to gods were offered by the hands of graces; and why not thoſe of great Princes, by thoſe of the Muſes? To you therefore Great Prince of Honor, and Honor of Princes; I ioyntly preſent Poeſie and Muſicke, in the one the ſeruice of my defunct Brother, in the other, the duty of my ſelfe liuing, in both the douotion of two Brothers, your Highnes humble ſeruants. Your Excellence then who is of ſuch recom-

recommendable fame, with all Nations for the curiosity of your rare Spirit to vnderstand, and ability of Knowledge to iudge of all things: I humbly inuite leauing the Songs of his Muse, who liuing so sweetly chanted the glory of your High Name: Sacred is the fame of Poets, Sacred the name of Princes; To which

Humbly bowes, and vowes

Himselfe, euer your

Highnesse Seruant,

Iohn Daniel.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE *Lady, the Lady* Marie, *Counteſſe Dowager of* Pembrooke.

MADAME:



His Poëm of our laſt Ciuile Warres of England, *(whereof the many Editions ſhewe what kinde of intertainement it hath had with the world) I haue now againe ſent-forth, with the addition of two bookes: the one, continuing the courſe of the Hiſtorie; the other, making-vp a part, which (for haſte) was left vnfurniſht in the former Impreſsions. And, hauing nothing elſe to doo with my life, but to worke whil'ſt I haue it; I held it my part, to adorne (the beſt I could) this Prouince, Nature hath allotted to my Charge: and which I deſire to leaue, after my death, in the beſt forme I may; ſeeing I can erect no other pillars to ſuſtaine my memorie, but my lines, nor otherwiſe pay my debts and the recknings of my gratitude to their honour who haue donne me good, and furthered this Worke.*

And, whereas this Argument was long ſince vnderta-

ken (in a time which was not so well secur'd of the future, as God be blessed now it is) with a purpose, to shewe the deformities of Ciuile Dissension, and the miserable euents of Rebellions, Conspiracies, and bloudy Reuengements, which followed (as in a circle) vpon that breach of the due course of Succession, by the Vsurpation of Hen. 4; *and thereby to make the blessings of Peace, and the happinesse of an established Gouernment (in a direct Line) the better to appeare: I trust I shall doo a gratefull worke to my Countrie, to continue the same, vnto the glorious Vnion of* Hen. 7: *from whence is descended our present Happinesse.*

In which Worke, I haue carefully followed that truth which is deliuered in the Historie; without adding to, or subtracting from, the general receiu'd opinion of things as we finde them in our common Annalles: holding it an impietie, to violate that publike Testimonie we haue, without more euident proofe; or to introduce fictions of our owne imagination, in things of this nature. Famæ rerum standum est. *Though I knowe, in these publike actions, there are euer popular bruites, and opinions, which run according to the time & the biass of mens affections: and it is the part of an Historian, to recite them, not to rule thē; especially, otherwise then the circumstances may induce: according to that modest saying;* Nec affirmare sustineo de quibus dubito, nec subducere quæ accepi.

I haue onely vsed that poeticall licence, of framing speaches to the persons of men according to their occasions; as C. Salustius, *and* T. Liuius (*though Writers in Prose, yet in that kinde Poets*) *haue, with diuers other antient and modern Writers, done before me. Wherin, though they*

they haue incroched vpon others rights, and vsurpt a part that was not properly theirs: yet, seeing they hold so iust a proportion, with the nature of men, and the course of affayres; they passe as the partes of the Actor (not the Writer) and are receiu'd with great approbation.

And although many of these Images are drawne with the pencil of mine owne conceiuing: yet I knowe, they are according to the portraiture of Nature; and carrie a resemblance to the life of Action, and their complexions whom they represent. For, I see, Ambition, Faction, and Affections, speake euer one Language, weare like colours (though in seuerall fashions) feed, and are fed with the same nutriments; and only vary but in time.

Man is a creature of the same dimension he was: and how great and eminent soeuer hee bee, his measure and height is easie to be taken. And all these great actions are openly presented on the Stage of the World: where, there are euer Spectators, *who will iudge and censure how men personate those parts, which they are set to perform; and so enter them in the Records of Memorie.*

And if I haue erred somewhat in the draught of the young Q. Isabel (*wife to* Ric. 2.) *in not suting her passions to her yeares: I must craue fauour of my credulous Readers; and hope, the young Ladies of* England (*who peraduenture will thinke themselues of age sufficient, at* 14 *yeares, to haue a feeling of their owne estates*) *will excuse me in that point. For the rest, setting-aside those ornaments proper to this kinde of Writing; I haue faithfully obserued the Historie. Wherein, such as loue this Harmony of words, may finde, that a Subiect, of the greatest grauitie, will be aptly exprest: howsoeuer others (seeing*

in what ſort Verſe hath beene idly abuſed) hold it but as a language fitting Lightnes and Vanitie.

For mine owne part, I am not ſo far in loue with this forme of Writing (nor haue I ſworne Fealtie onely to Ryme) but that I may ſerue in any other ſtate of Inuention, with what weapon of vtterance I will: and, ſo it may make good my minde, I care not. For, I ſee, Iudgement and Diſcretion (with whatſoeuer is worthy) carry their owne Ornaments, and are grac't with their owne beauties; be they apparayled in what faſhion they will. And becauſe I finde the common tongue of the world is Proſe; I purpoſe in that kinde to write the Hiſtorie of England, *from the Conqueſt: being incouraged thereunto, by many noble & worthy Spirits. Although Madame, I muſt not neglect to proſecute the other part of this Worke; being thus reuiued by your Goodnes: to whome, and to whoſe Noble Family, I hold my ſelfe euer bound; and will labour to doo you all the honor, and ſeruice I can.*

SAM. DANYEL.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

What times fore-goe Richard *the ſeconds Raigne,*
The fatall cauſes of this ciuile VVarre,
His Vncles pride, his greedy Minions gaine,
Gloſters *reuolt, and death deliuered are.*
Herford, *accus'd, exil'd, call'd-back againe,*
Pretendes t'amend what other's Rule did marre.
The King from Ireland *haſtes, but did no good;*
VVhil'ſt ſtrange prodigious ſignes fore-token blood.

1

I Sing the ciuill Warres, tumultuous Broyles,
And bloody factions of a mightie Land:
Whoſe people hautie, proud with forraine ſpoyles,
Vpon themſelues turn-backe their conquering hand;
Whil'ſt Kin their Kin, Brother the Brother foyles;
Like Enſignes all againſt like Enſignes band;
Bowes againſt Bowes, the Crowne againſt the Crowne;
Whil'ſt all pretending right, all right's throwne downe.

2

What furie, ô what madnes held thee ſo,
Deare *England* (too too prodigall of blood)
To waſte ſo much, and warre without a foe,
Whilſt *Fraunce*, to ſee thy ſpoyles, at pleaſure ſtood!
How much might'ſt thou haue purchaſt with leſſe woe,
T'haue done thee honour and thy people good?
Thine might haue beene what-euer lies betweene
The *Alps* and vs, the *Pyrenei* and *Rhene*.

3

Yet now what reaſon haue we to complaine?
Since hereby came the calme we did inioy;
The bliſſe of thee *Eliza*; happie gaine
For all our loſſe: when-as no other way
The Heauens could finde, but to vnite againe
The farall ſev'red Families, that they
Might bring foorth thee: that in thy peace might growe
That glorie, which few Times could euer ſhowe.

4

Come ſacred *Virtue*: I no *Muſe*, but thee,
Inuoke, in this great labour I intend.
Doo thou inſpire my thoughts, infuſe in mee
A power to bring the ſame to happie end.
Rayſe vp a worke, for later times to ſee,
That may thy glorie, and my paynes commend.
Make me theſe tumults rightly to rehearſe:
And giue peace to my life, life to my verſe.

5

And thou *Charles Montioy* (who didſt once afford
Reſt for my fortunes, on thy quiet ſhore;
And cheer'dſt mee on, theſe meaſures to record
In grauer tones, then I had vs'd before)
Beholde: my gratitude makes good my word
Ingag'd to thee (although thou be no more)
That I, who heretofore haue liv'd by thee,
Doo giue thee now a roome to liue with me,

And

6

And MEMORIE, preserv'resse of things done,
Come thou, vnfold the woundes, the wracke, the waste:
Reueale to me how all the strife begunne
Twixt *Lancaster* and *Yorke*, in ages past:
How causes, counsels, and euents did runne,
So long as these vnhappie times did last,
Vnintermixt with fictions, fantasies,
I versifie the troth; not Poetize.

7

And to the ende wee may with better ease
Discerne the true discourse; vouchsafe to showe,
What were the times foregoing, neere to these,
That these we may with better profit knowe:
Tell, how the world fell into this disease,
And how so great distemperature did growe.
So shall we see, by what degrees it came,
"How things, at full, do soone wex out of frame.

8

Ten Kings had, from the *Norman* Conqueror, raign'd,
With intermixt and variable fate,
When *England* to her greatest height attain'd
Of powre, dominion, glorie, wealth, and State;
After it had, with much adoo, sustain'd
The violence of Princes, with debate
For titles, and the often mutinies
Of Nobles, for their ancient liberties.

Which mat in the space of 260. years.

9

For, first, the *Norman*, conquering all by might,
By might was forc't to keepe what he had got;
Mixing our Customes and the forme of *Right*
With foraine Constitutions he had brought:
Maistering the mightie, humbling the poorer wight
By all seuerest meanes that could be wrought:
And, making the succession doubtfull, rent
This new-got State, and left it turbulent.

1067. *William 1. surnamed the Conqueror, the base sonne to Robert the sixt Duke of Normandie, raigned 20. yeares and 8. monthes, and left the Crowne of England to William his third sonne; contrary to the custome of succession.*

10

VVilliam his ſonne, tracing his fathers wayes
(The great men ſpent in peace, or ſlaine in fight)
Vpon depreſſed weaknes onely preyes;
And makes his force maintaine his doubtfull right:
His elder brothers clayme, vexing his dayes,
His actions and exactions ſtill incice:
And giuing Beaſtes, what did to Men pertaine
(Tooke for a Beaſt) himſelfe in th'end was ſlaine.

1087. *Willã 2. had wars with his elder brother Robert D. of Normandie: with whom his Vncle Otho, and many of the Nobilitie of Eng. tooke part. Hee was ſlaine hunting in the new forreſt by Sir Walter Tirell, ſhooting at a Deere, when he had raigned 13. yeares.*

11

His brother *Henrie* next commands the State:
Who, *Roberts* title better to reiect,
Seekes to repacifie the peoples hate;
And with faire ſhewes, rather then in effect,
Allayes thoſe grieuances that heauie ſate:
Reformes the lawes, which ſoone hee did neglect;
And reſt of ſonnes, for whom he did prepare,
Leaues crowne and ſtrife, to *Maude* his daughters care.

1100. *Hen. 1. the youngeſt ſonne of Willam 1. raigned 35. yeares, & 4 monthes, whoſe ſonnes Will. & Ric. being drowned on the Seas, he leaues the Crow. to Maude firſt maried to the Emperour, Hen. 4. and after to Geffry Plantagenet E. of Anion.*

12

Whom *Stephen* his nephew (falſifying his Oath)
Preuents, aſſayles the Realme, obtaines the Crowne;
Such tumults raiſing as torment them both,
Whil'ſt both held nothing certainely their owne:
Th'afflicted State (diuided in their troth
And partiall faith) moſt miſerable growne,
Endures the while, till peace, and *Stephens* death,
Gaue ſome calme leaſure to recouer breath.

1135. *Stephen ſon to the E. of Bloys & Adela daughter to Wil 1. inuades the kingdõe cõtẽdes with Maude the Empreſſe for the ſucceſſion, and raigned tumultuarily 18. yeares and 10. moneth.*

13

When *Henrie*, ſonne to *Maude* the Empreſſe, raignes,
And *England* into forme and greatnes brought,
Addes *Ireland* to this Scepter, and obtaines
Large Prouinces in *Fraunce*; much treaſure gote,
And from exactions here at home abſtaynes:
And had not his rebellious children ſought
T'imbroyle his age with tumults, he had beene
The happieſt Monarch that this State had ſeene.

1154. *Hen 2. ſonne of Geffry Plantagenet E. of Anion & Maude the Empreſſe aſſociated his ſonne Hen. in the Crown: and gouernment which turned to his great diſturbance, and ſet all his ſonnes, Henry, Richard, Geffry, & Iohn againſt him. He raigned 34. yeares & 7 months.*

Him,

14

Him, *Richard* followes in the gouernment:
Who much the glory of our Armes increaſt;
And all his fathers mighty treaſure ſpent,
In that deuoutfull Action of the *Eaſt*:
Whereto, whiles he his forces wholly bent,
Deſpight and treaſon his deſignes oppreſt;
A faithleſſe brother, and a fatall King,
Cut-off his growth of glory, in the ſpring.

1189. *Richard went to the Holy warres, was king of Ieruſalem whiles his brother Iohn by the help of the King of France vſurpt the crown of England. Hee was detained priſoner in Auſtria, redeemed, and reigned nine yeares. 9. months.*

15

Which wicked brother, contrary to courſe,
Falſe *Iohn* vſurpes his *Nephew Arthurs* right;
Gets to the Crowne by craft, by wrong, by force;
Rules it with luſt, oppreſſion, rigour, might;
Murders the lawfull heire without remorſe:
Wherefore procuring all the worlds deſpight,
A Tyrant loath'd, a homicide conuented,
Poyſoned he dyes, diſgrac't and vnlamented.

1199. *K. Iohn vſurps the right of Arthur ſonne to Geffery his elder brother; and raignes 17 yeares. Hee had warres with his Barons: who elected Lewis, Sonne to the K. of France.*

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Henrie his ſonne is choſen King, though young,
And *Lewes* of *France* (elected firſt) beguil'd;
After the mighty had debated long,
Doubtfull to chooſe a ſtraunger or a child:
With him, the Barrons (in theſe times growne ſtrong)
Warre for their auncient Lawes ſo long exil'd.
He graunts the *Charter* that pretended eaſe;
Yet kept his owne, and did his State appeaſe.

1216. *Hen. 3. at 9. yeares of age, was Crowned King: and raigned 56 yeares.*

17

Edward, his ſonne, a Martiall King, ſucceedes;
Iuſt, prudent, graue, religious, fortunate:
Whoſe happy ordered Raigne moſt fertile breedes,
Plenty of mighty ſpirits to ſtrength his State:
And worthy mindes, to manage worthy deedes,
Th'experience of thoſe times ingenerate:
For, euer great imployment, for the great,
Quickens the blood, and honour doth beget.

1272. *Ed. 1. had the dominion ouer this whole Iland of Britaine: and raigned glorioufly 34. yeeres. 7. Moneths.*

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18

1307. *Edward 2. abuſed by his Minions & debauſhed by his owne weakneſſe, was depoſed frõ his gouernment, when he had reigned 19. yeares 6. moneths; and was murthered in priſon.*

And had not his mis-led laſciuious Sonne,
Edward the ſecond, intermitted ſo
The courſe of glory happily begunne
(Which brought him and his fauorites to woe)
That happy current without ſtop had runne
Vnto the full of his ſonne *Edwards* flowe:
But, who hath often ſeene, in ſuch a State,
Father and Sonne like good, like fortunate?

19

1326. *Edw.* 3

But now, this great Succeeder, all repaires,
And reinduc't that diſcontinued good:
He builds vp ſtrength & greatnes, for his heires,
Out of the virtues that adornd his blood:
He makes his Subiects Lords of more then theirs;
And ſets their bounds farre wider then they ſtood.
His powre, and fortune, had ſufficient wrought,
Could but the State haue kept what he had got.

20

Edward the black prince who died before his father.

And had his heire ſurviu'd him in due courſe,
What limits *England* hadſt thou found? what barre?
What world could haue reſiſted ſo great force?
O more then men! (two thunderbolts of warre)
Why did not Time your ioyned worth diuorce,
T'haue made your ſeueral glories greater farre?
Too prodigall was Nature, thus to doe;
To ſpend in one Age, what ſhould ſerue for two.

21

Richard. 2. being but 11. yeares of age, was crowned K. of England. 1377

But now the Scepter, in this glorious State,
Supported with ſtrong powre and victorie,
Was left vnto a Child, ordain'd by fate
To ſtay the courſe of what might growe too hie:
Here was a ſtop, that Greatneſſe did abate,
When powre vpon ſo weake a baſe did lie.
For, leaſt great fortune ſhould preſume too farre,
Such oppoſitions interpoſed are.

Neuer

22

Neuer this Iland better peopled ſtood;
Neuer more men of might, and minds addreſt:
Neuer more Princes of the royall blood,
(If not too many for the publique Reſt)
Nor euer was more treaſure, wealth and good;
Then when this *Richard*, firſt, the Crowne poſſeſt;
The ſecond of that name, in two accurſt:
And well we might haue miſt all, but the firſt.

23

In this mans Raigne, began this fatal ſtrife
(The bloudie argument whereof we treate)
That dearely coſt ſo many'a Prince his life;
And ſpoyld the weake, and euen conſum'd the great:
That, wherein all confuſion was ſo rife,
As Memory euen grieues her to repeat,
And would that time might now this knowledge loſe;
But that tis good to learne by others woes.

24

Edward the third, being dead, had left this child, *Richard the 2. ſon to the blacke prince.*
(Sonne of his worthy ſonne deceaſt of late)
The Crowne and Scepter of this Realme to wield:
Appointing the protectors of his State
Two of his ſonnes, to be his better ſhield;
Suppoſing, Vncles, free from guile or hate,
Would order all things for his better good,
In the reſpect and honour of their bloud.

25

Of theſe, *Iohn*, Duke of *Lancaſter*, was one, *The D. of Lancaſter intitled K. of Caſtile in the right of his wife Conſtance eldeſt daughter to K. Peter.*
(Too great a Subiect growne, for ſuch a State.
The title of a King, and glorie wonne
In great exploits his mind did eleuate
Aboue proportion kingdomes ſtand vpon:
Which made him puſh at what his iſſue gate)
The other, *Langley:* whoſe mild temperatneſs *Edmond Langly Earle of Cambridge; after created D. of*
Did tend vnto a calmer quietneſſe. With *Yorke.*

26

With theſe, did *Woodſtock* interpoſe his part;
Thomas of Woodſtocke after made D. of Gloceſter. A man, for action violently bent,
And of a ſpirit averſe, and ouer-thwart;
Which could not ſute a peace-full gouernment:
Whoſe euer-ſwelling, and tumultuous heart
Wrought his owne ill and others diſcontent.
And theſe had all the manage of affayres,
During the time the King was vnder yeares.

27

And in the firſt yeares of his gouernment,
Things paſt, as firſt; the warres in *France* proceed,
Though not with that ſame fortune and euent,
Being now not followed with ſuch carefull heed;
Our people here at home, growne diſcontent,
Through great exactions, inſurrections breed:
Priuate reſpects hindred the Common-weale:
And idle eaſe doth on the mighty ſteale.

28

Too many Kings breed factions in the Court:
The head too weake, the members growne too great.
Which euermore doth happen in this ſort,
When Children rule; the plague which God doth threat
Vnto thoſe Kingdomes which he will tranſport
To other Lynes, or vtterly defeat:
" For, the ambitious, once inur'd to raigne,
" Can neuer brook a priuate ſtate againe.

29

" And Kingdomes euer ſuffer this diſtreſſe,
" Where one, or many, guide the infant King:
" Which one or many (taſting this exceſſe
" Of greatneſſe & command) can neuer bring
" Their thoughts againe t'obay, or to be leſſe.
" From hence, theſe inſolencies euer ſpring;
" Contempt of others, whom they ſeek to foyle:
" Then follow leagues, deſtruction, ruine, ſpoyle.

And

30

And whether they, which vnder-went this charge,
Permit the King to take a youthfull vaine,
That they their priuate better might inlarge:
Or whether he himselfe would farther straine
(Thinking his yeeres sufficient to discharge
The gouernment) and so assum'd the raine:
Or howsoeuer, now his eare he lends
To youthfull counsell, and his lustes attends.

31

And Courts were neuer barren yet of those
Which could with subtile traine, and apt aduice,
Worke on the Princes weakenesse, and dispose
Of feeble frailtie, easie to entice.
And such, no doubt, about this King arose,
Whose flatterie (the dangerous nurse of vice)
Got hand vpon his youth, to pleasures bent:
Which, led by them, did others discontent.

32

For, now his Vncles grew much to mislike
These ill proceedings; were it that they saw
That others, fauour'd, did aspiring seeke
Their Nephew from their counsels to withdraw,
(Seeing him of nature flexible, and weake)
Because they onely would keepe all in awe;
Or that indeede they found the King and State
Abus'd by such as now in office sate.

33

Or rather else, they all were in the fault;
Th'ambitious Vncles, th'indiscreete young King,
The greedie Councell, and the Minions naught;
And altogether did this tempest bring:
Besides, the times, with all iniustice fraught,
Concurr'd, with such confus'd misgouerning,
That wee may truely say, This spoyld the State,
" Youthfull Counsaile, priuate Gaine, partiall Hate.

34

And then the King, besides his iealousies
Which nourisht were, had reason to be led
To doubt his Vncles for their loyalties;
Since *Iohn* of *Gaunt* (as was discouered)
Had practised his death in secret wise;
And *Glostr* openly becomes the head
Vnto a league, who all in armes were bent
T'oppose against the present gouernement;

35

Robert Veere Duke of Ireland.

Pretending to remoue such men as were
Accounted to abuse the king, and State.
Of whome, the chiefe they did accuse, was *Veere*,
Made Duke of *Ireland*, with great grace of late;
And diuers else, who for the place they beare
Obnoxious are, and subiect vnto hate.
And these must be sequestred with all speed:
Or else they vow'd, their swordes should doo the deed.

Ann. Reg. 11. the D. of Glostr with the E E. of Darby, Arũdel, Nottingham, Warwicke, & other L L having forced the K. to put from him all his officers of Court, at this Parliamẽt, caused most of thẽ to be executed: as, Iohn Beauchamp L. Steward of his house, Sir Simon Burley, L. Chamberlaine, with many other. Also the L. chief Iustice was here executed, and all the Iudges condẽned to death, for maintaining the kings prerogatiue against these L L. & the constitutions of the last Parliament in Ann. 10

36

The King was forc't in that next Parliament,
To grant them what he durst not well refuse.
For, thither arm'd they came, and fully bent
To suffer no repulse, nor no excuse:
And here they did accomplish their intent;
Where Iustice did her sword, not Ballance, vse.
For, euen that sacred place they violate,
Arresting all the Iudges as they sate.

37

And here had many worthy men their ende,
Without all forme, or any course of Right.
" For, still these broyles, that publike good pretend,
" Worke most iniustice, being done through spight.
" For, those aggrieued euermore do bend
" Against such as they see of greatest might
" Who, though they cannot help what will go ill;
" Yet, since they may doo wrong, are thought they will.

38

And yet herein I meane not to excuſe
The Iuſtices, and Minions of the King
(Who might their office and their grace abuſe)
But blame the courſe held in the managing.
" For, great-men, ouer-grac't, much rigor vſe.
" Preſuming fauorits diſcontentment bring.
" And diſproportions harmonie do breake.
" Minions, too great, argue a king too weake.

39

Now, that ſo much was granted, as was ſought;
A reconcilement made, although not ment,
Appeas'd them all in ſhewe, but not in thought,
Whilſt euery one ſeem'd outwardly content:
Though hereby king, nor peeres, nor people got
More loue, more ſtrength, or eaſier gouernment;
But euery day, things ſtill ſucceeded worſe.
" For good from Kings is ſeldome drawne by force.

40

And thus it loe continued, till by chaunce
The Queene (which was the Emperours daughter) di'de:
When-as the King, t'eſtabliſh peace with *Fraunce*,
And better for hom e-quiet to prouide,
Sought by contracting marriage to aduance
His owne affayres, againſt his Vncles pride;
Tooke the young daughter of King *Charles* to wife:
Which after, in the end, rays'd greater ſtrife.

Ann. Reg. 18.

Ann. 20. Iſabel, daughter to Charles, 6.

41

For, now his vncle *Gloſter* much repin'd,
Againſt this French alliance and this peace:
As either out of a tumultuous minde;
(Which neuer was content the warres ſhould ceaſe:)
Or that he did diſhonorable finde
Thoſe articles which did our State decreaſe;
And therefore ſtorm'd becauſe the Crowne had wrong:
Or that he fear'd, the King would growe too ſtrong.

42

But whatsoeuer mov'd him; this is sure,
Hereby he wrought his ruine in the end;
And was a fatall cause, that did procure
The swift approching mischiefes that attend.
For loe, the King no longer could indure
Thus to be crost in what he did intend;
And therefore watcht but some occasion fit
T'attache the Duke, when he thought least of it.

43

And Fortune, to set forward this intent,
The Cont S. *Paule*, from *France*, doth hither bring:
Valeran E. of S. Paule who had maried the kings halfe sister. Whom *Charles* the sixt imploy'd in complement,
To see the Queene, and to salute the King.
To whom he shewes his Vncles discontent,
And of his secret dangerous practising,
How he his Subiectes sought to sulleuate,
And breake the league with *Fraunce* concluded late.

44

" To whom the Cont, most cunningly replies;
" Great Prince, it is within your power, with ease
" To remedy such feares, such iealousies,
" And rid you of such mutiners as these;
" By cutting off that, which might greater rise:
" And now at first, preuenting this disease,
" And that before he shall your wrath disclose.
" For, who threats first, meanes of reuenge doth lose.

45

" First take his head; then tell the reason why:
" Stand not to finde him guiltie by your lawes.
" You easier shall with him your quarrell trie
" Dead then aliue, who hath the better cause.
" For, in the murmuring vulgar, vsually
" This publique course of yours compassion drawes;
" Especially in cases of the great:
" Which worke much pitty, in the vndiscreat.

And

46

" And this is ſure, though his offence be ſuch:
" Yet doth calamitie attract commorſe:
" And men repine at Princes blood-ſhed much,
" (How iuſt-ſoeuer) iudging tis by force.
" I know not how, their death giues ſuch a tuch,
" In thoſe that reach not to a true diſcourſe;
" As ſo ſhall you, obſeruing formall right,
" Be held ſtill as vniuſt, and win more ſpight.

47

" And, oft, the cauſe may come preuented ſo:
" And therefore when tis done, let it be heard.
" For, thereby ſhall you ſcape your priuate wo,
" And ſatisfie the world too, afterward.
" What neede you weigh the rumors that ſhall go?
" What is that breath, being with your life compar'd?
" And therefore, if you will be rul'd by me,
" In ſecret ſort, let him diſpatched bee.

48

And then arraigne the chiefe of thoſe you finde
Were of his faction ſecretly compact:
Who may ſo well be handled in their kinde;
As their confeſſions, which you ſhall exact,
May both appeaſe the aggrieued peoples minde,
And make their death to aggrauate their fact.
So ſhall you rid your ſelfe of dangers quite;
And ſhew the world, that you haue done but right.

49

This counſell, vttred vnto ſuch an eare
As willing liſtens to the ſafeſt wayes,
Workes on the yeelding matter of his feare;
Which eaſily to any courſe obayes.
For, euery Prince, ſeeing his daunger neere,
By any meanes his quiet peace aſſaies.
" And ſtill the greateſt wrongs, that euer were,
" Haue then been wrought, when Kings were put in feare.

50

Call'd in with publique pardon, and releaſe,
The *Duke* of *Gloſter*, with his complices;
All tumults, all contentions ſeem to ceaſe,
The land rich, people pleas'd, all in happineſſe;
When ſodainely *Gloſter* came caught, with peace;
VVarwicke, with profered loue and promiſes:
And *Arundell* was in, with cunning brought:
Who elſe abrode, his ſafetie might haue wrought.

At the parliament, in Anno 11. the LL. of the league with Gloſter, being pardoned for their oppoſing againſt the kings proceedings, were quiet till Anno 21; when vpon report of a new conſpiracie, they were ſurpriſed. Mowbray E. Marſhal, after made Duke of Norfolke, had the charge of diſpatching the D. of Gloſter, at Calice.

51

Long was it not, ere *Gloſter* was conuayd
To *Calice*, and there ſtrangled ſecretly:
VVarwicke and *Arundell* cloſe priſoners laid,
Th'eſpeciall men of his confederacie:
Yet *VVarwickes* teares and baſe confeſſions ſtaide
The doome of death; and came confin'd thereby,
And ſo prolongs this not long baſe-begg'd breath:
But *Arundell* was put to publique death.

52

Which publique death (receiv'd with ſuch a cheare,
As not a ſigh, a looke, a ſhrink bewrayes
The leaſt felt touch of a degenerous feare)
Gaue life to Enuie, to his courage prayſe;
And made his ſtout-defended cauſe appeare
With ſuch a face of Right, as that it layes
The ſide of wrong t'wards him, who had long ſince
By Parliament forgiuen this offence:

The K. had by Parliament before pardoned the D. and thoſe two Earles: yet was the pardon reuoked.

53

And in the vnconceiuing vulgar ſort,
Such an impreſſion of his goodnes gaue
As Sainted him, and rays'd a ſtrange report
Of miracles effected on his Graue:
Although the Wiſe (whome zeale did not tranſport)
" Knew, how each great example ſtill muſt haue
" Something of wrong, a taſte of violence;
" Wherewith, the publique quiet doth diſpenſe.

The

54

The King foorth-with prouides him of a Guard;
A thouſand Archers daily to attend:
Which now vpon the act he had prepar'd,
As th'argument his actions to defend:
But yet the world hereof conceiu'd ſo hard,
That all this nought auaild him in the end.
" In vaine, with terror is he fortified,
" That is not guarded with firme loue beſide.

55

Now ſtorme his grieued Vncles, though in vaine;
Not able better courſes to aduiſe.
They might their grieuance inwardly complaine;
But outwardly they needes muſt temporiſe.
The King was great; and they ſhould nothing gaine
T'attempt reuenge, or offer once to riſe:
This league with *Fraunce* had made him now ſo ſtrong,
That they muſt needes as yet indure this wrong.

56

For, like a Lion that eſcapes his boundes,
Hauing beene long reſtrain'd his vſe to ſtray,
Ranges the reſtleſs woods, ſtayes on no groũd,
Riots with blood-ſhed, wantons on his praie;
Seekes not for neede, but in his pride to wound,
Glorying to ſee his ſtrength and what he may:
So this vnbridled King (freed of his feares)
In liberty, himſelf thus wildely beares.

57

For, ſtanding now alone, he ſees his might
Out of the compaſſe of reſpectiue awe;
And now beginnes to violate all right,
While no reſtraining feare at hand he ſaw.
Now he exacts of all, waſtes in delight,
Riots in pleaſure, and neglects the law:
He thinkes his Crowne is licenſt to do ill.
" That leſſe ſhould liſt, that may do what it wil.

Thus

58

Thus b'ing tranſported in this ſenſuall courſe;
No friend to warne, no counſell to withſtand,
He ſtill proceedeth on from bad to worſe,
Sooth'd in all actions that he tooke in hand,
By ſuch as all impietie did nurſe,
Commending euer what hee did command.
" Vnhappie Kings! that neuer may be taught
" To know themſelues, or to diſcerne their fault.

——*Nihil eſt quod credere de ſe, non poſsit, cùm laudatur, dijs æqua poteſtas.*

59

And whilſt this courſe did much the kingdome daunt,
The Duke of *Herford* being of courage bolde,
As ſonne and heire to mighty *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,
Vtters the paſsion which he could not holde
Concerning theſe oppreſſions, and the want
Of gouernment: which he to *Norfolke* told;
To th'end, he (being great about the king)
Might do ſome good, by better counſelling.

Hen. Bolling-broke of Here-ford.

Tho. Mowbray D. of Norfolke.

60

Hereof doth *Norfolke* preſently take hold,
And to the king the whole diſcourſe relate:
Who, not conceipting it, as it was told,
But iudging it proceeded out of hate;
Diſdeigning deepely to be ſo controwl'd,
That others ſhould his Rule preiudicate,
Charg'd *Herford* therewithall: who re-accus'd
Norfolke, for words of treaſon he had vs'd.

61

Norfolke denies them peremptorily.
Herford recharg'd, and ſupplicates the king,
To haue the combate of his enemie;
That by his ſword hee might approue the thing.
Norfolke deſires the ſame, as earneſtly:
And both with equall courage menacing
Reuenge of wrong; that none knew which was free:
For, times of faction, times of ſlaunder bee.

The

62

The combate granted, and the day aſsign'd,
They both in order of the field appeare,
Moſt richly furniſht in all Martiall kinde,
And at the point of intercombate were;
When (lo) the king chang'd ſodainely his minde,
Caſts downe his warder to arreſt them there;
As being aduis'd a better way to take,
Which might for his more certaine ſafetie make.

63

For, now conſidering (as it likely might)
The victorie ſhould hap on *Herfords* ſide
(A man moſt valiant and of noble ſprite,
Belov'd of all, and euer worthy tri'd)
How much he might be grac't in publique ſight,
By ſuch an act, as might aduance his pride,
And ſo become more popular by this;
Which he feares, too much he already is.

64

And therefore he reſolues to baniſh both,
Though th'one in chiefeſt fauour with him ſtood,
A man he dearely lov'd; and might be loth
To leaue him, that had done him ſo much good:
Yet hauing cauſe to do as now he doth,
To mitigate the enuie of his blood,
Thought beſt to loſe a friend, to rid a foe;
And ſuch a one, as now he doubted ſo.

Mowbray was baniſhed the very day (by the courſe of the yeere) whereon he murthered the D. of Gloceſter.

65

And therefore to perpetuall exile hee
Mowbray condemnes; *Herford* but for ten yeares:
Thinking (for that the wrong of this decree,
Compar'd with greater rigour, leſſe appeares)
It might of all the better liked bee:
But yet ſuch murmuring of the fact he heares,
That he is faine foure of the ten forgiue,
And iudg'd him ſixe yeares in exile to liue.

66

At whoſe departure hence out of the Land,
How did the open multitude reueale
The wondrous loue they bare him vnder-hand!
Which now, in this hote paſſion of their zeale,
They plainely ſhew'd; that all might vnderſtand
How deare he was vnto the common weale.
They feard not to exclaime againſt the King;
As one, that ſought all good mens ruining.

67

Vnto the ſhore, with teares, with ſighes, with mone,
They him conduct; curſing the bounds that ſtay
Their willing feete, that would haue further gone,
Had not the fearefull *Ocean* ſtopt their way:
" Why *Neptune*; Haſt thou made vs ſtand alone
" Diuided from the world, for this, ſay they?
" Hemd-in, to be a-ſpoyle to tyrannie,
" Leauing affliction hence no way to flie?

68

" Are we lockt vp, poore ſoules, heere to abide
" Within the waterie priſon of thy waues,
" As in a fold, where ſubiect to the pride
" And luſt of Rulers we remaine as ſlaues?
" Here in the reach of might, where none can hide
" From th'eye of wrath, but onely in their Graues?
" Happie confiners you of other landes,
" That ſhift your ſoyle, and oft ſcape tyrants hands.

69

" And muſt we leaue him here, whom here were fit
" We ſhould retaine, the pillar of our State?
" Whoſe vertues well deſerue to gouerne it,
" And not this wanton young effeminate.
" Why ſhould not he in Regall honour ſit,
" That beſt knowes how a Realme to ordinate?
" But, one day yet, we hope thou ſhalt bring backe
" (Deare *Bullingbrooke*) the Iuſtice that we lacke.

Thus

70

" Thus muttred, loe, the malecontented ſort;
" That loue Kings beſt, before they haue them, ſtill;
" And neuer can the preſent State comport,
" But would as often change, as they change will.
For, this good Duke had wonne them in this ſort
By ſucc'ring them, and pittying of their ill,
That they ſuppoſed ſtreight it was one thing,
To be both a good Man, and a good King.

71

When-as the grauer ſort that ſaw the courſe,
And knew that Princes may not be controld,
Lik't well to ſuffer this, for feare of worſe;
" Since, many great, one Kingdome cannot hold.
For, now they ſaw, inteſtine ſtrife, of force,
The apt-diuided State intangle would,
If he ſhould ſtay whom they would make their head,
By whom the vulgar body might be led.

72

" They ſaw likewiſe, that Princes oft are faine
" To buy their quiet, with the price of wrong:
And better 'twere that now a few complaine,
Then all ſhould mourne, aſwell the weake as ſtrong:
Seeing ſtill how little, Realmes by chaunge do gaine;
And therefore learned by obſeruing long,
" T'admire times paſt, follow the preſent will,
" Wiſh for good Princes, but t'indure the ill.

73

For, when it nought auailes, what folly then
To ſtriue againſt the current of the time?
Who will throwe downe himſelfe, for other men,
That make a ladder by his fall to clime?
Or who would ſeeke t'imbroyle his Country, when
He might haue reſt; ſuffering but others crime?
" Since wiſe men euer haue preferred farre
" Th'vniuſteſt peace, before the iuſteſt warre.

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And better 'twere that now a few complaine,
Then all ſhould mourne, aſwell the weake as ſtrong:
Seeing ſtill how little, Realmes by chaunge do gaine;
And therefore learned by obſeruing long,
" T'admire times paſt, follow the preſent will,
" Wiſh for good Princes, but t'indure the ill.

73

For, when it nought auailes, what folly then
To ſtriue againſt the current of the time?
Who will throwe downe himſelfe, for other men,
That make a ladder by his fall to clime?
Or who would ſeeke t'imbroyle his Country, when
He might haue reſt; ſuffering but others crime?
" Since wiſe men euer haue preferred farre
" Th'vniuſteſt peace, before the iuſteſt warre.

74

Thus they conſidered, that in quiet ſate;
Rich or content, or elſe vnfit to ſtriue:
Peace-louer wealth, hating a troublous State,
Doth willing reaſons for their reſt contriue:
But, if that all were thus conſiderate,
How ſhould in Court, the great, the fauour'd thriue?
Factions muſt be, and theſe varieties:
And ſome muſt fall, that other-ſome may riſe.

75

But, long the Duke remain'd not in exile,
Before that *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, his father, dies.
Vpon whoſe ſtate the king ſeis'd now, this while,
Diſpoſing of it, as his enemies.
This open wrong no longer could beguile
The world, that ſaw theſe great indignities.
Which ſo exaſperates the mindes of all,
That they reſolv'd, him home againe to call.

76

For, now they ſaw, t'was malice in the King
(Tranſported in his ill-conceiued thought)
That made him ſo to proſecute the thing
Againſt all law, and in a courſe ſo naught.
And this aduantage to the Duke did bring
More fit occaſions; whereupon he wrought.
" For, to a man ſo ſtrong, and of ſuch might,
" He giues him more, that takes away his right.

77

An. Reg. 22. The King in this meane time (I know not how)
Was drawne into ſome actions, foorth the Land,
T'appeaſe the *Iriſh*, that reuolted now:
And, there attending what he had in hand,
Neglects thoſe parts from whence worſe dangers growe;
As ignorant, how his affayres did ſtand:
Whether the plot was wrought it ſhould be ſo,
Or that his fate did draw him on to go.

Moſt

78

Moſt ſure it is, that hee committed here
An ignorant and idle ouerſight;
Not looking to the Dukes proceedings there,
Being in the Court of *Fraunce*, where beſt he might;
Where both the King and all aſſured were
T'haue ſtopt his courſe, being within their right:
But now he was exil'd, he thought him ſure;
And, free from farther doubting, liv'd ſecure.

79

So blindes the ſharpeſt counſels of the wiſe
This ouerſhadowing Prouidence on hie;
And dazleth all their cleareſt ſighted eyes,
That they ſee not how nakedly they lie.
There where they little thinke, the ſtorme doth riſe,
And ouercaſts their cleare ſecuritie:
When man hath ſtopt all wayes ſaue onely that,
Which (as leaſt doubted) Ruine enters at.

80

And now was all diſorder in th'exceſſe,
And whatſoeuer doth a change portend;
As, idle luxurie, and wantonneſſe,
Proteus-like varying Pride, vaine without ende:
Wrong-worker *Riot* (motiue to oppreſſe)
Endleſs Exactions, which the idle ſpend,
Conſuming Vſurie, and credits crackt,
Call'd-on this purging Warre, that many lackt.

81

Then Ill-perſwading want, in Martiall mindes,
And wronged patience (long oppreſt with might)
Looſenes in all (which no religion bindes)
Commaunding force (the meaſure made of *Right*)
Gaue fuell to this fire, that eaſie findes
The way, t'inflame the whole in danger'd quite:
Theſe were the publique breeders of this Warre;
By which, ſtill greateſt States confounded are.

82

For, now this peace with *Fraunce* had ſhut in here
The ouergrowing humours Warres do ſpend.
For, where t'euacuate no imployments were,
Wider th'vnwieldy burthen doth diſtend.
Men, wholly vs'd to warre, peace could not beare;
As knowing no other courſe, whereto to bend:
For, brought vp in the broyles of theſe two Reames,
They thought beſt fiſhing ſtill, in troubled ſtreames.

83

Like to a Riuer, that is ſtopt his courſe,
Doth violate his bankes, breakes his owne bed,
Deſtroyes his bounds, and ouer-runs, by force,
The neighbour-fieldes, irregularly ſpred:
Euen ſo this ſodaine ſtop of Warre doth nurſe
Home broyles, within it ſelfe, from others led;
So dangerous the change hereof is tri'd
Ere mindes 'come ſoft, or otherwiſe imploid.

84

But, all this makes for thee, ô *Bullingbrooke*,
To worke a way vnto thy Soueraintie.
This care, the Heauens, Fate, and Fortune tooke,
To bring thee to thy Scepter eaſily.
Vpon thee fall's that hap, which him forſooke,
Who, crownd a King, a King yet muſt not die.
Thou wert ordaind, by Prouidence, to rayſe
A quarrell, laſting longer then thy dayes.

85

For, now this abſent Lord, out of his Land
(Where though he ſhew'd great ſprite and valor then;
Being attended with a worthy band
Of valiant Peeres, and moſt couragious men)
Gaue time to them at home, that had in hand
Th'vngodly worke, and knew the ſeaſon when:
Who faile not to aduiſe the Duke with ſpeed;
Solliciting to what hee ſoone agreed.

Who

86

Who preſently, vpon ſo good report,
Relying on his friends fidelitie,
Conueyes himſelfe out of the French Kings Court,
Vnder pretence to go to *Britannie:*
And, with his followers, that to him reſort,
Landed in *England:* Welcom'd ioyfully
Of th'altring vulgar, apt for changes ſtill;
As headlong carried with a preſent will.

The D. being baniſhed in Septẽber, landed in the beginning of Iulie, after, at Rauenſpurre, in Yorkeſhire, ſome ſay but with 60. men, other with 3000. and 8. ſhippes ſet forth and furniſhed by the Duke of Brittaine Ann. Reg. 22.

87

And com'n to quiet ſhore, but not to reſt;
The firſt night of his ioyfull landing here,
A fearefull viſion doth his thoughts moleſt:
Seeming to ſee in reuerent forme appeare
A faire and goodly woman all diſtreſt;
Which, with full-weeping eyes and rented haire,
Wringing her hands (as one that griev'd and prayd)
With ſighes commixt with words, vnto him ſaid;

The Genius of England appeares to Bullingbrooke.

88

" O! whither doſt thou tend, my vnkinde Sonne?
" What miſchiefe doſt thou go-about to bring
" To her, whoſe *Genius* thou here look'ſt vpon,
" Thy Mother-countrey, whence thy ſelfe didſt ſpring?
" Whither thus doſt thou, in ambition, run,
" To change due courſe, by foule diſordering?
" What bloodſhed, what turmoyles doſt thou commence,
" To laſt for many wofull ages hence?

89

" Stay here thy foote, thy yet vnguilty foote,
" That canſt not ſtay when thou art farther in.
" Retire thee yet vnſtain'd, whil'ſt it doth boote:
" The end, is ſpoyle, of what thou doſt begin:
" Iniuſtice neuer yet tooke laſting roote,
" Nor held that long, Impietie did win.
" The babes, vnborne, ſhall (ô) be borne to bleed
" In this thy quarrell, if thou do proceede.

90

This ſaid, ſhe ceaſt: when he in troubled thought
Griev'd at this tale and ſigh't, and thus replies;
" Deare Countrey, ô I haue not hither brought
" Theſe Armes to ſpoyle, but for thy liberties:
" The ſinne be on their head, that this haue wrought;
" Who wrongd me firſt, and thee do tyranniſe.
" I am thy Champion, and I ſeeke my right:
" Prouok't I am to this, by others ſpight.

91

" This, this pretence, ſaith ſhee, th'ambitious finde
" To ſmooth iniuſtice, and to flatter wrong.
" Thou doſt not know what then will be thy minde,
" When thou ſhalt ſee thy ſelfe aduanc't and ſtrong.
" When thou haſt ſhak't off that, which others binde;
" Thou ſoone forgetteſt what thou learnedſt long.
" Men do not know what then themſelues will bee,
" When-as, more then themſelues, themſelues they ſee.

92

And herewithall, turning about he wakes,
Lab'ring in ſpirit, troubled with this ſtrange ſight:
And mus'd a while, waking aduiſement takes
Of what had paſt in ſleepe and ſilent night:
Yet thereof no important reck'ning makes,
But as a dreame that vaniſht with the light:
The day deſignes, and what he had in hand
Left it to his diuerted thoughts vnſcand.

93

Doubtfull at firſt, he warie doth proceed;
Seemes not t'affect that, which he did effect:
Or elſe perhaps ſeemes, as he meant indeed,
Sought but his owne, and did no more expect.
Then, Fortune, thou art guiltie of his deed:
That didſt his ſtate aboue his hopes erect:
And thou muſt beare ſome blame of his great ſinne;
That leſt him worſe, then when he did beginne.

Thou

94

Thou didſt conſpire with Pride, and with the Time,
To make ſo eaſie an aſcent to wrong,
That he who had no thought ſo hie to clime
(With fauouring comfort ſtill allur'd along)
Was with occaſion thruſt into the crime;
Seeing others weakenes and his part ſo ſtrong.
" And who is there, in ſuch a caſe that will
" Do good, and feare, that may liue free with ill?

95

We will not ſay nor thinke, O *Lancaſter*,
But that thou then didſt meane as thou didſt ſweare
Vpon th'Euangeliſts at *Doncaſter*,
In th'eye of heauen, and that aſſembly theare,
That thou but as an vpright orderer,
Sought'ſt to reforme th'abuſed Kingdome here,
And get thy right, and what was thine before;
And this was all; thou would'ſt attempt no more:

96

Though we might ſay, and thinke, that this pretence
Was but a ſhadow to the intended act;
Becauſe th'euent doth argue the offence,
And plainely ſeemes to manifeſt the fact:
For that hereby thou mightſt win confidence
With thoſe, whom elſe thy courſe might hap diſtract,
And all ſuſpicion of thy drift remoue;
" Since eaſily men credit whom they loue.

97

But, God forbid wee ſhould ſo neerly pry
Into the lowe-deepe-buried ſinnes long paſt,
T'examine and conferre iniquitie,
Whereof faith would no memorie ſhould laſt:
That our times might not haue t'exemplifie
With aged ſtaines; but, with our owne ſhame caſt,
Might thinke our blot the firſt, not done before;
That new-made ſinnes might make vs bluſh the more.

98

And let vnwresting Charitie beleeue
That then thy oath with thy intent agreed;
And others faith, thy faith did first deceiue,
Thy after-fortune forc't thee to this deed.
And let no man this idle censure giue,
Because th'euent proues so, 'twas so decreed.
" For, oft our counsels sort to other end,
" Then that which frailtie did at first intend.

99

Whil'st those that are but outward lookers on
(Who sildome sound these mysteries of State)
Deeme things were so contriv'd as they are done,
And hold that policie, which was but fate;
Imagining, all former acts did run
Vnto that course they see th' effects relate;
Whil'st still too short they come, or cast too far,
" And make these great men wiser then they ar.

The D. put to death VVillia Scroope E. of Wiltshire, Treasurer of Eng. with Sir Hen. Greene, & Sir Iohn Bushy, for misgouerning the king and the Realme.

100

But, by degrees he ventures now on blood;
And sacrifiz'd, vnto the peoples loue,
The death of those that chiefe in enuie stood:
As, th'Officers (who first these dangers proue)
The Treasurer, and those whom they thought good,
Bushy and *Greene*, by death he must remoue:
These were the men, the people thought, did cause
Those great exactions, and abus'd the lawes.

Th. Arundel Archbish. of Canterburie.

101

This done, his cause was preacht with learned skill,
By *Arundel*, th'Archbishop: who there show'd
A Pardon sent from *Rome*, to all that will
Take part with him, and quit the faith they ow'd
To *Richard*; as a Prince vnfit and ill:
On whom the Crowne was fatally bestow'd.
And easie-yeelding zeale was quickly caught,
With what the mouth of grauity had taught.

102

O that this power, from euerlasting giuen
(The great alliance made twixt God and vs;
Th'intelligence that earth doth hold with heauen)
Sacred Religion; ô that thou must thus
Be made to smooth our wayes vniust, vneuen;
Brought from aboue, earth-quarrels to discusse!
Must men beguile our soules, to winne our wils,
And make our Zeale the furtherer of ils?

Bis peccat, qui pretextu Religionis peccat.

103

But, the ambitious, to aduance their might,
Dispense with heauen, and what Religion would.
"The armed will finde right, or els make right;
If this meanes wrought not, yet an other should.
And this and other now do all incite
To strength the faction that the Duke doth hold:
Who easily obtained what he sought;
His vertues and his loue so greatly wrought.

104

The King, still busied in this *Irish* warre
(Which by his valour there did well succeed)
Had newes, how here his Lords reuolted are,
And how the Duke of *Herford* doth proceede:
In these affaires he feares are growne too farre;
Hastes his returne from thence with greatest speed:
But was by tempests, windes, and seas debarr'd;
As if they likewise had against him warr'd.

105

But, at the length (though late) in Wales he lands:
Where, thoroughly inform'd of *Henries* force,
And well aduertis'd how his owne case stands
(Which to his griefe he sees tends to the worse)
He leaues t'*Aumarle*, at *Milford*, all those bandes
He brought from *Ireland*: taking thence his course
To *Conway* (all disguis'd) with fourteene more,
To th'Earle of *Salisburie*, thither sent before:

Edward D. of Aumerle Sonne to the D. of Yorke.

Conway Castle in Wales.

Thinking,

106

Thinking, the Earle had rays'd some Armie there;
Montague E. of Salisburie. Whom there he findes forsaken all alone:
The forces, in those parts which leuied were,
Were closely shrunke away, dispersed and gone.
The king had stayd too long; and they, in feare,
Resolued euerie man to shift for one.
At this amas'd, such fortune he laments;
Foresees his fall, whereto each thing consents.

107

In this disturb'd tumultuous broken State,
Whil'st yet th'euent stood doubtfull what should bee;
Whilst nought but headlong running to debate,
And glittering troupes and armor men might see:
Furie, and feare, compassion, wrath, and hate,
Confus'd through all the land, no corner free:
The strong, all mad, to strife, to ruine bent;
The weaker waild: the aged they lament,

108

And blame their many yeeres that liue so long,
To see the horrour of these miseries.
Why had not we (said they) di'd with the strong,
In forraine fieldes, in honourable wise,
In iust exployts, and noble without wrong,
And by the valiant hand of enemies?
And not thus now reserued, in our age,
To home-confusion, and disordered rage.

109

Vnto the Temples flocke the weake, deuout,
Sad wayling Women; there to vow and pray
For husbands, brothers, or their sonnes gone out
To blood-shed: whom nor teares, nor loue could stay.
Here, graue religious Fathers (which much doubt
The sad euents these broyles procure them may)
As Prophets warne, exclaime, dissuade these crimes,
By the examples fresh of other times.

And

110

And (ô!) what, do you now prepare, ſaid they,
Another Conqueſt, by theſe fatall wayes?
What, muſt your owne hands make your ſelues a pray
To deſolation, which theſe tumults rayſe?
What *Dane*, what *Norman*, ſhall prepare his way
To triumph on the ſpoyle of your decayes?
That, which nor *Fraunce*, nor all the world, could do
In vnion, ſhall your diſcord bring you to?

111

Conſpire againſt vs, neighbour nations all,
That enuie at the height whereto w'are growne:
Coniure the barbarous North, and let them call
Strange furie from farre diſtant ſhores vnknowne;
And let them altogether on vs fall,
So to diuert the ruine of our owne:
That we, forgetting what doth ſo incenſe,
May turne the hand of malice, to defence.

112

Calme theſe tempeſtuous ſpirits, O mighty Lord;
This threatning ſtorme that ouer-hangs the Land.
Make them conſider, ere they vnſheath the ſword,
How vaine is th'earth, this point whereon they ſtand;
And with what ſad calamities is ſtor'd
The beſt of that, for which th'Ambitious band:
" Labor the ende of labor, ſtrife of ſtrife;
" Terror in death, and horrour after life.

113

Thus they in zeale, whoſe humbled thoughts were (good,
Whil'ſt in this wide-ſpread volume of the skies,
The booke of Prouidence diſcloſed ſtood,
Warnings of wrath, foregoing miſeries
In lines of fire and characters of blood,
There fearefull formes in dreadfull flames ariſe,
Amazing Comets, threatning Monarchs might,
And new-ſeene Starres, vnknowne vnto the night,

Red

114

Red fierie Dragons in the ayre do flye,
And burning Meteors, pointed-ſtreaming lightes:
Bright Starres in midſt of day appeare in skie,
Prodigious monſters, ghaſtly fearefull ſights:
Strange Ghoſtes, and apparitions terrifie:
The wofull mother her owne birth affrightes;
Seeing a wrong deformed infant borne,
Grieues in her paines, deceiv'd in ſhame doth mourne.

115

The earth, as if afeard of blood and wounds,
Trembles in terrour of theſe falling bloes:
The hollow concaues giue out groning ſounds,
And ſighing murmures, to lament our woes:
The Ocean, all at diſcord with his boundes,
Reiterates his ſtrange vntimely flowes:
Nature all out of courſe, to checke our courſe,
Neglects her worke, to worke in vs remorſe.

116

So great a wracke vnto it ſelfe doth, lo,
Diſorder'd proud mortalitie prepare,
That this whole frame doth euen labour ſo
Her ruine vnto frailty to declare:
And trauailes to fore-ſignifie the wo
That weake improuidence could not beware.
" For heauen and earth, and ayre and ſeas and all,
" Taught men to ſee, but not to ſhun their fall.

117

Is man ſo deare vnto the heauens, that they
Reſpect the wayes of earth, the workes of ſinne?
Doth this great All, this *Vniuerſall*, weigh
The vaine deſignes that weakeneſſe doth begin?
Or doth our *feare*, father of zeale, giue way
Vnto this errour ignorance liues in?
And deeme our faults the cauſe that moue theſe powres,
That haue their cauſe from other cauſe then ours?

But

118

But, theſe beginnings had this impious Warre,
Th'vngodly blood-ſhed that did ſo defile
The beautie of thy fields, and euen did marre
The flowre of thy chiefe pride, thou faireſt Ile:
Theſe were the cauſes that incenſt ſo farre
The ciuill wounding hand inrag'd with ſpoyle;
That now the liuing, with afflicted eye,
Looke backe with griefe on ſuch calamitie.

The end of the firſt Booke.



THE SECOND BOOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

King Richard *mones his wrong, and wails his raigne:*
And here betrayd, to London *he is led,*
Baſely attyr'd, attending Herfords *traine:*
Where th'one is ſcornd, the other Welcomed.
His Wife, *miſtaking him, doth much complaine;*
And both together greatly ſorrowed:
In hope to ſaue his life and eaſe his thrall,
He yeelds vp ſtate, and Rule, *and Crowne, and all.*

I

IN dearth of faith, and ſcarcitie of friendes,
The late great mighty Monarch, on the ſhore
In th'vtmoſt corner of his Land, attendes
To call backe falſe obedience, fled before;
Toyles, and in vaine, his toyle and labour ſpendes:
More harts he ſought to gaine, he loſt the more:
All turn'd their faces to the riſing ſunne,
And leaue his ſetting-fortune, night begunne.

2

Percy, how ſoone, by thy example led,
The houſehold traine forſooke their wretched Lord!
When, with thy ſtaffe of charge diſhonoured,
Thou brak'ſt thy fayth, not ſteward of thy word,
And tookſt his part that after tooke thy head;
When thine owne hand had ſtrengthned firſt his ſword.
" For, ſuch great merits do vpbraid, and call
" For great reward, or thinke the great too ſmal.

This Percie was Earle of Worſter, brother to the Earle of Northumberland, and ſteward of the Kings houſe.

3

And Kings loue not to be beholding ought:
Which makes their chiefeſt friends oft ſpeed the worſt.
For, thoſe, by whom their fortunes haue bin wrought,
Put them in minde of what they were at firſt.
Whoſe doubtfull faith if once in queſtion brought,
Tis thought they will offend becauſe they durſt:
And taken in a fault are neuer ſpar'd;
" Being eaſier to reuenge, then to reward.

4

And thus theſe mightie actors, ſonnes of change,
Theſe partizanes of factions, often tri'd;
That, in the ſmoake of Innouations ſtrange,
Builde huge vncertaine plots of vnſure pride:
And, on the hazard of a bad exchange,
Haue ventur'd all the ſtocke of life beſide;
" Whilſt Princes, rais'd, diſdaine to haue bin rais'd
" By thoſe whoſe helpes deſerue not to be prais'd.

5

But thus is *Richard* left, and all alone
Saue with th'vnarmed title of his right;
And thoſe braue troupes, his fortune-followers gone,
And all that pompe (the complements of might)
Th'amuzing ſhadowes that are caſt vpon
The ſtate of Princes, to beguile the ſight,
All vaniſht cleane, and only frailty left;
Himſelfe, of all, beſides himſelfe, bereft.

6

Like when ſome great *Coloſſus*, whoſe ſtrong baſe
Or mightie props are ſhrunk or ſunke away,
Fore-ſhewing ruine, threatning all the place
That in the danger of his fall doth ſtay,
All ſtraight to better ſafetie flocke apace;
None reſt to helpe the ruine, while they may.
" The perill great, and doubtfull the redreſſe,
" Men are content to leaue Right in diſtreſſe.

7

And looke, how *Thames*, inricht with many a Flood,
And goodly Riuers (that haue made their Graues,
And buried both their names and all their good
Within his greatnes, to augment his waues)
Glides on, with pompe of Waters, vnwithſtood,
Vnto the *Ocean* (which his tribute craues)
And layes vp all his wealth, within that powre,
Which in it ſelfe all greatnes doth deuowre:

8

So flocke the mighty, with their following traine,
Vnto the all-receiuing *Bullingbrooke:*
Who wonders at himſelfe, how hee ſhould gaine
So many harts as now his partie tooke;
And with what eaſe, and with how ſlender paine,
His fortune giues him more then he could looke:
What he imagind neuer could be wrought
Is powrd vpon him, farre beyond his thought.

The D. of Yorke, left Gouernour of the Realm in the abſẽce of the king, hauing leuied a great Army, as if to haue oppoſed againſt Bullingbrooke, brought moſt of the Nobilitie of the kingdome to take his part.

9

So, often, things which ſeeme at firſt in ſhowe,
Without the compaſſe of accompliſhment,
Once vent'red on, to that ſucceſſe do growe,
That euen the Authors do admire th'euent;
So many meanes which they did neuer knowe
Do ſecond their deſignes, and do preſent
Straunge vnexpected helps, and chiefly then
When th' Actors are reputed worthy men.

10

And *Richard*, who lookt Fortune in the backe,
Sees headlong-lightneſs running from the right,
Amazed ſtandes to note how great a wracke
Of faith, his riots caus'd, what mortall ſpight
They beare him, who did law and iuſtice lacke;
Sees how concealed hate breakes out in ſight,
And feare-depreſſed enuie (pent before)
When fit occaſion thus vnlockt the dore.

11

Like when ſome maſtiue whelpe, diſpos'd to play,
A whole confuſed heard of beaſtes doth chace,
Which with one vile conſent run all away;
If any hardier then the reſt in place
But offer head, that idle feare to ſtay,
Backe ſtraight the daunted chaſer turnes his face,
And all the reſt (with bold example led)
As faſt run on him, as before they fled:

12

So, with this bold oppoſer, ruſhes-on
This many-headed monſter, *Multitude*:
And he, who late was feard, is ſet vpon,
And by his owne (*Actæon*-like) purſu'd;
His owne, that had all loue and awe forgone:
Whom breath and ſhadowes onely did delude,
And newer hopes, which promiſes perſwade;
Though rarely men keepe promiſes ſo made.

13

Which when he ſaw; thus to himſelfe complaines:
" O why do you, fond, falſe-deceiued, ſo
" Run headlong to that change that nothing gaines,
" But gaine of ſorrow, onely change of wo?
" Which is all one, if he be like who raignes:
" Why will you buy, with blood, what you forgoe?
" Tis nought, but ſhewes, that Ignorance eſteemes:
" The thing poſſeſt is not the thing it ſeemes.

And

14

" And when the ſinnes of *Bullingbrooke* ſhall be
" As great as mine, and you vnanſwered
" In theſe your hopes; then may you wiſh for me
" Your lawfull Sov'raigne, from whoſe faith you fled;
" And, grieued in your ſoules, the error ſee
" That ſhining promiſes had ſhadowed:
" As th'humorous ſicke, remouing, finde no eaſe,
" When changed Chambers change not the diſeaſe.

15

" Then ſhall you finde this name of Libertie
" (The watch-word of Rebellion euer vs'd;
" The idle eccho of Vncertaintie,
" That euermore the ſimple hath abus'd)
" But new-turnd Seruitude and Miſerie;
" And euen the ſame and worſe, before refus'd.
" Th'aſpirer once attaind vnto the top,
" Cuts off thoſe meanes by which himſelfe got vp.

16

" And with a harder hand, and ſtreighter raine,
" Doth curbe that looſenes he did finde before;
" Doubting th'occaſion like might ſerue againe:
" His owne example makes him feare the more.
" Then, ô iniurious Land, what doſt thou gaine
" To aggrauate thine owne afflictions ſtore?
" Since thou muſt needs obay Kings gouernement;
" And no rule, euer yet, could all content.

17

" What if my youth hath offered vp to luſt
" Licentious fruites of indiſcreet deſires,
" When idle heate of vainer yeeres did thruſt
" That furie on: yet now when it retires
" To calmer ſtate, why ſhould you ſo diſtruſt
" To reape that good whereto mine age aſpires?
" The youth of Princes haue no boundes for ſinne,
" Vnleſſe themſelues do make them boundes within.

18

" Who ſees not, that ſees ought (wo worth the while)
" The eaſie way, that Greatneſſe hath to fall?
" Enuirond with deceit, hemm'd-in with guile,
" Sooth'd vp in flatterie, fawned on of all:
" Within his owne, liuing as in exile;
" Heares but with others eares, or not at all:
" And euen is made a prey vnto a fewe,
" Who locke vp grace that would to other ſhewe:

19

" And who (as let in leaſe) do farme the Crowne,
" And ioy the vſe of Maieſtie and might;
" Whil'ſt we hold but the ſhadow of our owne,
" Pleas'd with vaine ſhewes, and dallied with delight:
" They, as huge vnproportion'd mountaines, growne
" Betweene our land and vs, ſhadowing our light,
" Bereaue the reſt of ioy, and vs of loue,
" And keepe downe all, to keepe themſelues aboue.

20

" Which wounds, with griefe, poore vnreſpected zeale,
" When grace holdes no proportion in the parts;
" When diſtribution, in the Common-weale,
" Of charge and honour due to good deſarts
" Is ſtopt; when others greedie hands muſt deale
" The benefite that Maieſtie imparts:
" What good we meant, comes gleaned home but light,
" Whilſt we are robd of prayſe, they of their right.

21

The E. of Northũberland ſent to the king from Hen. Bullingbrooke now D. of Lancaſter.

Thus he complaind; when, lo, from *Lancaſter*
(The new intit'led Duke) with order ſent
Arriv'd *Northumberland*, as to conferre
And make relation of the Dukes intent:
And offred there, if that he would referre
The controuerſie vnto Parlement,
And puniſh thoſe that had abus'd the State,
As cauſers of this vniuerſall hate;

And

22

And alſo ſee that Iuſtice might be had
On thoſe the Duke of *Gloſters* death procur'd,
and ſuch remov'd from Councell as were bad;
His coſin *Henry* would, he there aſſur'd,
On humble knees before his Grace be glad
To aske him pardon, to be well ſecur'd,
and haue his right and grace reſto'rd againe:
The which was all he labour'd to obtaine.

23

And therefore doth an enterparle exhort;
Perſwades him leaue that vnbeſeeming place,
and with a princely hardineſſe reſort
Vnto his people, that attend his Grace:
They meant his publique good, and not his hurt;
and would moſt ioyfull be to ſee his face:
He layes his ſoule to pledge, and takes his Oath,
The oſt of Chriſt, an oſtage for his troth.

24

This proffer, with ſuch proteſtations, made
Vnto a King that ſo neere danger ſtood,
Was a ſufficient motiue to perſwade,
When no way elſe could ſhew a face ſo good:
Th'vnhonourable meanes of ſafety, bade
Danger accept, what Maieſty withſtood.
"When better choyſes are not to be had,
"We needes muſt take the ſeeming beſt of bad.

25

Yet ſtandes he in doubt, a while, what way to take;
Conferring with that ſmall remaining troope
Fortune had left; which neuer would forſake
Their poore diſtreſſed Lord, nor neuer ſtoope
To any hopes the ſtronger part could make.
Good *Carlile*, *Ferby*, and Sir *Stephen Scroope*,
With that moſt worthy *Montague*, were all
That were content with *Maieſty* to fall.

The Biſhop of Carlile.
Montague Earle of Salisbury.

26

Time, spare, and make not sacrilegious theft
Vpon so memorable constancie:
Let not succeeding Ages be bereft
Of such examples of integritie:
Nor thou magnanimous *Leigh* must not be left
in darknesse, for thy rare fidelitie;
To saue thy faith, content to lose thy head;
That reuerent head, of good men honoured.

This was sir Peter Leighs Auncitor of Lime in Cheshire that now is.

27

Nor will my Conscience I should iniury
Thy memorie most truthy *Ienico*,
For b'ing not ours; though wish that *Gascoine*
Clayn'd not, for hers, the faith we reuerence so;
That *England* might haue this small companie
Onely to her alone, hauing no moe:
But le'ts diuide this good betwixt vs both,
Take she thy birth, and we will haue thy troth.

Ienico d'Artois a Gascoin.

28

The Earle of Salsbury his speech to K. Richard.

" Graue *Montague*, whom long experience taught
" In either fortune, thus aduis'd his King:
" *Deare Sou'raigne* know, the matter that is sought,
" Is onely now your Maiesty to bring
" (From out of this poore safetie you haue got)
" Into theyr hands, that elfe hold euery thing:
" For, now, but onely you they want, of all;
" and wanting you, they nothing theirs can call.

29

" Here haue you raggie Rocks to take your part;
" That neuer will betray their faith to you:
" These trusty Mountaines here will neuer start,
" But stand t'vpbraid their shame that are vntrue:
" Here may you fence your safetie with small art,
" against the pride of that confused Crew:
" If men will not, these verie Cliffes will fight,
" and be sufficient to defend your right.

Then

30

" Then keepe you here, and here ſhall you behold,
" Within ſhort ſpace, the ſlyding faith of thoſe
" That cannot long their reſolution hold,
" Repent the courſe their idle raſhneſſe choſe:
" For, that ſame mercenarie faith (they ſold)
" With leaſt occaſions diſcontented growes,
" And inſolent thoſe voluntarie bands;
" Preſuming how, by them, he chiefly ſtands.

31

" And how can he thoſe mightie troupes ſuſtaine
" Long time, where now he is, or any where?
" Beſides, what diſcipline can he retaine
" Whereas he dares not keepe them vnder feare,
" For feare to haue them to reuolt againe?
" So that it ſelfe when Greatneſſe cannot beare,
" With her owne waight, muſt needes confus'dly fall,
" Without the helpe of other force at all.

32

" And hither to approche hee will not dare;
" Where deſerts, rockes, and hilles, no ſuccours giue;
" Where deſolation, and no comforts are;
" Where few can do no good, many not liue.
" Beſides, we haue the *Ocean* to prepare
" Some other place, if this ſhould not relieue:
" So ſhall you tire his force, conſume his ſtrength,
" And weary all his followers, out, at length.

33

" Doe but referre to time, and to ſmall time;
" And infinite occaſions you ſhall finde
" To quaile the Rebell, euen in the prime
" Of all his hopes, beyond all thought of minde:
" For, many (with the conſcience of the crime)
" In colder blood will curſe what they deſign'd;
" And bad ſucceſſe, vpbraiding their ill fact,
" Drawes them, whom others draw, from ſuch an act.

For

34

" For, if the leaſt imagin'd ouerture
" But of conceiv'd reuolt men once eſpie;
" Straight ſhrinke the weake, the great will not indure,
" Th'impatient run, the diſcontented flie:
" The friend his friends example doth procure,
" And all togither haſte them preſently
" Some to their home, ſome hides; others, that ſtay,
" To reconcile themſelues, the reſt betray.

35

" What hope haue you, that euer *Bullingbrooke*
" Will liue a Subiect, that hath tri'd his fate?
" Or what good reconcilement can you looke,
" Where he muſt alwayes feare, and you muſt hate?
" And neuer thinke that he this quarrell tooke
" To reobtaine thereby his priuate ſtate.
" T'was greater hopes, that hereto did him call:
" And he will thruſt for all, or elſe loſe all.

36

" Nor truſt this ſuttle *Agent*, nor his oth.
" You knowe his faith: you tri'd it before hand.
" His fault is death: and now to loſe his troth,
" To ſaue his life, he will not greatly ſtand.
" Nor truſt your kinſmans proffer; ſince you, both,
" Shew, blood in Princes is no ſtedfaſt band.
" What though he hath no title? he hath might:
" That makes a title, where there is no right.

37

The Biſhop of Carlile.

Thus he: when that good Biſhop thus replies,
Out of a minde that quiet did affect:
" My Lord, I muſt confeſſe, as your caſe lies,
" You haue great cauſe your Subiects to ſuſpect,
" And counterplot againſt their ſubtelties,
" Who all good care and honeſtie neglect;
" And feare the worſt what inſolence may do,
" Or armed fury may incenſe them to.

38

" But yet, my Lord, feare may aſwell tranſport
" Your care, beyond the truth of what is meant;
" As otherwiſe neglect may fall too ſhort,
" In not examining of their intent:
" But, let vs weigh the thing which they exhort.
" Tis Peace, Submiſsion, and a Parlement:
" Which, how expedient 'tis for either part,
" Twere good we iudg'd with an vnpartiall hart.

39

" And firſt, for you my Lord, in griefe we ſee
" The miſerable caſe wherein you ſtand;
" Voyde here of ſuccour, helpe, or maieſtie,
" On this poore promontorie of your Land:
" And where how long a time your Grace may be
" (Expecting what may fall into your hand)
" Wee know not; ſince th'euent of things do lie
" Clos'd vp in darkenes, farre from mortall eye.

40

" And how vnfit it were, you ſhould protract
" Long time, in this ſo dangerous diſgrace?
" As though that you good ſpirit and courage lackt
" To iſſue out of this opprobrious place:
" When euen the face of Kings do oft exact
" Feare and remorſe in faultie ſubiects baſe;
" And longer ſtay a great preſumption drawes
" That you were guilty, or did doubt your cauſe.

41

" What Subiects euer ſo inrag'd would dare
" To violate a Prince, t'offend the blood
" Of that renowmed race, by which they are
" Exalted to the height of all their good?
" What if ſome things by chaunce miſguided were,
" Which they haue now rebelliouſly withſtood?
" They neuer will proceed with that deſpight
" To wracke the State, and to confound the right.

Nor

42

" Nor doe I thinke that *Bullingbrooke* can bee
" So blind-ambitious, to affect the Crowne;
" Hauing himselfe no title, and doth see
" Others, if you should fayle, must keepe him downe.
" Besides, the Realme, though mad, will neuer gree
" To haue a right succession ouerthrowne,
" To rayse confusion vpon them and theirs,
" By preiudicing true and lawfull heires.

43

" And now it may be, fearing the successe
" Of his attemptes, or with remorse of minde,
" Or else distrusting secret practises,
" He would be glad his quarrell were resign'd;
" So that there were some orderly redresse
" In those disorders which the Realme did finde:
" And this, I thinke, he now sees were his best;
" Since farther actions further but vnrest.

44

" And, for th'impossibilitie of peace
" And reconcilement, which my Lord obiects;
" I thinke, when doying iniurie shall cease
" (The cause pretended) then surcease th'effects:
" Time and some other Actions may increase
" As may diuert the thought of these respects;
Lex Amnestia. " Others law of forgetting iniuries
" May serue our turne in like calamities.

45

" And for his oath, in conscience, and in sense,
" True honour would not so be found vntrue,
" Nor spot his blood with such a foule offence
" Against his soule, against his God, and you.
" Our Lord forbid, that euer with th'expence
" Of heauen and heauenly ioyes, that shall insue,
" Mortalitie should buy this little breath,
" T'indure the horror of eternall death.

46

" And therefore, as I thinke, you ſafely may
" Accept this proffer; that determine ſhall
" All doubtfull courſes by a quiet way,
" Needfull for you, fit for them, good for all.
" And here, my Sov'raigne, to make longer ſtay
" T'attend for what you are vnſure will fall,
" May ſlippe th'occaſion, and incenſe their will:
" For, Feare, that's wiſer then the truth, doth ill.

47

Thus he perſwades, out of a zealous minde;
Suppoſing, men had ſpoken as they ment:
And, vnto this, the King likewiſe inclin'd;
As wholly vnto peace, and quiet bent:
And yeeldes himſelfe to th'Earle, goes, leaues-behind
His ſafetie, Scepter, Honor, Gouernement:
For, gone, all's gone: he is no more his owne;
And they rid quite of feare, he of the Crowne.

48

A place there is, where proudly rais'd there ſtands
A huge aſpiring Rock, neighb'ring the Skies;
Whoſe ſurly brow imperiouſly commaunds
The Sea his boundes, that at his proud feete lies:
And ſpurnes the waues, that in rebellious bands
Aſſault his Empire, and againſt him riſe:
Vnder whoſe craggy gouernment, there was
A niggard narrow way for men to paſſe.

49

And here, in hidden cliffes, concealed lay
A troope of armed men, to intercept
The vnſuſpecting King, that had no way
To free his foote, that into danger ſtept.
The dreadfull *Ocean*, on the one ſide, lay:
The hard-incroching Mountaine th'other kept.
Before him, he beheld his hateful foes:
Behind him, trayterous enemies incloſe.

Enui-

50

Enuiron'd thus, the Earle begins to cheere
His al-amaſed Lord, by him betrayde;
Bids him take courage, ther's no cauſe of feare,
Theſe troopes, but there to guard him ſafe, were layd.
To whom the King; What neede ſo many here?
This is againſt your oath, my Lord, he ſaid.
But, now hee ſees in what diſtreſſe he ſtood:
To ſtriue, was vaine; t'intreat, would do no good.

51

And therefore on with careful hart he goes;
Complaines (but, to himſelfe) ſighes, grieues, and freats;
At *Rutland* dines, though feedes but on his woes:
The griefe of minde hindred the minde of meats.
For, ſorrow, ſhame, and feare, ſcorne of his foes,
The thought of what he was, and what now threats,
Then what he ſhould, and now what he hath done,
Muſters confuſed paſſions all in one.

52

To *Flint*, from thence, vnto a reſtleſs bed,
That miſerable night, he comes conuayd;
Poorely prouided, poorely followed,
Vncourted, vnreſpected, vnobayd:
Where, if vncertaine ſleepe but hoouered
Ouer the drooping cares that heauy weigh'd;
Millions of figures, fantaſie preſents
Vnto that ſorrow, wakened griefe augments.

53

His new misfortune makes deluding ſleepe
Say 'twas not ſo (Falſe dreames the trueth denie).
Wherewith he ſtarts; feels waking cares do creepe
Vpon his ſoule, and giues his dreame the lie;
Then ſleepes againe: and then againe, as deepe
Deceites of darknes mocke his miſerie.
So hard believ'd was ſorrow in her youth:
That he thinks truth was dreams, & dreams were truth.

The

54

The morning light preſents vnto his view
(Walking vpon a turret of the place)
The trueth of what hee ſees is prov'd too true;
A hundred thouſand men, before his face,
Came marching on the ſhore, which thither drew:
And, more to aggrauate his great diſgrace,
Thoſe he had wrongd, or done to them deſpight,
(As if they him vpbrayd) came firſt in ſight.

55

There might hee ſee that falſe forſworne vile crue,
Thoſe ſhameleſs agents of vnlawfull luſt,
His *Pandars*, *Paraſites* (people vntrue
To God and man, vnworthy any truſt)
Preacing vnto that fortune that was new,
And with vnbluſhing faces formoſt thruſt;
As thoſe that ſtill with proſperous fortune ſort,
And are as borne for Corte, or made in Cort.

56

There hee beheld, how humbly diligent
New Adulation was to be at hand;
How ready Falſehood ſtept; how nimbly went
Baſe pick-thank Flattery, and preuents Command:
Hee ſaw the great obay, the graue conſent,
And all with this new-rays'd Aſpirer ſtand;
But, which was worſt, his owne part acted there,
Not by himſelfe; his powre, not his, appeare.

57

Which whilſt he view'd, the Duke he might perceiue
Make towards the Caſtle, to an interview.
Wherefore he did his contemplation leaue,
And downe into ſome fitter place withdrew;
Where now he muſt admitte, without his leaue,
Him, who before with all ſubmiſſion due
Would haue beene glad, t'attend, and to prepare
The grace of audience, with reſpectiue care.

Who

58

Who now being come in presence of his king
(Whether the sight of Maiestie did breed
Remorse of what he was in compassing,
Or whether but to formalize his deed)
He kneeles him downe with some astonishing,
Rose; kneeles againe (for craft will still exceed)
When-as the king approch't, put off his Hood,
And welcomd him, though wisht him little good.

59

" To whom, the Duke began: My Lord, I knowe
" That both vncall'd, and vnexpected too,
" I haue presumed in this sort to showe
" And seeke the right which I am borne vnto:
" Yet pardon I beseech you, and allow
" Of that constraint, which driues me thus to doo.
" For, since I could not by a fairer course
" Attaine mine owne, I must vse this of force.

60

" Well: so it seemes, deare Cosin, said the King;
" Though you might haue procur'd it otherwise:
" And I am here content, in euery thing,
" To right you, as your selfe shal best deuise:
" And God voutsafe, the force that here you bring
" Beget not *England* greater iniuries.
And so they part: the Duke made haste from thence:
It was no place to ende this difference.

61

Straight towards *London*, in this heate of pride,
They forward set; as they had fore-decreed:
With whom, the *Captiue King* constraind must ride,
Most meanely mounted on a simple Steed:
Degraded of all grace and ease beside,
Thereby neglect of all respect to breed.
For, th'ouer-spreading pompe of prouder might
Must darken vveaknes, and debase his sight.

Ap-

62

Approaching neere the Cittie, hee was met
With all the ſumptuous ſhewes ioy could deuiſe:
Where new-deſire to pleaſe did not forget
To paſſe the vſuall pompe of former guiſe.
Striuing applauſe, as out of priſon let,
Runnes-on, beyond all bounds, to nouelties:
And voyce, and hands, and knees, and all do now
A ſtrange deformed forme of welcome ſhowe.

63

And manifold confuſion running greetes,
Shoutes, cries, claps hands, thruſts, ſtriues and preſſes neere:
Houſes impov'riſht were, t'inrich the ſtreetes,
And ſtreetes left naked, that (vnhappie) were
Plac't from the ſight where ioy with wonder meetes;
Where all, of all degrees, ſtriue to appeare;
Where diuers-ſpeaking zeale one murmure findes,
In vndiſtinguiſht voyce to tell their mindes.

64

He that in glorie of his fortune ſate,
Admiring what hee thought could neuer be,
Did feele his blood within ſalute his ſtate,
And lift vp his reioycing ſoule, to ſee
So many hands and hearts congratulate
Th'aduancement of his long-deſir'd degree;
When, prodigall of thankes, in paſſing by,
He reſalutes them all, with chearefull eye.

65

Behind him, all aloofe, came penſiue on
The vnregarded King; that drooping went
Alone, and (but for ſpight) ſcarce lookt vpon:
Iudge, if hee did more enuie, or lament.
See what a wondrous worke this day is done;
Which th'image of both fortunes doth preſent:
In th'one, to ſhew the beſt of glories face;
In th'other, worſe then worſt of all diſgrace.

67

Novv *Isabell*, the young afflicted Queene
(Whose yeares had neuer shew'd her but delights,
Nor louely eyes before had euer seene
Other then smiling ioyes, and ioyfull sights;
Borne great, matcht great, liv'd great, and euer beene
Partaker of the worlds best benefits)
Had plac't her selfe, hearing her Lord should passe
That way, where she vnseene in secret was;

68

Sicke of delay, and longing to behold
Her long-mist Loue in fearefull ieoperdies:
To whom, although it had, in sort, beene told
Of their proceeding, and of his surprize;
Yet thinking they would neuer be so bold
To lead their Lord in any shamefull wise,
But rather would conduct him as their King;
As seeking but the States reordering.

69

And foorth shee lookes, and notes the formost traine;
And grieues to view some there she wisht nor there:
Seeing the chiefe not come, stayes, lookes againe;
And yet she sees not him that should appeare:
Then backe she stands, and then desires as faine
Againe to looke, to see if hee were neere:
At length a glittering troupe farre off she spies,
Perceiues the throng, and heares the shouts and cries.

70

Lo, yonder now at length he comes, sayth shee:
Looke, my good women, where he is in sight:
Do you not see him? yonder; that is hee,
Mounted on that white Courser, all in white,
There where the thronging troupes of people bee;
I know him by his seate, he sits s'vpright:
Lo, now he bowes: deare Lord, with what sweet grace!
How long, haue I longd to behold that face!

O what

71

O what delight my hart takes by mine eye!
I doubt me, when he comes but ſomething neere,
I ſhall ſet wide the window: what care I
Who doth ſee me, ſo him I may ſee cleare.
Thus doth falſe ioy delude her wrongfully
(Sweete Lady) in the thing ſhe held ſo deare.
For, neerer come, ſhe findes ſhe had miſtooke;
And him ſhe markt, was *Henrie Bullingbrooke*.

72

Then *Enuie* takes the place in her ſweet eyes,
Where Sorrow had prepar'd her ſelfe a ſeat:
And words of wrath, from whence complaints ſhould riſe,
Proceed from egre lookes, and browes that threat:
Traytor, ſaith ſhee; iſt thou, that, in this wiſe
To braue thy Lord and King, art made ſo great?
And haue mine eyes done vnto me this wrong,
To looke on thee? for this, ſtaid I ſo long?

73

Ah, haue they grac't a periur'd Rebell ſo?
Well; for their errour I will weepe them out,
And hate the tongue defil'd, that pray'ſde my foe,
And loath the minde, that gaue me not to doubt:
What? haue I added ſhame, vnto my woe?
Ile looke no more: Ladies, looke you about,
And tell me if my Lord be in this traine;
Leaſt my betraying eyes ſhould erre againe.

74

And in this paſſion turnes her ſelfe away:
The reſt looke all, and carefull note each wight;
Whil'ſt ſhe, impatient of the leaſt delay,
Demaundes againe; And what, not yet in ſight?
Where is my Lord? What, gone ſome other way?
I muſe at this. O God, graunt all goe right:
Then to the window goes againe at laſt,
And ſees the chiefeſt traine of all was paſt;

75

And ſees not him her ſoule deſir'd to ſee:
And yet hope, ſpent, makes her not leaue to looke.
At laſt, her loue-quicke eyes, which ready be,
Faſtens on one; whom though ſhe neuer tooke
Could be her Lord; yet that ſad cheere which hee
Then ſhew'd, his habit and his woſul looke,
The grace he doth in baſe attire retaine,
Caus'd her ſhe could not from his ſight refraine.

76

What might he be, ſhe ſaid, that thus alone
Rides penſiue in this vniuerſall ioy?
Some I perceiue, as well as we, do mone:
All are not pleas'd with euery thing this day.
It may be, hee laments the wrong is done
Vnto my Lord, and grieues; as well he may.
Then he is ſome of ours: and we, of right,
Muſt pittie him, that pitties our ſad plight.

77

But ſtay: iſt not my Lord himſelfe I ſee?
In truth, if 't were not for his baſe aray,
I verily ſhould thinke that it were hee;
And yet his baſenes doth a grace bewray:
Yet God forbid; let me deceiued be,
And be it not my Lord, although it may:
Let my deſire make vowes againſt deſire;
And let my ſight approue my ſight a lier.

78

Let me not ſee him, but himſelfe; a King:
For ſo he left me; ſo he did remoue.
This is not he: this feeles ſome other thing;
A paſſion of diſlike, or elſe of loue.
O yes; 'tis he: that princely face doth bring
The euidence of Maieſtie to prooue:
That face, I haue conferr'd, which now I ſee,
With that within my heart, and they agree.

Thus

79

Thus as ſhe ſtood aſſur'd, and yet in doubt;
Wiſhing to ſee, what ſeene ſhe griev'd to ſee;
Hauing beliefe, yet faine would be without;
Knowing, yet ſtriuing not to know 'twas hee:
Her heart relenting, yet her heart ſo ſtout
As would not yeeld to thinke what was, could be:
Till, quite condemn'd by open proofe of ſight,
Shee muſt confeſſe; or elſe denie the light.

80

For, whither loue in him did ſympathize,
Or chaunce ſo wrought, to manifeſt her doubt;
Euen iuſt before, where ſhe thus ſecret pries,
He ſtayes, and with cleare face lookes all about;
When ſhe: Tis, ô, too true; I know his eyes:
Alas, it is my owne deare Lord cries out:
And, with that crie, ſinks downe vpon the flore.
Abundant griefe lackt words to vtter more.

81

Sorrow keepes full poſſeſſion in her heart,
Lockes it within, ſtops vp the way of breath,
Shuts ſenſes out of doore from euerie part;
And ſo long holdes there, as it hazardeth
Oppreſſed Nature, and is forc't to part,
Or elſe muſt be conſtrain'd to ſtay with death:
So, by a ſigh, it lets in ſenſe againe;
And ſenſe, at length, giues words leaue to complaine.

82

Then, like a torrent had beene ſtopt before,
Teares, ſighes, and words, doubled togither flowe;
Confus'dly ſtriuing whether ſhould do more,
The true intelligence of griefe to ſhowe.
Sighes hindred words: words periſht in their ſtore:
Both, intermixt in one, together growe.
One would do all: the other, more then's part;
Being both ſent equall Agents, from the hart.

83

At length, when paſt the firſt of ſorrowes worſt,
When calm'd confuſion better forme affordes;
Her heart commands, her words ſhould paſſe out firſt,
And then her ſighes ſhould interpoint her words;
The whiles her eyes out into teares ſhould burſt:
This order with her ſorrow ſhe accordes;
Which, orderleſs, all forme of order brake:
So, then began her wordes, and thus ſhe ſpake;

84

What? doſt thou thus returne againe to mee?
Are theſe the triumphs, for thy victories?
Is this the glorie thou doſt bring with thee,
From that vnhappie Iriſh enterpriſe?
And haue I made ſo many vowes to ſee
Thy ſafe returne, and ſee thee in this wiſe?
Is this the lookt-for comfort thou doſt bring?
To come a Captiue, that wentſt out a King?

85

And yet, deare Lord, though thy vngratefull Land
Hath left thee thus; yet I will take thy part:
I doo remaine the ſame, vnder thy hand;
Thou ſtill doſt rule the kingdome of my hart:
If all be loſt, that gouernment doth ſtand;
And that ſhall neuer from thy rule depart:
And ſo thou bee, I care not how thou bee:
Let Greatnes goe; ſo it goe without thee.

86

And welcome come, how-ſo vnfortunate;
I will applaud what others do deſpiſe:
I loue thee for thy ſelfe, not for thy State:
More then thy ſelfe, is what without thee lies:
Let that more goe, if it be in thy fate:
And hauing but thy ſelfe, it will ſuffize:
I married was not to thy Crowne, but thee;
And thou, without a Crowne, all one to mee.

But

87

But what do I, heere lurking idlie, mone
And wayle apart, and in a ſingle part
Make ſeuerall griefe? which ſhould be both in one;
The touch being equall of each others hart.
Ah, no: ſweet Lord, thou muſt not mone alone,
For, without me, thou art not all thou art;
Nor my teares, without thine, are fully teares:
For thus vnioyn'd, ſorrow but halfe appeares.

88

Ioyne then our plaints, and make our griefe full griefe:
Our ſtate being one, let vs not part our care.
Sorrow hath onely this poore bare reliefe,
To be bemon'd of ſuch as wofull are.
And ſhould I rob thy griefe, and be the thiefe
To ſteale a priuate part, and ſeuerall ſhare,
Defrawding ſorrow of her perfect due?
No, no, my Lord; I come to helpe thee rue.

89

Then foorth ſhe goes, a cloſe concealed way
(As grieuing to be ſeene not as ſhe was);
Labors t' attaine his preſence all ſhe may:
Which, with moſt hard a-do, was brought to paſſe.
For, that night, vnderſtanding where he lay,
With earneſt treating ſhe procur'd her Paſſe
To come to him. Rigor could not denie
Thoſe teares, ſo poore a ſuite, or put her by.

90

Entring the chamber, where he was alone
(As one whoſe former fortune was his ſhame)
Loathing th'vpbrayding eye of any one
That knew him once, and knowes him not the ſame:
When hauing giuen expreſſe command that none
Should preſſe to him; yet hearing ſome that came,
Turnes angerly about his grieued eyes:
When, lo, his ſweete afflicted Queene he ſpyes.

91

Straight cleares his brow; and with a borrowed ſmile,
What, my deare Queene? welcome, my deare, he ſayes:
And (ſtriuing his owne paſſion to beguile,
And hide the ſorrow which his eye betrayes)
Could ſpeake no more; but wrings her hands, the while:
And then, Sweet Lady; and againe he ſtayes:
Th' exceſſe of ioy and ſorrow both affordes
Affliction none, or but poore niggard wordes.

92

Shee that was come with a reſolved hart,
And with a mouth full ſtor'd, with wordes well choſe;
Thinking, This comfort wil I firſt impart
Vnto my Lord, and thus my ſpeach diſpoſe:
Then thus Ile ſay; thus looke, and with this art
Hide mine owne ſorrow to relieue his woes:
When being come, all this prov'd nought but winde;
Teares, lookes, and ſighes, do only tell her minde.

93

Thus both ſtood ſilent and confuſed ſo,
Their eyes relating how their hearts did morne:
Both bigge with ſorrow, and both great with wo
In labour with what was not to be borne:
This mightie burthen, wherewithall they goe,
Dies vndeliuered, periſhes vnborne;
Sorrow makes ſilence her beſt Orator,
Where words may make it leſſe, not ſhew it more.

94

But he, whom longer time had learn'd the art
T'indure affliction, as a vſuall touch,
Straines foorth his wordes, and throwes diſmay apart,
To rayſe vp her, whoſe paſſions now were ſuch
As quite oppreſt her ouercharged hart
(Too ſmall a veſſell to containe ſo much)
And cheeres and mones, and fained hopes doth frame,
As if himſelfe beleeu'd, or hop't the ſame.

And

95

And now, the while theſe Princes ſorrowed,
Forward ambition (come ſo neere her ende)
Sleepes not, nor ſlippes th'occaſion offered,
T'accompliſh what it did before intend:
A Parlement is foorthwith ſummoned
In *Richards* name; whereby they might pretend
A forme, to grace diſorder, and a ſhowe
Of holy right, the right to ouerthrowe.

96

Order, how much predominant art thou!
That if but onely thou pretended art;
How ſoone, deceiv'd mortalitie doth bow
To follow thine, as ſtill the better part!
Tis thought, that reuerent forme will not allow
Iniquitie, or ſacred right peruart.
Within our ſoules, ſince then thou dwell'ſt ſo ſtrong;
How ill do they, that vſe thee, to do wrong!

97

So ill did they, that in this formall courſe
Sought to eſtabliſh a deformed right:
Who might as well effected it by force;
But that men hold it wrong, what's wrought by might.
Offences vrg'd in publique are made worſe:
The ſhew of iuſtice aggrauates deſpight.
" The multitude, that looke not to the cauſe,
" Reſt ſatisfied, ſo it ſeeme done by lawes.

98

And now they diuerſe articles obiect
Of rigor, malice, priuate fauourings,
Exaction, riot, falſehood, and neglect;
Crimes done, but ſildome anſwered by Kings:
Which Subiectes doe lament, but not correct.
And all theſe faults, which *Lancaſter* now brings
Againſt a King, muſt be his owne, when hee,
By vrging others ſinnes, a King ſhall be.

99

For, all that was most odious was deuis'd,
And publisht in these articles abrode.
All th'errours of his youth were here compris'd,
Calamitie with obloquie to lode:
And more to make him publikely despis'd,
Libels, inuectiues, rayling rimes, were sow'd
Among the vulgar, to prepare his fall
With more applause and good consent of all.

100

The Owle is said to bee Mineruas bird.

Looke how the day-hater, *Minerua's* bird,
Whil'st priuiledg'd with darknes and the night,
Doth liue secure t'himselfe, of others feard;
If but by chaunce discouered in the light,
How doth each little Fowle (with enuie stirr'd)
Call him to iustice, vrge him with despight;
Summon the feathered flockes of all the wood,
To come to scorne the tyrant of their blood:

101

So fares this King, layd open to disgrace,
Whil'st euerie mouth full of reproche inuayes;
And euerie base detractor, in this case,
Vpon th'aduantage of misfortune playes:
Downe-falling Greatnes, vrged on apace,
Was followed-hard, by all disgracefull wayes;
Now in the point t'accelerate an end,
Whil'st miserie had no meanes to defend.

102

Vpon those articles in Parlement
So haynous made, inforc't, and vrg'd so hard,
He was adiudg'd vnfit for gouernment,
And of all regal powre and rule debarr'd:
For, who durst contradict the Dukes intent?
Or, if they durst, should patiently be heard?
Desire of change, old wrongs, new hopes, fresh feare,
Being far the *maior* part, the cause must beare.

Yet

103

Yet muſt we thinke, that ſome which ſaw the courſe
(The better fewe, whom paſſion made not b inde)
Stood careful lookers-on, with ſad commorſe,
Amaz'd to ſee what headlong rage deſign'd:
And, in a more conſiderate diſcourſe
Of tragicall euentes, thereof diuin'd;
And would excuſe and pittie thoſe defects,
Which, with ſuch hate, the aduerſe parts obiects:

104

" Say'ing, better yeeres might worke a better care,
" And time might well haue cur'd what was amiſſe;
" Since all theſe faults fatall to Greatnes are,
" And worſe deſerts haue not beene puniſht thus:
" But yet in this, the heauens, we feare, prepare
" Confuſion for our ſinnes, aſwell as his;
" And his calamitie beginneth our:
" For, he his owne, and we abus'd his powre.

105

Thus murmur'd they; when to the king were ſent
Certaine who might perſwade him to forſake
And leaue his Crowne, and with his free conſent
A voluntarie Reſignation make;
Since that he could no other way preuent
Theſe dangers which he elſe muſt needes partake:
For, not to yeeld, to what feare would conſtraine,
Would barre the hope of life, that did remaine.

106

And yet this ſcarce could worke him to conſent
To yeeld vp that ſo ſoone, men hold ſo deare.
Why, let him take (ſayd he) the gouernement,
And let me yet the name, the title beare:
Leaue me that ſhewe, and I wil be content;
And let them rule and gouerne without feare.
What, can they not my ſhadow now indure,
When they of all the reſt do ſtand ſecure?

Let

107

Let me hold that, I aske no other good:
Nay, that I will hold; *Henrie* do thy worſt.
For, ere I yeeld my Crowne, I'le loſe my blood;
That blood, that ſhall make thee and thine accurſt.
Thus reſolute a while he firmely ſtood,
Till loue of life, and feare of being forc't,
Vanquiſht th'innated valour of his minde;
And hope, and friends, ſo wrought, that he reſign'd.

108

Then to the Towre (where he remained) went
The *Duke*, with all the *Peeres* in company,
To take his offer with his free conſent,
And this his Reſignation teſtifie;
And thereof to informe the Parlement,
That all things might be done more formally,
And men thereby reſt better ſatisfide;
As of an act not forc't, or falſifide.

109

And forth h'is brought vnto th'accompliſhment,
Deckt with the Crowne in princely robes that day;
Like as the dead, in other Landes, are ſent
Vnto their Graues, in all their beſt aray:
And euen like good, did him this ornament.
For, what he brought, he muſt not beare away;
But buries there his glory and his name,
Intomb'd both in his owne and others blame.

110

And there vnto th'aſſembly of theſe States,
His ſorrow for their long indured wrong
Through his abus'd authority relates,
Excuſes with confeſſions mixt among:
And glad he ſayes, to finiſh all debates,
He was to leaue the Rule they ſought-for long;
Proteſting, if it might be for their good,
He would as gladly ſacrifice his blood.

There

111

There, he his Subiectes all (in generall)
Assoyles and quites of oath and fealtie,
Renounces interest, title, right and all
That appertaind to kingly dignitie;
Subscribes thereto, and doth to witnesse call
Both heauen and earth, and God, & Saints on hie,
To testifie his act, and doth professe
To do the same with most free willingnesse.

112

This said, with his owne hands he gaue the Crowne
To *Lancaster*, and wisht to God he might
Haue better ioy thereof then he had knowne,
And that his power might make it his by right:
And furthermore he crav'd, of all his owne,
But life, to liue apart a priuate wight;
The vanity of Greatnes he had tri'd,
And how vnsurely standes the foote of pride.

113

This brought to passe, the Lords returne with speed,
The Parlement hereof to certifie;
Where, they at large publisht the Kings owne deed,
And forme of his resignement verbally:
And thereupon doth *Lancaster* proceede
To make his claime vnto the Monarchie;
And shewes the right he hath, both by descent,
And by recouerie, to the gouernement.

114

Which being granted, *Canterburie* rose
And animates them, by the sacred word,
" In this their course: and by his Text, he showes
" How well they made their choyce of such a Lord;
" Who, as a man was able to dispose
" And guide the State: and how the royall sworde
" Ought to be at a mans commandement;
" Not at a childes, or one as impotent.

The Archbishop of Cant. takes his text out of the first booke of the Kings, cap. 9. Vir dominabitur in populo,

Since

115

" Since, when the greatnes of his charge exceedes
" The ſmallneſſe of his powers, he muſt collate
" The ſame on others: whence, ſayes he, proceedes
" This rauenous expilation of the State;
" Whence no man any more the publike heedes,
" Then ſo much as imports his priuate ſtate.
" *Our Health is from our head:* if that be ill,
" Diſtemp'red, faint, and weake, all the reſt will.

116

" Then to the preſent, all his ſpeach he drawes,
" And ſhewes what admirable parts abound
" In this braue Prince; being fit to giue them lawes,
" Fit for his valour, fit for iudgement ſound.
And, *Lancaſter*, indeed I would thy cauſe
Had had as lawfull and as ſure a ground,
As had thy vertues, and thy noble hart,
Ordaind, and borne for an Imperial part.

117

Then had not that confus'd ſucceeding Age
Our fieldes ingrayn'd with bloud, our riuers dy'd
With purple-ſtreaming woundes of our owne rage,
Nor ſeene our Princes ſlaughtred, Peeres deſtroyd.
Then hadſt not thou, deare Countrie, com'n to vvage
Warre vvith thy ſelfe, nor thoſe afflictions try'd
Of all conſuming diſcorde here ſo long;
Too mightie novv, againſt thy ſelfe too ſtrong.

The ende of the ſecond Booke.

THE

THE ARGVMENT OF THE THIRD BOOKE.

Henrie, *the fourth, the Crowne eſtabliſhed.*
The Lords, that did to Gloſters *death conſent,*
Degraded, do rebell, are vanquiſhed.
King Richard, *vnto* Pomfret *Caſtle ſent,*
Is by a cruell Knight there murthered,
After the Lords had had their puniſhment.
His Corps, from thence, to London *is conuayd;*
And there, for all to view, is open layd.

1

NOw riſen is that Head, by which did ſpring (rights;
The birth of two ſtrong Heads, two Crownes, two
That monſtrous ſhape, that afterward did bring
Deform'd confuſion to diſtracted wights.
Now is attain'd that dearely purchaſt thing
That fill'd the world with lamentable ſights:
And now, attain'd, all care is how to frame
Meanes to eſtabliſh, and to hold the ſame.

First,

2

First, he attends to build a ſtrong conceipt
Of his vſurped powre, in peoples mindes;
And armes his cauſe with furniture of weight:
Which eaſily the ſword, and Greatneſſe findes.
Succeſſion, Conqueſt, and election ſtraight
Suggeſted are, and prov'd in all their kindes.
More then ynough they finde, who finde their might
Hath force to make all, that they will haue, Right.

3

Though one of theſe might verie well ſuffiſe
His preſent approbation to procure.
" But who his own cauſe makes, doth ſtil deuiſe
" To make too much, to haue it more then ſure.
" Feare caſts too deepe, and euer is too wiſe:
" No vſuall plots, the doubtfull can ſecure.
And all theſe diſagreeing Claymes he had,
With hope to make one good of many bad.

4

Like vnto him that fears, and faine would ſtop
An inundation working-on apace,
Runs to the Breach, heapes mightie matter vp,
Throwes indigeſted burthens on the place,
Lodes with huge weights, the out-ſide, & the top,
But leaues the inner partes in feeble caſe;
Whil'ſt th'vnder-ſearching water, working-on,
Beares (proudly) downe, all that was idly don:

5

So fares it with our indirect deſſeignes,
And wrong contriued labors, at the laſt;
Whil'ſt working Time, and iuſtice vndermines
The feeble frame, held to be wrought ſo faſt:
Then when out-breaking vengeance vncombines
The ill-ioyn'd plots ſo fayrely ouer-caſt;
Turnes vp thoſe huge pretended heapes of ſhowes,
And all theſe weake illuſions ouer-throwes.

But,

6

But, after, hauing made his title plaine,
Vnto his Coronation he proceedes:
Which, in moſt ſumptuous ſort (to intertaine
The gazing vulgar, whom this ſplendor feeds)
Is ſtately furniſht, with a glorious traine:
Wherein, the former Kings he far exceedes;
And all t'amuſe the world, and turne the thought
Of what & how 'twas done, to what is wrought.

7

And that he might on many props repoſe,
He ſtrengths his owne, & who his part did take:
New Officers, new Councellors he choſe:
His eldeſt ſonne, the Prince of *Wales* doth make;
His ſecond, Lord high Steward: and, to thoſe
Had hazarded their fortunes for his ſake,
He giues them charge, as merites their deſeart;
And rayſes them, by cruſhing th'aduerſe part.

8

So that hereby, the vniuerſall face
Of Court, with all the Offices of State
Are wholly chang'd, by death, or by diſgrace,
Vpon th'aduantage of the peoples hate;
" Who, euer enuying thoſe of chiefeſt place
" (Whom neither worth nor vertue, but their fate
" Exalted hath) doo, when their Kings doo naught
" (Becauſe it's in their powre) iudge it their faute.

9

And in their ſteed, ſuch as were popular,
And wel-deſeruing, were aduanc't by grace.
Graue *Shirley*, he ordaines Lord Chancelor;
Both worthy for his vertues, and his race:
And *Norburie* hee appoints for Treaſurer;
A man, though meane, yet fit to vſe that place:
And others, t'other roomes; whom people hold
So much more lov'd, how much they loath the old.

10

And it behoues him now to doo his beſt
T'approue his vow, and oath made to the State:
And many great diſorders he redreſt;
Which alwayes Vſurpation makes the gate
To let it ſelfe into the peoples breſt,
And ſeekes the publike beſt t'accommodate:
Wherein, Iniuſtice better doth then Right:
" For, who reproues the lame, muſt go vpright.

11

Though it be eaſie to accuſe a State,
Of imperfection and miſgouernment:
And eaſie to beget in people hate
Of preſent Rule, which cannot all content;
And ſe we attempt it, that effect it not:
Yet, t'introduce a better gouernment
In ſteed thereof, if we t'example looke,
The vnder-takers haue beene ouer-tooke.

12

The Nobilitie accuſed for the death of Thomas of Woodſtocke D. of Gloſter.

Then, againſt thoſe he ſtrictly doth proceed,
Who chiefe of *Gloſters* death were guiltie thought;
Not ſo much for the hatred of that deed:
But, vnder this pretext, the meanes he ſought
To ruine ſuch whoſe might did much exceed
His powre to wrong, nor elſe could well be wrought.
Law, Iuſtice, blood, the zeale vnto the dead,
Were on his ſide, and his drift coloured.

13

The Dukes of Surry, Exceſter, and Aumarle, The Earles of Salisburie and Gloſter, the Biſhop of Carlile, Sir Thomas Blunt, and other, were the parties accuſed, for the death of the D. of Gloſter.

Here, many of the greateſt of the Land
Accus'd were of the act, ſtrong proofes brought out;
Which ſtrongly were refell'd: the Lords all ſtand,
To cleare their Cauſe, moſt reſolutely ſtout:
The King, perceiuing what he tooke in hand
Was not with ſafety to be brought-about,
Deſiſts to vrge their death, in any wiſe;
Reſpecting number, ſtrength, friends, and allies.

Nor

14

Nor was it time now, in his tender raigne,
And infant-young-beginning gouernement,
To ſtriue, with blood; when lenitie muſt gaine
The mightie men, and pleaſe the diſcontent.
" New Kings do feare; when old Courts farther ſtraine:
Eſtabliſht States to all things will conſent.
He muſt diſpenſe with his will, and their crime,
And ſeeke t'oppreſſe and weare them out with time.

15

Yet not to ſeeme, but to haue ſome thing done,
In what he could, not as he would effect;
To ſatisfie the people (that begun,
Reuenge of wrong and iuſtice to expect)
He caus'd be put to execution, one,
Who to performe this murther was elect;
A baſe companion, few, or none would miſſe:
Who firſt did ſerue their turne; and now ſerues his.

16

And, to abaſe the too high ſtate of thoſe
That were accus'd, and leſſen their degrees,
Aumarle, *Surry*, *Exceter*, muſt loſe
The names of Dukes, their titles, dignities,
And whatſoeuer profits thereby riſe;
The Earles, their titles and their Signories:
And all they got in th'end of *Richards* raigne,
Since *Gloſters* death, they muſt reſtore againe;

17

By this, as if by *Oſtraciſme*, t'abate
That great preſumptiue wealth, whereon they ſtand.
For, firſt, hereby impov'riſhing their ſtate,
He kilies the meanes they might haue to withſtand:
Then equals them with other whom they hate,
Who (by their ſpoyles) are rais'd to hie command;
That weake, and enuied, if they ſhould conſpire,
They wracke themſelues, and he hath his deſire.

18

Yet, by this grace (which must be held a grace;
As both they, and the world, are made beleeue)
He thinks t'haue dealt benignly in this case,
And left them state ynough, to let them liue;
And that the taking, from thē, meanes & place,
Was nothing, in respect what hee did giue:
But they, that knowe how their owne reckning goes,
Account not what they haue, but what they lose.

19

The Parlement, which now is held, decreed
What-euer pleas'd the King but to propound;
Confirm'd the Crowne, to him, and to his seed,
And by their oath their due obedience bound:
Which was the powre that stood him best in steed,
And made what-euer broken courses sound.
For, what he got by fortune, fauour, might,
It was the State that now must make his right.

20

Here was agreed, to make all more secure,
That *Richard* should remaine, for euermore,
Close-prisoner; least the Realme might chaunce indure
Some new reuolt, or any fresh vp-rore:
And, that if any should such broyle procure,
By him, or for him, he should die therefore.
So that a talke of tumult, and a breath,
Would serue him as his passing-bell to death.

21

Yet, reuerent *Carlile*, thou didst there oppose
Thy holy voyce, to saue thy Princes blood;
And freely checkt'st this iudgement, and his foes:
When all were bad, yet thou dar'dst to be good.
Be it inrold (that time may neuer lose
The memorie) how firme thy courage stood;
When powre, disgrace, nor death, could ought diuert
Thy glorious tongue, thus, to reueale thy heart.

Graue,

22

" Graue, reuerent Lords, ſince that this ſacred place
" Our *Auentine-Retire*, our holy hill
" (This place, ſoule of our State, the Realmes beſt grace)
" Doth priuiledge me ſpeake what reaſon will:
" Let me but ſay my conſcience in this caſe;
" Leaſt ſinne of ſilence ſhew my hart was ill:
" And let theſe walles witneſſe, if you will not,
" I do diſcharge my ſoule, of this ſoule blot.

23

" Neuer ſhall this poore breath of mine conſent,
" That he that two and twentie yeeres hath raignd
" As lawfull Lord, and King by iuſt deſcent,
" Should here be iudg'd, vnheard, and vnarraignd;
" By Subiects too (Iudges incompetent
" To iudge their King vnlawfully detaind)
" And vnbrought-foorth to plead his guiltleſs Cauſe;
" Barring th'Annoynted, libertie of lawes.

24

" Haue you not done inough, with what is done?
" Muſt needes diſorder growe, from bad, to worſe?
" Can neuer miſchiefe end as it begunne,
" But being once out, muſt farther out, of force?
" Thinke you, that any meanes, vnder the Sunne,
" Can aſſecure ſo indirect a courſe?
" Or any broken cunning build ſo ſtrong,
" As can hold out the hand of vengeance long?

25

Stopt, there, was his too vehement ſpeech with ſpeed,
And he ſent cloſe to warde, from where he ſtood;
His zeale vntimely, deem'd too much t'exceed
The meaſure of his wit, and did no good.
They reſolute, for all this, do proceed
Vnto that iudgement could not be withſtood:
The King had all he crav'd, or could compell:
And all was done; let others iudge, how well.

26

Now *Muſe* relate a wofull accident,
And tell the blood-ſhed of theſe mightie Peeres,
Who (lately reconcil'd) reſt diſcontent,
Griev'd with diſgrace, remayning in their feares:
How-euer ſeeming outwardly content;
Yet th'inward touch, that wounded honor beares,
Reſts cloſely rankling, and can finde no eaſe,
Till death of one ſide cure this great diſeaſe.

27

Meanes how to feele, and learne each others hart,
By th' *Abbots* skill of *Weſtminſter* is found:
Who, ſecretly diſliking *Henries* part,
Inuites theſe Lords, and thoſe hee meant to ſound;
Feaſts them with coſt, and drawes them on with art;
And darke, and doubtfull queſtions doth propound:
Then playner ſpeakes; and yet vncertaine ſpeakes:
Then wiſhes well; then off abruptly breakes.

28

My Lords, ſaith he, I feare we ſhall not finde
This long-deſired King, ſuch as was thought:
But yet, he may do well: God turne his minde:
Tis yet new dayes: but, Ill bodes new and nought:
Some yet ſpeed well: though all men of my kinde
Haue cauſe to doubt; his ſpeech is not forgot,
That Princes had too little, we too much.
God giue him grace: but, 'tis ill truſting ſuch.

29

This open-cloſe, apparent-darke diſcourſe
Drew-on much ſpeech: and euerie man replies:
And euery man addes heate: and words inforce
And vrge out wordes. For, when one man eſpies
Anothers minde like his, then ill breedes worſe;
And out breaks all in th'end what cloſeſt lies.
For, when men well haue fed, th'blood being warme,
Then are they moſt improuident of harme.

Bewray

30

Bewray they did their inward boyling ſpight;
Each ſtirring other to reuenge their cauſe.
One ſayes he neuer ſhould indure the ſight
Of that forſworne, that wrongs both Land and lawes,
Another vowes the ſame; of his minde, right.
A third t'a point more neere the matter drawes;
Sweares, if they would, he would attempt the thing,
To chace th'vſurper, and replace their King.

31

Thus one by one, kindling each others fire,
Till all inflam'd, they all in one agree:
All reſolute to proſecute their ire,
Seeking their owne, and Countries cauſe to free;
And haue his firſt, that their blood did conſpire.
For, no way elſe, they ſayd, but this, could be
Their wrong-detained honor to redeeme:
Which, true-bred blood ſhould, more then life, eſteeme.

32

And let not this our new-made faithleſs Lord,
Say th *Surry*, thinke, that we are left ſo bare
(Though bare inough) but we wil finde a ſword
To kill him with, when he ſhal not beware.
For, he that is with life and will inſtor'd,
Hath, for reuenge, inough, and needes not care:
For, time brings meanes to furniſh him withall:
Let him but wayte occaſions as they fall.

Thom. late Duke of Surry.

33

Then, of the manner how t'effect the thing,
Conſulted was: and in the ende agreed,
That at a Maske, and common Reuelling,
Which was ordain'd, they ſhould performe the deed;
For, that would be leaſt doubted of the King,
And fitteſt for their ſafetie to proceed:
The night, their number, and the ſoddaine act,
Would daſh all order, and protect their fact.

34

Beſides, they might vnder the faire pretence
Of Tilts and Turnements, which they intend,
Prouide them horſe, and armour for defence,
And all things elſe conuenient for their end:
Beſides, they might hold ſure intelligence
Among themſelues, without ſuſpect t'offend:
The King would thinke, they ſought but grace in Court,
With all their great preparing in this ſort.

35

A ſolemne oath religiouſly they take,
By intermutuall vowes proteſting there,
This neuer to reueale; nor to forſake
So good a Cauſe, for danger, hope, or feare:
The Sacrament, the pledge of faith, they take:
And euerie man vpon his ſword doth ſweare,
By Knighthood, honor, or what elſe ſhould binde;
To aſſecure, the more, each others minde.

36

And when all this was done, and thought well done,
And euerie one aſſures him good ſucceſſe,
And eaſie ſeemes the thing to euerie one
That nought could croſſe their plot, or them ſuppreſſe:
Yet one among the reſt (whoſe minde not wonne
With th'ouer-weening thought of hot exceſſe,
Nor headlong carryed with the ſtreame of will,
Nor by his owne election led to ill)

37

Sir Thom. Blunt. Iudicious *Blunt* (whoſe learning, valor, wit,
Had taught true knowledge in the courſe of things;
Knew dangers as they were, and th'humerous fit
Of ware-leſſe diſcontent, what end it brings)
Counſels their heat, with calme graue words, and fit
(Words well fore-thought, that from experience ſprings)
And warnes a warier cariage in the thing;
Leaſt blind preſumption worke their ruining.

My

38

" My Lords, sayth he, I knowe your wisedomes such,
" As that of mine aduice you haue no need:
" I knowe, you knowe how much the thing doth touch
" The maine of all your states, your blood, your seed:
" Yet, since the same concernes my life, as much
" As his whose hand is chiefest in this deed,
" And that my foote must go as farre, as his;
" I thinke, my tongue may speake what needfull is.

39

" The thing we enterprize, I knowe, doth beare
" Great possibilitie of good effect;
" For that so many men of might there are
" That venture here this action to direct:
" Which meaner wightes, of trust and credite bare,
" Not so respected, could not looke t'effect.
" For, none, without great hopes, will follow such
" Whose powre, and honor doth not promise much.

40

" Besides, this new, and doubtfull gouernment,
" The wauering faith of people vaine, and light,
" The secret hopes of many discontent,
" The naturall affection to the right,
" Our lawfull Sov'raignes life, in prison pent,
" Whom men begin to pittie now, not spight,
" Our well layd plot, and all, I must confesse,
" With our iust cause, doth promise good successe.

41

" But this is yet the outward fayrest side
" Of our desseigne: within, rests more of feare,
" More dread of sad euent yet vndescri'd,
" Then (my most worthy Lords) I would there were:
" But yet, I speake not thus as to diuide
" Your thoughts from th'act, or to dismay your cheere;
" Onely to adde, vnto your forward will,
" A moderate feare, to cast the worst of ill.

Danger,

42

" Danger, before, and in, and after th'act,
" You needes muſt graunt, is great, and to be waigh'd.
" Before; leaſt, while we do the deede protract,
" It be by any of our ſelues bewraid:
" For, many being priuie to the fact,
" How hard it is to keepe it vnbetraid?
" When the betrayer ſhal haue life and grace,
" And rid himſelfe of danger and diſgrace.

43

" For, though ſome few continue reſolute;
" Yet many ſhrink, which at the firſt would dare,
" And be the formoſt men to execute,
" If th'act, and motion at one inſtant were:
" But, intermiſſion ſuffers men diſpute
" What dangers are, and caſt with farther care:
" Cold doubt cauils with honor, ſcorneth fame:
" And in the end, feare waighes downe faith, with ſhame.

44

" Then in the act, what perils ſhall we finde,
" If either place, or time, or other courſe,
" Cauſe vs to alter th'order now aſſign'd?
" Or that, then we expect, things happen worſe?
" If either error, or a fainting minde,
" An indiſcreet amazement, or remorſe,
" In any at that inſtant ſhould be found;
" How much it might the act, and all confound?

45

" After the deede, the dangers are no leſſe;
" Leſt that, our forwardnes not ſeconded
" By our owne followers, and accomplices
" (Being kept backe, or ſlowe, or hindered)
" The haſtie multitude ruſh-on, t'oppreſſe
" Confuſed weakenes, there vnſuccored;
" Or rayſe another head, of that ſame race,
" T'auenge his death, and proſecute the caſe.

All

46

" All this (my Lords) must be considered
" (The best and worst of that which may succeede)
" That valour mixt with feare, boldnesse with dread,
" May march more circumspect, with better heed.
" And, To preuent these mischiefs mentioned,
" Is, by our faith, our secrecie, and speed.
" For, euen already is the worke begun:
" And we rest all vndone, till all be done.

47

" And though I could haue wisht another course,
" In open fielde t' haue hazarded my blood;
" Yet some are heere, whose loue is of that force
" To draw my life, whom zeale hath not withstood:
" But, like you not of your desseigne the worse.
" If the successe be good, your course is good:
" And ending well, our honor then begins.
" No hand of strife is pure, but that which wins.

48

This sayd, a sad still silence held their mindes,
Vpon the feareful proiect of their woe;
But that, not long, ere forward furie findes
Incouraging persuasions on to goe.
We must (sayd they) we wil, our honour bindes,
Our safety bids, our fayth must haue it so:
We know the worst can come, 'tis thought vpon:
We cannot shift; being in, we must goe on.

49

And on in deed they went; but (ô!) not farre:
A fatal stop trauerst their headlong course;
Their drift comes knowne, and they discouered are:
For, some of many will be false, of force.
Aumarle became the man, that all did marre,
Whether through indiscretion, chance, or worse:
He makes his peace, with offring others blood;
And shewes the King, how all the matter stood.

Then

50

Then lo, diſmayde, confuſion all poſſeſt
Th'afflicted troupe, hearing their plot deſcride.
Then runnes amaz'd diſtreſſe, with ſad vnreſt,
To this, to that, to flie, to ſtand, to hide:
Diſtracted terror knew not what was beſt;
On what determination to abide.
At laſt, Deſpaire would yet ſtand to the Sword,
To trie what friendes would doe, or fate affoord.

51

Then this, then that mans ayde, they craue, implore;
Poſte here for helpe, ſeeke there their followers;
Coniure their friendes they had, labour for more,
Sollicite all reputed fauourers,
Who *Richards* cauſe ſeem'd to affect before:
And, in his name, write, pray, ſende meſſengers;
To try what faith was left, if by this art
Any would ſtep to take Afflictions part.

52

And ſome were found; and ſome againe draw backe:
Vncertaine power could not it ſelfe retaine:
Intreate they may; authoritie they lacke:
And here, and there they march (but, all in vaine)
With deſp'rate courſe; like thoſe that ſee their wracke
Euen on the Rockes of death, and yet they ſtraine
That death may not them idly finde t'attend
Their certaine laſt, but worke to meet their end.

53

And long they ſtand not, ere the chiefe, ſurpriz'd,
Conclude with their deare blood their tragedie:
And all the reſt, diſperſt, run ſome diſguis'd
To vnknowne coaſtes; ſome to the ſhores do flye;
Some to the woods, or whither feare aduis'd:
But running from, all to deſtruction hie.
The breach once made vpon a battered ſtate,
Downe goes diſtreſſe; no ſhelter ſhroudes their fate.

And

54

And now what horror in their ſoules doth growe!
What ſorrowes, with their friendes, and neere allies!
What mourning in their ruin'd houſes now!
How many childrens plaints, and mothers cryes!
How many wofull Widowes left to bow
To ſad diſgrace! what periſht families!
What heires of hie rich hopes, their thoughts muſt frame
To baſe-downe-looking pouertie and ſhame!

55

This ſlaughter and calamitie fore-goes
Thy eminent deſtruction, wofull King.
This is the bloody Comet of thy woes,
That doth fore-tell thy preſent ruyning.
Here was thy ende decreed, when theſe men roſe;
And euen with theirs, this act thy death did bring;
Or haſtened, at the leaſt, vpon this ground:
Yet, if not this, another had beene found.

56

Kings, Lords of times and of occaſions, may
Take their aduantage, when, and how they liſt:
For, now the Realme, he thought in this diſmay,
T'auoyd like miſchiefes, neither would reſiſt,
Nor feele the wound at all; ſince, by this way,
All future diſturbations would deſiſt:
The roote cut off, from whence theſe tumults roſe,
He ſhould haue reſt, the Common-wealth repoſe.

57

He knew this time: and yet he would not ſeeme
Too quicke to wrath, as if affecting blood;
But yet complaines ſo farre, that men might deeme
He would 'twere done, and that he thought it good.
And wiſht that ſome would ſo his life eſteeme,
As ridde him of theſe feares wherein he ſtood:
And there-with eyes a Knight, that then was by;
Who ſoone could learne his leſſon, by his eye.

This Knight was Sir Pierce of Exton.

58

The man, he knew, was one that willingly
For one good looke would hazard ſoule and all;
An inſtrument for any villanie,
That needed no commiſſion more at all:
A great eaſe to the King, that ſhould, hereby,
Not neede in this a courſe of iuſtice call,
Nor ſeeme to wil the act: for, though what's wrought
Were his owne deed, he grieues ſhould ſo be thought.

59

" So foule a thing (ô!) thou *Iniuſtice* art,
" That tort'reſt both the doer and diſtreſt.
" For, when a man hath done a wicked part,
" How doth he ſtriue t'excuſe, to make the beſt,
" To ſhift the fault, t'vnburthen his charg'd hart,
" And glad to finde the leaſt ſurmiſe of reſt!
" And if he could make his, ſeeme others ſin;
" What great repoſe, what eaſe he findes therein!

60

This Knight; but yet, why ſhould I call him Knight,
To giue impietie this reuerent ſtile?
Title of honour, worth, and vertues right,
Should not be giuen to a wretch ſo vile:
But pardon me, if I do not aright:
It is becauſe I will not here defile
My vnſtaind verſe, with his opprobrious name,
And grace him ſo, to place him in the ſame.

61

This caitife goes, and with him takes eight more
As deſperate as himſelfe, impiouſly bold
(Such villaines, as he knew would not abhorre
To execute what wicked act he would)
And haſtes him downe to *Pomfret*; where, before,
The reſtleſs King, contraide, was laid in hold:
There would he do the deed, he thought ſhould bring
To him great grace and fauour, with his King.

Whether

62

Whether the ſoule receiues intelligence,
By her neere *Genius*, of the bodies end,
And ſo impartes a ſadneſſe to the ſenſe
Fore-going ruine, whereto it doth tend:
Or whether Nature elſe hath conference
With profound ſleepe, and ſo doth warning ſend
By prophetizing dreames, what hurt is neere,
And giues the heauie careful hart to feare:

63

How-euer, ſo it is, the now ſad King
(Toſt here and there, his quiet to confound)
Feeles a ſtraunge waight of ſorrowes, gathering
Vpon his trembling hart, and ſees no ground;
Feeles ſodaine terror bring cold ſhiuering;
Liſtes not to eate, ſtill muſes, ſleepes vnſound,
His ſenſes droope, his ſteady eyes vnquicke,
And much he ayles; and yet he is not ſicke.

64

The morning of that day, which was his laſt,
After a wearie reſt ryſing to paine,
Out at a little grate his eyes he caſt
Vpon thoſe bordering hils, and open Plaine,
And viewes the towne, and ſees how people paſt:
Where others libertie, makes him complaine
The more his owne, and grieues his ſoule the more;
Conferring captiue-Crownes, with freedome poore.

65

" O happie man, ſayth hee, that lo I ſee
" Grazing his cattle in thoſe pleaſant fieldes!
" If he but knew his good (how bleſſed hee,
" That feeles not what affliction Greatnes yeeldes!)
" Other then what hee is, he would not bee,
" Nor change his ſtate with him that Scepters wieldes:
" Thine, thine is that true life; That is to liue,
" To reſt ſecure, and not riſe vp to grieue.

Thou

66

" Thou sitst, at home, safe, by thy quiet fire,
" And hear'st of others harmes; but feelest none:
" And there thou telst of Kings, and who aspire,
" Who fall, who rise, who triumphs, who do none:
" Perhaps thou talkst of mee, and dost inquire
" Of my restraint, why here I liue alone,
" And pitiest this my miserable fall:
" For, pittie must haue part; enuie, not all.

67

" Thrice happy you that looke, as from the shore,
" And haue no venture in the wracke you see;
" No int'rest, no occasion to deplore
" Other mens trauailes, while your selues sit free.
" How much doth your sweet rest make vs the more
" To see our miserie, and what we bee!
" Whose blinded Greatnes, euer in turmoyle,
" Still seeking happy life, makes life a toyle.

68

Primus imperium communicauit, & posuit Diocletianus: & in eo ponendo, dixisse fertur; Recipe Iupiter imperium, quod mihi commodasti.

" Great *Diocletian* (and more great therefore
" For yeelding-vp that whereto pride aspires)
" Reckning thy Gardens in *Illiria* more
" Then all the Empire, all what th'earth admires;
" Thou well didst teach, that he is neuer poore
" That little hath, but he that much desires;
" Finding more true delight in that small ground,
" Then, in possessing all the earth, was found.

69

" Are Kings that freedome giue, themselues not free,
" As meaner men, to take what they may giue?
" What, are they of so fatall a degree,
" That they cannot descend from that, and liue?
" Vnlesse they still be Kings can they not bee,
" Nor may they their authority suruiue?
" Will not my yeelded Crowne redeeme my breath?
" Still am I fear'd? is there no way, but death?

Scarce

70

Scarce this word, Death, from ſorrow did proceed,
When in ruſht one, and tels him, ſuch a knight
Is new arriv'd, and comes from Court in ſpeed.
What newes ſayd he, with him, that traytrous wight?
What, more remouing yet? alas! what need?
Are we not farre ynough ſent out of ſight?
Or is this place, here, not ſufficient ſtrong
To guard vs in? or muſt we haue more wrong?

71

By this, the bloody troope were at the dore;
When-as a ſodaine and a ſtrange diſmay
Inforc't them ſtraine, who ſhould go in before:
One offers, and in offring makes a ſtay:
An other forward ſets, and doth no more:
A third the like, and none durſt make the way:
So much the horror of ſo vile a deed,
In vileſt mindes, deterres them to proceed.

72

At length, as to ſome great aduentrous fight,
This *Brauo* cheeres theſe daſtards, all hee can;
And valiantly their courage doth incite,
And all againſt one weake vnarmed man:
A great exployte, and fit for ſuch a knight;
Wherein, ſo much renowne his valor wan.
But ſee, how men that verie Preſence feare,
Which once, they knew, Authority did beare.

73

Then, on thruſts one, and he would formoſt be
To ſhead anothers blood; but loſt his owne:
For, entring in, as ſoone as he did ſee
The face of Maieſtie, to him well knowne;
Like *Marius* Souldier at *Minternum*, hee
Stood ſtill amaz'd, his courage ouer-throwne.
The King, ſeeing this, ſtarting frō where he ſate,
Out from his trembling hand his weapon gate.

74

Thus, euen his foes, who came to bring him death,
Bring him a weapon, that before had none;
That yet he might not idly loſe his breath,
But die reueng'd, in action, not alone.
And this good chaunce, that thus much fauoureth,
He ſlackes not: for, he preſently ſpeedes one:
And, Lion-like, vpon the reſt he flyes:
And here falles one; and there another lies.

75

And vp and down he trauerſes his ground;
Now wardes a felling blowe, now ſtrikes againe,
Then nimbly ſhiftes a thruſt, then lends a wound,
Now backe he giues, then ruſhes-on amaine.
His quicke and ready hand doth ſo confound
Theſe ſhamefull beaſtes, that foure of them lie ſlaine:
And all had periſht happily and well,
But for one act, that (ô!) I grieue to tell.

76

This coward Knight, ſeeing with ſhame and feare
His men thus ſlaine, and doubting his owne end,
Leapes vp into a chaire that (lo) was there,
The-whiles the King did all his courage bend
Againſt thoſe foure, which now before him were,
Doubting not who behind him doth attend;
And plyes his hands vndaunted, vnaffeard,
And with good heart, and life for life he ſtird.

77

And whiles he this, and that, and each mans blowe
Doth eye, defend, and ſhift, being layd-to ſore,
Backward he beares for more aduantage now,
Thinking the wall would ſafegard him the more;
When, lo, with impious hand, ô wicked thou,
That ſhamefull durſt not come to ſtrike before,
Behind him gav'ſt that lamentable wound,
Which layd that wretched Prince flat on the ground.

Now

78

Now, proditorious wretch, what haſt thou done,
To make this barbarous baſe aſſaſſinate
Vpon the perſon of a Prince, and one
Fore-ſpent with ſorrow, and all deſolate?
What great aduancement haſt thou hereby wonne,
By being the inſtrument to perpetrate
So foule a deed? where is thy grace in Corte,
For ſuch a ſeruice, acted in this ſort?

79

Firſt, he for whom thou doſt this villanie
(Though pleas'd therewith) will not auouch thy fact,
But let the weight of thine owne infamie
Fall on thee, vnſupported, and vnbackt:
Then, all men elſe will loath thy treacherie,
And thou thy ſelfe abhorre thy proper act:
" So th' Wolfe, in hope the Lyons grace to win
" Betraying other beaſtes, loſt his owne skinne.

80

But now, as this ſweet Prince diſtended lay,
And him nor Life, nor Death, their owne could call,
(For, Life, remouing, rid not all away;
And Death, though entring, had not ſeis'd on all)
That ſhort-tym'd motion had a little ſtay
(The mouer ceaſing) though it were but ſmall:
(As th' Organ-ſound, a time, ſuruiues the ſtop,
Before it doth the dying note giue vp)

81

When, lo, there ſtreames a ſpring of bloud ſo faſt,
From thoſe deepe woundes, as all imbru'd the face
Of that accurſed caytiue, as he paſt
(After the deed effected) through the place:
And therewithall thoſe dying eyes did caſt
Such an vpbraiding looke on his diſgrace
(Seeming to checke ſo cowardly a part)
As left th' impreſſion euen in his hart.

82

And this one King, moſt neere in bloud ally'd,
Is made th'oblation for the others peace.
Which peace yet was not hereby ratifi'd
So, as it could all future feares releaſe.
For, though the other did forthwith prouide
To haue the rumour run of his deceaſe,
By drawing the corps to *London*, where it was
Layd (three dayes to be ſeene) with open face:

The Corps was conueyed from Pomfret to Londō: where it lay with open face in Paules, 3 dayes; and after a ſolemne obſequie, was had to Langley and there meanely interred.

83

Yet, ſo great was this execrable deed,
As men would ſcarce therein beleiue their eyes;
Much leſſe their eares: and many ſought to feed
The eaſie creditours of nouelties,
By voycing him aliue; how hee was freed
By ſtrange eſcape out of his miſeries:
And many did conſpire now to relieue
Him dead, who had forſaken him aliue.

K. Ric. bruted to be aliue after he was thus murthered: whichbegat a con- Conſpiracie, for the which, Sir Roger Clarindon, ſuppoſed to be the baſe ſonne of the blacke Prince was executed, with diuers Friers.

84

And many ſuffred for his Cauſe, when now
He had none: many wiſht for him againe,
When they perceiv'd th'exchange did not allow
Their hopes ſo much as they did looke to gaine,
By traffiquing of kings; and all ſaw how
Their full exſpectances were in the wane.
They had a King was more then him before;
But yet a king, where they were nought the more.

85

And ſure, this murthred Prince, though weake he was,
He was not ill; nor yet ſo weake, but that
He ſhew'd much Martiall valour in his place,
Aduentring oft his perſon for the State:
And might amongſt our better Princes paſſe;
Had not the flatterie, rapine, and debate
Of factious Lords and greedie Officers
Diſgrac't his actions, and abus'd his yeares.

Nor

86

Nor is it ſo much Princes weakeneſſes,
As the corruption of their Miniſters,
Wherby the Common-wealth receiues diſtreſs.
For, they, attending their particulars,
Make imperfections their aduantages
To be themſelues both Kings and Councellors.
And, ſure, this Common-wealth can neuer take
Hurt by weake kings, but ſuch as we doo make.

87

Beſides, he was (which people much reſpect
In Princes, and which pleaſes vulgarly)
Of goodly perſonage, and of ſweete aſpect,
Of milde acceſſe, and liberalitie;
And feaſtes, and ſhewes, and triumphs did affect,
As the delights of youth and iollitie:
But, here, the great profuſion and expence
Of his reuenues, bred him much offence:

Hee had in his Courte 1000. perſons in ordinarie allowance of diet, 300. ſeruitours in his Kitchin, aboue 300. Ladies, Chamberers, and Landreers: His apparell was ſumptuous, and ſo was it generally in his time: hee had one Cote of gold and ſtone, valued at 30000. markes. One enterview with the Fr. King at Ards, when his wife Iſabel was deliuered vnto him, coſt 300000. markes.

88

And gaue aduantage vnto enmitie,
This grieuous accuſation to prefer;
" That he conſum'd the common Treaſurie:
" Whereof he being the ſimple vſager
" But for the State (not in proprietie)
" Did alien at his pleaſure, and transfer
" The ſame t'his minions, and to whome hee liſt;
" By which, the Common-wealth was to ſubſiſt.

89

" Whereby, ſayd they, the poore concuſſed State
" Shall euer be exacted for ſupplyes.
Which accuſation was th'occaſion, that
His ſucceſſour by order nullifies
Many his Patents, and did reuocate
And reaſſume his liberalities:
And yet, for all theſe waſtes, theſe gifts and feaſts,
He was not found a Bankrupt in his cheſts.

Hen. 4. reuoketh al letters patents of Annuities granted by K. Ed. and K. Ric. Ann. reg. 6.

When he was firſt ſurprit'd in Wales, the D. of Lancaſter had in Holt Caſtle 2000000. markes

90

In coyne, and 200000. marks in Iewels: and at his Resignation in the Towre, 300000 pounds in coyne, besides plate and Iewels.

But they, who tooke to Syndicque in this sorte
The Actions of a Monarch, knew those things
Wherein the accoumpts were likely to fall short
Betweene the State of Kingdomes, and their Kings:
Which president, of pestilent import
(Had not the heauens blest thy indeuourings)
Against thee *Henry*, had beene likewise brought,
Th'example made of thy example wrought.

91

A Prince, excessiue in gifts, makes his subiects excessiue in suites.

For, though this bountie, and this liberalnes,
A glorious vertue be; it better fits
Great men, then kings: who, giuing in excesse,
Giue not their owne, but others benefits:
Which calles vp manies hopes, but pleasures lesse;
Destroying far more loue, then it begets.
For, Iustice is their Virtue: that alone
Makes them sit sure, and glorifies the Throne.

The ende of the third Booke.

THE

THE FOVRTH BOOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

King Henrie, *his excuſes publiſhes*
For Richards *death; and truce doth intertaine*
With France. *The Scots, aggrieu'd for wrongs, addreſs*
Themſelues to warre; and are appeas'd againe.
The Welſh rebell. The Percies *practiſes*
(To part the State) are ſtopt, in battell ſlaine.
Continuall troubles ſtill afflict this King;
Till Death an end doth to his trauailes bring.

1

THe bounds once ouer-gone, that hold men in,
They neuer ſtay; but on, from bad to worſe.
" Wrongs do not leaue off there, where they begin;
" But, ſtill beget new miſchiefes in their courſe.
Now, *Henrie*, thou haſt added to thy ſinne
Of vſurpation, and intruding force,
A greater crime; which makes that gone before
T'appeare more then it did, and noted more.

2

Commissioners are sent to forraine Princes, to excuse & iustifie the Kings proceedings.

For, now thou art inforc't t'apologise
With forraine States, for two enormious things,
Wherein, thou dost appeare to scandalise
The publike Right, and common Cause of Kings:
Which, though (with all the skill thou canst deuise)
Thou ouerlay'st with fayrest colourings;
Yet th'vnder-worke, transparent, shewes too plaine.
" Where open acts accuse, th' excuse is vaine.

3

And these defences, are but complements,
To dallie with confining Potentates;
Who, busied in their proper gouernments,
Do seldome tend th' affaires of other States:
Their wisedome, which to present powre consents,
Liue-dogges before dead Lyons, estimates:
" And no man more respects these publike wrongs,
" Then so much as t' his priuate state belongs.

4

Yet, most it seem'd the French King to import;
As sharer in his daughters iniurie:
" Though bloud, in Princes, links not in such sort,
" As that it is of any powre to tye,
Where their estates may seeme t'aduenture hurt;
Or where there is not a necessitie,
That doth combine them with a stronger chaine,
Then all these great Alliances containe.

5

In this time of Charles 6. began the ciuile warres in Fraunce, between the Dukes of Orleans, and Burgoigne.

For, though this King might haue resentiment,
And will, t'auenge him of this iniurie:
Yet, at that time, his State being turbulent,
Factious, and full of partialitie,
And oftentimes he himselfe impotent,
By meanes of his Phreneticque maladie;
It was not likely, any good could rise
By vndertaking such an enterprise.

And

6

And therefore both ſides, vpon entercourſe
(As fitted beſt their preſent termes) agreed,
The former truce continue ſhould in force,
According as it had beene fore-decreed
Vpon the match with *Richard*; and a courſe
For *Iſabel* (with all conuenient ſpeed)
Prouided, with an honorable Traine
Suting her ſtate, to be ſent home againe.

The Truce made with Ric. 2. renewd for 30. yeares: but broken the next yeare after, vpon their part; ſending Iaques de Burbon, with forces into Wales, to the ayde of Glendour.

7

Whome willingly they would haue ſtill retain'd,
And matcht vnto the Prince: but ſhee (though yong;
Yet ſenſible of that which appertain'd
To honor, and renowne) ſcornd any tongue
That offred ſuch a motion; and diſdaynd
To haue it thought, ſhe would but heare that wrong
Mov'd to her, of her Lord, and husband dead,
To haue his murtherers race inioy his bed.

The King labors to haue Q. Iſabel matcht to his ſonne Henry, Prince of Wales.

8

Beſides; the French (doubting the Gouernment,
Thus gotten, would be ſubiect ſtill to ſtrife)
Not willing were to vrge her to conſent
T'accept a troublous, and vncertaine life:
And, being returnd, ſhe grew in th'end content
To be (at home) a Duke of *Orleance* wife;
Scap't from ſuch ſtormes of powre, holding it beſt
To be belowe her ſelfe, to be at reſt.

Queene Iſabel was married to Charles, ſonne to Loyſe, D. of Orleans.

9

And ſo hath *Henrie* aſſecur'd that ſide,
And therewithall his State of *Gaſconie*:
Which, on th'intelligence was notifi'd
Of *Richards* death, were wrought to mutinie;
And hardly came to be repacifi'd,
And kept to hold in their fidelitie:
So much, to him were they affectioned,
For hauing beene amongſt them borne and bred.

Thom. Percy E. of Worceſter was ſent into Gaſcony with 200. men at Armes and 400. Archers, to aſſiſt Sir Robert knoles Lieutenant there: where he pacified that Country, being incenſed by the French to reuolt

Theſe

10

vpon their discontentment for the death of King Ric. whom they especially loued for being borne at Burdeux.

Theſe toyles abrode, theſe tumults with his owne
(As if the frame of all diſioynted were,
With this diſordred ſhifting of the Crowne)
Fell, in the reuolution of one yeare.
Beſide; the Scotte (in diſcontentment growne,
George Dunbar, E. of March, flying out of Scotland, was receiued and cherished in England, and warred againſt his Country.
For the detayning, and ſupporting here,
The ſcourge of all that kingdome, *George Dunbar*)
With fire and ſword, proclaymes an open war;

11

Taking their time, in theſe diſturbances
And newneſſe of a wauering Gouernment,
T'auenge them of their former grieuances,
And by our ſpoyles their fortunes to augment.
Againſt whoſe forces, *Henry* furniſhes
A powrefull Army, and in perſon went;
But warres with a retyring enemy,
With much more trauaile then with victorie.

12

Owen Glendour, an Eſquire in North-Wales, contelling with the L. Gray of Ruthen, for certaine landes which hee claymed by inheritance; and being not powerful inough by his owne meanes to recouer them, procur'd force and made war vpon the L. Gray; and after attempts for the principalitie of that Countrey. Ann. Reg. 2.

And, being (by ſharp, deformed Winters force)
Caus'd to retire, he findes new ſtormes at home,
From other Coaſts arryſing; that prov'd worſe
Then thoſe, which now hee was returned from.
In *VVales*, a Cauſe of Law, by violent courſe,
Was (from a variance) now a warre become;
And *Owen Glendour*, who with *Gray* of late
Conteſts for priuate landes, now ſeekes a State.

13

Whom to repreſſe, he early in the Spring,
With all prouiſions fit, doth forward ſet;
When ſtraight his enemies (not purpoſing
To hazard battaile) to the mountaines get.
Where, after long and weary trauayling,
Without performing any great defeat,
He onely their prouiſions waſtes, and burnes,
And with ſome prey of Cattell home returnes.

Wherewith,

14

Wherewith, the Rebell rather was the more
Incourag'd, then addaunted: and begun
T'aduenture farther then he did before;
Seeing ſuch a Monarch had ſo little done,
Being com'n in perſon, with ſo great a powre,
And ſodainely againe retyr'd and gone.
" For, in this caſe, they helpe, who hurt ſo ſmall;
" And he hath nothing done, that doth not all.

15

But now (behold) other new heads appeare,
New *Hidra's* of rebellion, that procure
More worke to doo, and giue more cauſe of feare;
And ſhew'd, that nothing in his State ſtood ſure.
And theſe, euen of his chiefeſt followers were,
Of whome he might preſume him moſt ſecure;
Who had th'eſpeciall ingins beene, to reare
His fortunes vp, vnto the State they were.

Ann Reg. 3.

16

The *Percies* were the men; men of great might,
Strong in alliance, and in courage ſtrong:
Who now conſpire; vnder pretence to right
Such wrongs, as to the Common wealth belong:
Vrg'd, either through their conſcience, or deſpight,
Or finding now the part they tooke was wrong:
Or elſe Ambition hereto did them call,
Or others enuy'd grace; or, rather, all.

17

And ſuch they were, who might preſume t'haue done
Much for the king, and honour of the State;
Hauing the chiefeſt actions vnder-gone,
Both forraine and domeſticall of late:
Beſide that famous day of *Homeldon*;
Where *Hotſpur* gaue that wonderfull defeat
Vnto the Scottes, as ſhooke that kingdome more
Then many Monarchs armies had before.

In this battell of Homeldon, the L. Hen. Percie, ſurnamed Hot-ſpur, accompanied with George Dunbar E. of March, ouerthrew the Scottiſh forces: where were ſlaine 23 Knights and 10000 of the Cõmons: the E. of Fife, Murry, Angus, with 500. other of meaner degree, taken priſoners.

Which

18

Which might perhaps aduance their mindes, ſo farre
Aboue the leuell of ſubiection, as
T'aſſume to them the glory of that war;
Where all things, by their powre, were brought to paſſe:
They, being ſo mightie, and ſo popular,
And their command ſo ſpacious as it was,
Might (in their State) forget, how all theſe things
That ſubiects doo effect, muſt be their Kings.

19

And ſo fell after into diſcontent,
For that the king requir'd to haue, as his,
Thoſe Lords were taken priſoners; whome they ment
To hold ſtill as their proper purchaſes:
Then, that he would not, at their ſute, conſent
To worke their Coſin *Mortimers* releaſe,
Out of the Rebell *Owen Glendour's* hands;
Who held him priſoner, in diſgracefull bands.

20

But be, what will, the cauſe; ſtrong was their plot,
Their parties great, meanes good, the ſeaſon fit,
Their practiſe cloſe, their faith ſuſpected not,
Their ſtates far off, and they of wary wit:
Who, with large promiſes, ſo wooe the Scot
To aide their Cauſe, as he conſents to it;
And glad was to diſturne that furious ſtreame
Of warre, on vs, that elſe had ſwallowed them.

21

Then ioyne they with the Welſh; who, now wel train'd,
In Armes and action dayly grew more great.
Their Leader, by his wiles, had much attayn'd,
And done much miſchiefe on the Engliſh State:
Beſide, his priſoner *Mortimer* he gain'd,
From being a foe, to b'his confederate;
A man the King much fear'd: and well he might;
Leaſt he ſhould looke whether his Crowne ſtood right.

In the 9. yeere of the raigne of King Richard 2. was by Parlement ordained Roger E. of March heir apparent to the Crowne. This Roger was the ſonne of Edmond Mortimer, who

For,

22

For, *Richard* (for the quiet of the State)
Before he tooke thoſe Iriſh warres in hand,
About Succeſsion doth deliberate:
And, finding how the certaine Right did ſtand,
With full conſent this man did ordinate
The heyre apparent to the Crowne and Land;
Whoſe competencie was of tender touch:
Although his might was ſmall, his right was much.

23

With theſe, the *Percies* them confederat,
And (as three heads) conioyne in one intent:
And (inſtituting a Triumuirate)
Do part the Land, in triple gouernment;
Diuiding thus, among themſelues, the State:
The *Percies* ſhould rule all the North, from *Trent*;
And *Glendour*, *VVales*; the Earle of *March* ſhould be
Lord of the South, from *Trent*: and ſo they 'gree.

married Phillippa the only daughter of Leonel D. of Clarence, the third ſon of King Ed. 3. who by her had iſſue this Roger & Elizabeth: Roger had iſſue 4. children, all which, ſaue only Anne, dyed without iſſue: Anne was maried to Rich. E. of Cambridge, ſecond ſonne to Edmond D. of Yorke. This Rich. beheaded at Southhampton, had iſſue by Anne, Richard, ſurnamed Plantagenet, after Duke of Yorke.

24

Then, thoſe faire bayts theſe Trouble-States ſtill vſe
(*Pretence of common good*, the Kings ill Courſe)
Muſt be caſt forth, the people to abuſe,
And giue their Cauſe, and them, the better force.
The king, for tyranny, they doo accuſe,
By whom the State was growne from bad to worſe;
A periur'd man, who held all faith in ſcorne:
Whoſe truſted Oathes had others made forſworne.

25

And, therewithal, the execrable act,
On their late murthered King, they aggrauate:
How he imploy'd the dooers of the fact,
Whom afterwards hee did remunerate:
And dayly ſuch taxations did exact,
As were againſt the Order of the State;
Preſuming, thoſe great ſummes hee did impoſe,
About his priuate vſes to diſpoſe:

The Percies article againſt Hen. 4. Ann. Reg. 4.

26

And how he was inuironed with ſuch
As had poſſeſt him; and in ſlanderous ſort
Accus'd them ſo, as they durſt not approche
To cleare themſelues of ſuch vniuſt report:
And, thereupon, they flatly diſauouch
To yeld him more obedience, or ſupport:
And, as t'a periurd Duke of *Lancaſter*,
Their Cartell of Defiance they preferre;

27

Proteſting, theſe obiections to make good,
With ſword in hand, and to confirme and ſeale
Their vndertaking, with their deareſt bloud,
As Procurators for the Common-weale:
And that vpon their Conſciences it ſtood,
And did import their dutie and their zeale
Vnto the State, as Peeres to ſee redreſt
Thoſe miſeries wherewith it was oppreſt.

28

Great ſeem'd their Cauſe: and greatly, too, did adde
The peoples loue thereto, theſe crymes impos'd;
That many gathered to the troupes they had,
And many ſent them aide though vndiſclos'd:
So that, the King, with all maine ſpeed, was glad
Both by his remonſtrances well compos'd,
And with his ſword (his beſt defence) prouide
To right himſelfe, and to correct their pride:

29

Divulging, firſt, a fayre Apologie
Of his cleere heart, touching the foule report
Of that aſſaſſinate: which vtterly
He doth abiure; proteſting, in no ſort
T'agree thereto, in will or priuitie:
And, how he had beene vſed to extort,
The State could witneſſe beſt; by whoſe conſent
Was granted what he had, in Parlement.

Which

30

Which neuer was, but onely one ſupply,
In foure yeares troublous and expenſiue Raigne:
And that, vpon extreame neceſſitie,
The ſafetie of the publicke to maintaine:
And that the *Percies* beſt could teſtifie,
How moſt that mony iſſued was, againe;
To whom the ſame was rendred, to the end
To warre the Scot, and Borders to defend:

31

And that the reſt was, to the ſame effect
For which it was obtaynd, in like ſort ſpent.
And where-as they did ſlanderouſly obiect,
How that they durſt not hazard to preſent
In perſon their defences, in reſpect
He was incenſt by ſome maleuolent;
It was moſt falſe: for, he knew no defence
They were to make, till now they made offence.

32

And how far, he had been, from cruelty,
Both *VVales*, and *Scotland* could him witnes beare;
Where, thoſe effects of his great clemencie,
In ſparing bloud, do to his coſt appeare:
Much more, his ſubiects finde his lenitie;
Whoſe loue he ſeekes to haue, and not their feare.
" But thus, ſaid he, they euer do pretend
" To haue receiv'd a wrong, who wrong intend.

33

Not to giue time vnto th'increaſing rage,
And gathering furie, foorth hee marcht with ſpeed;
Leaſt more delay, or giuing longer age
To th' euill growne, it might the cure exceed.
All his beſt men at Armes, and Leaders ſage,
All he prepar'd hee could; and all did need.
For, to a mighty worke thou goeſt, ô King,
That equall ſpirits, and equall powres ſhal bring.

There

34

There ſhall young *Hotſpur*, with a fury led,
Ingrapple with thy ſonne, as fierce as hee:
There Martiall *VVorſter*, long experienced
In forraine armes, ſhall come t'incounter thee.
There *Dowglas*, to thy *Stafford*, ſhall make head:
There *Vernon*, for thy valiant *Blunt*, ſhall be.
There, ſhalt thou finde a doubtfull bloudy day;
Though ſickneſſe keep *Northumberland* away.

35

Who yet reſerv'd (though, after, quit for this)
Another tempeſt on thy head to rayſe;
As if, ſtill, wrong-reuenging *Nemeſis*
Meant to afflict all thy continuing dayes:
And here this field hee happely doth miſſe,
For thy great good; and therefore well hee ſtayes.
What might his force haue done, being brought thereto,
When that already, gaue ſo much to doo?

The K. haſtened forward by George Dunbar, was in ſight of his enemies lying in Campe neer to Shrewsburie, ſooner then hee was exſpected: for the Percies ſuppoſed he would haue ſtayde longer then hee did, at Burton vpon Trent, for the comming of his Counſell with other forces which were there to meete him. Whereupon they left to aſſaile the Towne of Shrewsbury; and prepared to encounter the kings forces. Ann. Reg. 4.

36

The ſwift approche, and vnexpected ſpeed,
The King had made vpon this new-rays'd force,
In th' vnconfirmed troupes, much feare did breed,
Vntimely hind'ring their intended courſe:
The ioyning with the Welſh (they had decreed)
Was hereby daſht; which made their Cauſe the worſe:
Northumberland, with forces from the North,
Expected to be there, was not ſet forth.

37

And yet, vndaunted *Hotſpur*, ſeeing the King
So neere arriv'd; leauing the worke in hand,
With forward ſpeed his forces marſhalling,
Sets forth, his farther comming to withſtand:
And, with a cheerefull voyce incouraging
His well experienc't and aduentrous Band,
Brings on his Army, eger vnto fight;
And plac't the ſame, before the King in ſight.

This

38

" This day (ſaith he) my valiant truſty friendes,
" What-euer it doth giue, ſhal glory giue;
" This day, with honor, frees our State, or endes
" Our miſery with fame, that ſtill ſhal liue:
" And doo but thinke, how well the ſame he ſpends,
" Who ſpends his blood, his Country to relieue.
" What? haue we hands, and ſhall we ſeruile bee?
" Why were ſwordes made? but, to preſerue men free.

39

Beſides, th'aſſured hope of victorie,
Which we may even fore-promiſe on our ſide,
Againſt this weake conſtrayned company;
Whom force and feare, not will and loue doth guide:
Againſt a Prince, whoſe foul impiety
The heauens doo hate, the earth cannot abide:
Our number being no leſſe, our courage more,
No doubt we haue it, if wee worke therefore.

40

This ſayd, and thus reſolv'd, euen bent to charge
Vpon the King; who well their order view'd,
And wary noted all the courſe at large
Of their proceeding, and their multitude:
And deeming better, if he could diſcharge
The day with ſafetie, and ſome peace conclude,
Great proffers ſendes of pardon and of grace
If they would yeeld, and quietneſſe imbrace.

41

Which though his feares might driue him to propoſe,
To time his butineſſe, for ſome other ende;
Yet, ſure, hee could not meane t'haue peace with thoſe,
Who did in that ſupreame degree offend:
Nor were they ſuch, as would bee wonne with ſhowes;
Or breath of oathes, or vowes could apprehend:
So that in honor, th'offers, he doth make,
Were not for him to giue, nor them to take.

The Abbot of Shrewsbury and one of the Clearks of the priuie ſeale were ſent from the K. to the Percies to offer them pardon if they wold come to any reaſonable agreement. Whereupon the E. of Worceſter comming to the K. receiued many kind proffers: and promiſing to mone his Nephew therin, did at his returne, as is ſayd, conceale them, and haſtened on the battel; which was fought neer Shrewſbury. An. Reg. 4.

42

And yet this much his courſes doo approue,
He was not bloudy, in his Naturall;
And yeeld he did to more, then might behoue
His dignitie, to haue diſpenſt withall:
And, vnto *VVorſter*, hee himſelfe did moue
A reconcilement to be made of all:
But *VVorſter*, know'ing it could not be ſecur'd,
His Nephews on-ſet (yet for all) procur'd.

43

Which ſeeing, the King (with greater wrath incenſt)
Rage, againſt furie, doth with ſpeede prepare.
And though, ſayd he, I could haue wel diſpenſt
With this dayes bloud, which I haue ſought to ſpare;
That greater glory might haue recompenſt
The forward worth of theſe, that ſo much dare;
That we might good haue had by th'ouerthrowne,
And th'wounds we make, might not haue beene our owne:

44

Yet, ſince that other mens iniquitie
Calles-on the ſword of wrath, againſt my will;
And that themſelues exact this crueltie,
And I conſtrayned am this bloud to ſpill;
Then on, braue followers, on courageouſly,
True-harted ſubiects, againſt traytors ill:
And ſpare not them, who ſeeke to ſpoyle vs all;
Whoſe foul confuſed end, ſoone ſee you ſhal.

45

Forth-with, began theſe fury-mouing ſounds,
The notes of wrath, the muſicke brought from Hell,
The ratling Drums (which trumpets voyce confounds)
The cryes, th'incouragements, the ſhouting ſhrill;
That, all about, the beaten ayre rebounds
Confuſed thundring-murmurs horrible;
To robbe all ſenſe, except the ſenſe to fight.
Well hands may worke: the minde hath loſt his ſight,

O warre!

46

O warre! begot in pride and luxurie,
The child of malice, and reuengeful hate;
Thou impious good, and good impietie,
That art the ſoul refiner of a State;
Vniuſt-iuſt ſcourge of mens iniquitie,
Sharpe-eaſer of corruptions deſperate;
Is there no meanes, but that a ſin-ſicke Land
Muſt be let bloud with ſuch a boyſterous hand?

47

How well mightſt thou haue, here, beene ſpar'd this day,
Had not wrong-counſaild *Percy* beene peruerſe?
Whoſe forward hand, inur'd to woundes, makes way
Vpon the ſharpeſt fronts of the moſt fierce:
Where now an equall furie thruſts, to ſtay
And backe-repell that force, and his diſperſe:
Then theſe aſſaile, then thoſe re-chaſe againe,
Till ſtayd with new-made hils of bodies ſlaine.

48

There, lo that new-appearing glorious ſtarre,
Wonder of Armes, the terror of the field,
Young *Henrie*, laboring where the ſtouteſt are,
And euen the ſtouteſt forceth backe to yeeld;
There is that hand boldned to bloud and warre,
That muſt the ſword, in wondrous actions, wield:
Though better, he had learnd with others bloud;
A leſſe expence to vs, to him more good.

Prince Henry, at this Battel, was not 17 yeares of age.

49

Yet here had he not ſpeedy ſuccour lent
To his indangered father, neere oppreſt,
That day had ſeene the full accompliſhment
Of all his trauailes, and his finall reſt:
For, *Mars*-like *Dowglas* all his forces bent
T'incounter, and to grapple with the beſt;
As if diſdayning any other thing
To doo, that day, but to ſubdue a King.

50

And three, with fierie courage, he aſſailes;
Three, all as kings adornd in royall wiſe:
And each ſucceſſiue after other quailes;
Still wondring, whence ſo many Kings ſhould riſe.
And, doubting leſt his hand or eye-ſight fayles,
In theſe confounded, on a fourth hee flyes,
And him vnhorſes too: whom had hee ſped,
He then all Kings, in him, had vanquiſhed.

51

For *Henrie* had diuided, as it were,
The perſon of himſelfe, into foure parts;
To beleſſe knowne, & yet known euery where,
The more to animate his peoples harts:
Who, cheered by his preſence, would not ſpare
To execute their beſt and worthyeſt parts.
By which, two ſpecial things effected are;
His ſafetie, and his ſubiects better care.

52

And neuer worthy Prince a day did quit
With greater hazard, and with more renowne,
Then thou didſt, mightie *Henry*, in this fight;
Which onely made thee owner of thine owne:
Thou neuer proov'dſt the Tenure of thy right
(How thou didſt hold thy eaſie-gotten Crown)
Till now: and, now, thou ſhew'ſt thy ſelfe Chiefe Lord,
By that eſpecial right of kings; the *Sword*.

53

And deare it coſt, and much good bloud is ſhed
To purchaſe thee, a ſauing victorie:
Edmond, E of Staffford, Conſtable of England. Great *Stafford* thy high Conſtable lyes dead,
With *Shorly*, *Clifton*, *Gawſell*, *Caluerly*,
And many more; whoſe braue deathes witneſſed
Their noble valour and fidelitie:
And many more had left their deareſt bloud
Behind, that day, had *Hotſpur* longer ſtood.

But

54

But he, as *Dowglas*, with his furie ledde,
Ruſhing into the thickeſt woods of ſpeares,
And brakes of ſwordes, ſtill laying at the Head
(The life of th' Army) whiles he nothing feares,
Or ſpares his owne, comes all inuironed
With multitude of powre, that ouer-beares
His manly worth: who yeeldes not, in his fall;
But fighting dyes, and dying kils withall.

55

What Arke, what trophey, what magnifence
Of glory, *Hot-ſpurre*, hadſt thou purchas't here;
Could but thy Cauſe, as fayre as thy pretence,
Be made vnto thy Country to appeare!
Had it beene her protection and defence
(Not thy ambition) made thee ſell ſo deare
Thy ſelfe this day; ſhee muſt haue here made good
An euerlaſting Statüe for thy bloud.

56

Which thus miſſpent, thy Army preſently,
(As if they could not ſtand, when thou wert downe)
Diſperſt in rout, betooke them all to flie:
And *Dowglas*, faint with wounds, & ouer-throwne,
Was taken; who yet wonne the enemie
Which tooke him (by his noble valour ſhowne,
In that dayes mighty worke) and was preſerv'd
With all the grace, and honor he deſerv'd.

57

VVorc'ſter (who had eſcap't vnhappily
His death in battel) on a Scaffold dyes,
The next day after, in the company
Of other chiefeſt of that enterpriſe.
And, ſo, the tempeſt of this mutinie
Became allay'd; and thoſe great ieoperdies
Blowne-ouer in this ſort, the Coaſts well cleer'd,
But for one threatning cloud, that yet appear'd.

Tho. Percie E. of Worceſter, with Sir Richard Vernon and the Baron of Kinderton, were taken in the Battell and beheaded.

58

Northumberland (recouered) ſtill out ſtands,
The principall of this great family
And faction; hauing *Berwike* in his hands,
With other holdes; ſtrong by confed'racie
With *Scotland*; mighty by his owne command:
And, likely now, his vtmoſt powre to trie,
T'auenge him on the ruine of his Bloud,
And ioyne with *Wales*; which yet vndanted ſtood.

59

Which mov'd the king (who had too much indur'd
In his dayes worke, to hazard new againe)
By all the apteſt meanes could be procur'd
To lay to draw him in, by any traine.
And write he did, and yow'd, and him aſſur'd
(Vpon his princely word) to intertaine
With former grace, if hee would but ſubmit,
And come to yeeld th'obedience that was fit.

60

The Earle, being now by this defeat diſmay'd
(And fearing his confederates would fayle
With Fortune, and betray, rather then ayde,
Thoſe who are downe; being for their owne auayle)
Relying on his Sov'raignes oath obay'd;
Which, with his tender griefs, did much preuaile:
And in hee came, and had no detryment,
But (for a ſhew) ſome ſhort impriſonment.

61

The Parlement, that afterward inſu'd,
Reſtor'd him t'all his dignities and landes.
And now none, but the Welſh, ſeem'd to ſeclude
The king, from hauing wholly in his hands
All peace within: and them he had purſu'd
Whiles this braue army, with theſe ready bands,
Were yet on foot; could he but haue got pay
To hold them, and his charge of war defray.

But

62

But, that hee could not gaine, though all the wayes
That might be wrought, he labours to procure
Meanes to effect the ſame. But, thoſe delayes,
And long protraction, which he muſt indure
By way of Parlement, ſo much betrayes
The opportunitie, that might ſecure
His vndertakings; as, the occaſion, loſt,
Draue both the State, and him, to greater coſt.

63

For, now the Rebell, thus forborne, growes ſtrong
Both in his reputation and ſucceſſe:
For, hauing with his powre held out ſo long,
Many aduenture (with more forwardneſſe)
To yeeld him ayd, and to ſupport his wrong:
And forraine Princes (in his buſineſſe
Whom hee ſollicites) now will lend their hand
To hould him vp; ſeeing, himſelfe can ſtand.

The Fr. K. ſendes aide to Owen Glendour with 140. ſhippes, which landed at Milford Haven. An. Reg. 6.

64

And thus he proſpers; whiles, the King here ſpent
Much time to leuie treaſure, to maintaine
His charge abrode: which, with that diſcontent,
That murmure, thoſe denyals, hee doth gaine,
As that hee findes it euen as turbulent
To warre for it, as with it; all his Raigne;
Though hee had thoſe inforcements of expence,
Both for offence, retaynements, and defence.

An. Reg. 6. with much adoe the Laitie granted 2 fifteenes, vpon condition that the L. Furniuall ſhould receiue all the mony, and ſee it to bee ſpent in the K. warres.

65

For, here beſide theſe troubles in the Land,
His large Dominions, held abrode, require
A plentiful and a prepared hand
To guard them; where ſo mightie men aſpire
T'aſſaile, diſtract and trouble his Command,
With hopes, with promiſes, with ſword and fire:
And then as deepe importes, his Coaſtes to cleere;
Which, by his neighbors, much infeſted were

The D. of Orleans with an Army of 6000. men entred into Guien, and beſieged Vergi, the ſpace of 3. moneths, & return'd without obtaining it. An. Reg. 5. The Conte Clerement, Sonne to the D. of Burbon, with Mon. de la Bret, wonne diuers Caſtles in Gaſcoine. The ſame time the Conte Sa. Paul inuadeth the Ile of Wight, with 1600. men.

66

The *Flemings*, *Britaines*, with the *French* and all,
Attempt incursions, and worke much despight:
Orleance, for *Guien*: and here the Conte, Saint *Paul*,
For *Calais* labours, and the *Ile of Wight*.
Wherein, though neither had successe at all;
Yet *Clermont* ouercame, and wonne by fight
Important Holdes, in *Gascony* the-while,
And did the English much distresse and spoyle.

An. Reg. 6. The Con: Saint Paule beseegeth the Castle of Marke within 3. miles of Calais. The Britaines vnder the conduct of the L. of Castill spoyled and burnt the Towne of Plimmouth.

67

All which require prouisions to withstand:
And all are succord with great prouidence:
A Nauie, to secure the Seas, is mann'd,
And forces sent to *Calais*, for defence.
And wherein other parts defective stand,
They are supply'd, with carefull diligence:
So that his subiects could not, but well knowe,
That what they granted, he did sure bestowe.

The K. sends 4000 men to Calais, and 3000 to the Seas, vnder the conduct of his second sonne Tho. of Lancaster after D. of Clarence.

68

Nor did hee spare himselfe, nor his; but (bent
All-wholly vnto actiue Worthynesse)
The Prince of *VVales* vnto his Prouince sent;
Where, hee was sure hee should not take his ease:
His second sonne is, with the Earle of *Kent*,
Imployd (as Gouernour) to keepe the Seas.
A third (though very yong) likewise sent forth
With *VVestmerland*, attends vnto the North.

Iohn, after D. of Bedford, sent with Ralph Neuile E. of Westmerland, into the North.

69

Thus were they bred, who after were to bee
Men amongst men: here, with these graue Adioynts
(These learned Maisters) they were taught to see
Themselues, to read the world, and keep their points.
Thus were they entred in the first degree
(And Accedence) of action; which acquaints
Them, with the Rules of Worth and Nobleness:
Which, in true Concord, they learn'd well t'expresse.

And,

70

And, whiles h'attends the State thus carefully,
The Earle of *Marches* children are conuay'd
Out of the Towre of *VVindſor*, ſecretly;
Being priſoners there, not for their merit, lay'd;
But, for their Bloud; and to the ende whereby
This Chayne of Nature might be interlay'd
Betweene the Father and his high intents,
To hold him backe, to ſaue theſe innocents.

71

For which attempt (though it were fruſtrated
By their recouerie, who were got againe)
Aumarle (now Duke of *Yorke*) is chalenged,
By his owne ſiſter, to haue layd that trayne;
Who (late) her Lord, with others ruined,
In ſecretly betraying them, t'obtaine
His grace and peace: which yet contents him not.
For, Who hath grace and peace by treaſon got?

The Lady Spencer, ſiſter to Edward D. of Yorke, late wife to Tho. L. Spencer (executed at Briſtow, An. Reg. 1.) accuſed her brother to be the chiefe author of conuaying away the E. of Marches ſons out of the Towre of Windſor.

72

So much did loue, t'her executed Lord,
Predominate in this faire Ladies hart,
As in that region, it would not afford
Nature a place, to reſt in any part
Of her affections; but that ſhe abhord
Her proper blood, and left to doo the part
Of ſiſterhood, to doo that of a wife;
T'auenge a Husbands death, by Brothers life.

73

Vpon which accuſation, preſently
The Duke committed is, without much ſtirre
Or vulgar noyſe; for that it tenderly
Did touch the ſecretſt wounds of *Lancaſter*:
When ſtreight, another new conſpiracie
(As if it were a certaine ſucceſſor
Ally'd to this) ingendred in the North,
Is by th'Archbiſhop *Scroope* with power brought forth:

Hen. Percie E. of North. againe conſpires againſt the K. with Rich. Scroope Archbiſhop of

And

74

And with faire zeale, and pietie, approv'd
To be for th'vniuerſall benefit
And ſuccour of the people, who (ſoone mov'd
By ſuch perſwaders, as are held vpright;
And for their zeale, and charitie belov'd)
Vſe not t'examine if the Cauſe be right,
But leap into the toyle, and are vndon
By following them that they rely'd vpon.

Yorke, Thos. Mowbraie E. Marſhal, Tho. L. Rudolph, and others. They aſſembled the Citizens of Yorke with the Country adioyning to take their part for the commodity of the Realme.

75

Here, new aſperſions, with new obloquies,
Are layde on old deſerts; and future ill
On preſent ſuffrings, bruted to aryſe,
That farther grieuances ingender wil.
And then concuſsion, rapine, pilleries,
Their Catalogue of accuſations fill.
Which to redreſſe, they doo preſume to make
Religion to auow the part they take.

They divulge grieuous Articles againſt the King.

76

And euen as *Canterburie* did produce
A Pardon to aduance him to the Crown;
The like now Yorke pronounces, to induce
His faction for the pulling of him down:
Whilſt th'ignorant, deceiv'd by this abuſe,
Makes others ends to be as if their owne.
But, what wold theſe haue don againſt the crimes,
Oppreſsions, ryots, waſtes of other times?

The Archb. of York offers pardon to all that take their part againſt the King.

77

Since now they had a Monarch, and a man,
Rays'd by his worth, and by their owne conſent,
To gouerne them, and workes the beſt he can
T'aduance the Crowne, and giue the State cõtent;
Commits not all to others care, nor ran
An idle courſe, or on his Minions ſpent.
" But, thus the Horſe at firſt bites at the Bit;
" That after is content to play with it,

The E. of Weſtmerland, with Iohn D. of Lancaſter gathered an Armie againſt the conſpirators: whoſe power being too great

Growne

78

Growne to a mighty powre (attending now
Northumberland, with his prepared ayde)
The Biſhop (by a *parle*) is, with a ſhowe
Of combination, cunningly betrayde
By Weſtmerland: whoſe wit did ouerthrowe,
Without a ſword, all theſe great feares, and ſtayd
The mightieſt danger, that did euer yet
Thy Crowne and State, diſturbed *Henrie*, threat.

for thẽ, the E. made ſemblance to ioyne with the Archb. for redreſſe of ſuch greuances as he pretended; and ſo circumuented and diſfurniſht him of his forces. An. Reg. 6.

79

For which, this reuerent Prieſt with *Mowbray* dyes:
Who both, drawne on, with paſsion of deſpight,
To vndertake this fatall enterpiſe
(The one his brothers bloud-ſhed to requite;
The other for his fathers iniuries)
Did wrong themſelues, and did not others right.
For, who through th'eyes of their affections looke,
And not of iudgement, thus are ouer-tooke.

The Archb. was brother to William Scroope E. of Wiltſhire, Treaſurer of England, before beheaded. Tho. Mowbray E. Marſhall, ſonne to the Duke of Norfolke, baniſhed about the quarrell with H. Bullingbroke.

80

Whereof when newes came to *Northumberland*
(Who ſeldome other then of miſerie
Seemes borne to heare; being euer behind hand
With Fortune, and his opportunitie)
To *Scotland* flyes: where, giuen to vnderſtand
Of ſome intrapment by conſpiracie,
Gets into *VVales*: whence, hee aduentured
T'attempt another day; and loſt his head.

The E. of North. returning out of Wales recouers new forces in Yorkeſhire, and is with the L. Bardolph ouercome at Bramham Moore, and ſlaine in the Battail. An. Reg. 9

81

Whereby, once more thoſe Parts are quiered,
When-as the King (who neuer had his brow
Seene free from ſweat, nor hart from trouble rid)
Was, with ſuſpicion that his ſonne grew now
Too popular, and forward, ſo much fed
By wicked inſtruments (who well knew how
To gaine by Princes feares) as he thereby
Fell, in his griefe, to great extreamitie.

The K. growes iealous of his ſonne, Hen. Prince of Wales: who, with a better minde then faſhion, came to his Father and cleered himſelf. An. Reg. 13

Which

82

Which when that vertuous Prince(who borne to bee
The module of a glorious Monarch)heard,
With humble proteſtations did ſo free
His fathers feares,and his owne honor cleer'd,
As that he plainely made the world to ſee
How baſe,Detraction,and Deceipt appeard;
And that a hart,ſo nobly built,could not
Containe (within) a thought,that wore a blot.

83

Wherewith,the king betakes him to ſome peace;
Yet to a peace, much like a ſicke-mans ſleep
(Whoſe vnrelenting paines do neuer ceaſe;
But alwayes watch vpon his weakenes keepe)
That neuer any Sabaoth of releaſe
Could free his trauailes,and afflictions deepe:
But ſtill his cares held working, all his life,
Till Death concludes a finall end with ſtrife.

84

Whoſe Herald,Sickenes,being imployd,before,
With full commiſſion to denounce his end;
And paine and griefe,inforcing more and more,
Beſieg'd the Hold,that could not long defend;
Conſuming,ſo,al that reſiſting ſtore
Of thoſe prouiſions Nature daign'd to lend,
As that the walles,worne thin, permit the Minde
To looke out thorow, and his frailty finde.

85

For,now(as if thoſe vapors vaniſht were,
Which heat of boyling bloud,and health,did breed,
To clowd the iudgement)things do plaine appeare
In their owne colours,as they are indeede;
When-as th'illightned ſoule diſcouers cleere
Th'abuſing ſhewes of Senſe,and notes with heed
How poore a thing is pride; when all,as ſlaues,
" Differ but in their fetters,not their Graues,

And

86

And, lying on his laſt afflicted bed,
Pale Death and Conſcience both before him ſtand;
Th'one holding out a Booke, wherein he read
In bloudy lines the deedes of his owne hand:
The other ſhewes a glaſſe, which figured
An ougly forme of foule corrupted Sand;
Both bringing horror in the hieſt degree,
With what he was, and what he ſoone ſhould be.

87

Which ſeeing; all trembling, and confus'd with feare,
He lay a while, amaz'd, with this affright:
At laſt, commands ſome, that attending were,
To fetch the Crowne, and ſet it in his ſight.
On which, with fixed eye, and heauy cheere,
Caſting a looke; O God, ſayth he, what right
I had to thee, I now in griefe conceiue:
Thee, which with blood I held, with horror leaue.

88

And, herewithall, the ſoule (rapt with the thought
Of miſchiefes paſt) did ſo attentiue wey
Theſe preſent terrors, whil'ſt (as if forgot)
The dull oppreſſed body ſenſeleſſe lay;
That he, as breathleſſe quite, quite dead is thought;
When, lo, the ſonne comes in, and takes-away
This fatall Crowne from thence, and out he goes;
As if impatient, longer time to loſe.

89

To whom (call'd backe for this preſumptuous deed)
The King (return'd from out his extaſie)
" Began: O ſonne, what needſt thou make ſuch ſpeed
" To be before-hand with thy miſerie?
" Thou ſhalt haue time ynough, if thou ſucceed,
" To feele the ſtormes that beat on Dignitie.
" And, if thou couldſt but bee (be any thing)
" In libertie, then neuer be a King.

Nay,

90

" Nay, Father; since your Fortune did attaine
" So high a Stand, I meane not to descend,
" Replyes the Prince: as if what you did gaine,
" I were of spirit vnable to defend.
" Time will appease them well, who now complaine,
" And ratifie our int'rest in the end.
" What wrong hath not continuance quite out-worne?
" Yeares make that right, which neuer was so borne.

91

" If so; God worke his pleasure, sayd the King:
" Yet thou must needs contend, with all thy might,
" Such euidence of vertuous deeds to bring,
" That well may proue our wrong to be our right:
" And let the goodnesse of the managing
" Raze out the blot of foul attaining, quite;
" That Discontent may all aduantage misse,
" To wish it otherwise, then now it is.

92

" And since my death my purpose doth preuent,
" Touching this *Holy warre* I tooke in hand
" (An action wherewithall my soule had ment
" T'appease my God, and reconcile my Land)
" To thee is left to finish my intent;
" Who, to be safe, must neuer idly stand:
" But some great actions entertaine thou still,
" To holde their mindes, who else wil practise ill.

93

" Thou hast not that aduantage by my Raigne,
" To ryot it, as they whom long descent
" Hath purchas'd loue, by custome; but, with paine
" Thou must contend to buy the worlds content.
" What their birth gaue them, thou hast yet to gaine,
" By thine owne vertues, and good gouernment:
" So that vnlesse thy worth confirme the thing,
" Thou neuer shalt be father to a King.

Not

94

" Nor art thou borne in thoſe calme dayes, where Reſt
" Hath brought aſleepe ſluggiſh Securitie:
" But, in tumultuous times; where mindes, addreſt
" To factions, are inur'd to mutinie;
" A miſchiefe, not by force, to be ſuppreſt,
" Where rigor ſtill begets more enmitie:
" Hatred muſt be beguil'd with ſome new courſe,
" Where States are ſtiffe, and Princes doubt their force.

95

This, and much more, Affliction would haue ſay'd,
Out of th'experience of a troublous Raigne
(For which, his high deſires had dearely pay'd
The int'reſt of an euer-toyling paine)
But that this all-ſubduing Power here ſtai'd
His fault'ring tongue, and paine (r'inforc't againe)
Barr'd vp th'oppreſſed paſſages of breath,
To bring him quite vnder the ſtate of Death.

Ann. dom. 14.12. *the K. died in the 46. yeare of his age, when he had raigned 13 yeares 6 moneths; and left 4 ſonnes; Hen. after him K. The D. of Clarence, Iohn D. of Bedford, and Humfrey D. of Gloſter.*

96

In whoſe poſſeſſion I muſt leaue him now;
And now, into the *Ocean* of new toyles,
Into the ſtormie Maine (where tempeſtes growe
Of greater ruines, and of greater ſpoyles)
Set foorth my courſe (to haſten-on my vow)
Ov'r all the troublous Deepe of theſe turmoyles.
And, if I may but liue t'attaine the ſhore
Of my deſired end, I wiſh no more.

The ende of the fourth Booke.

THE

THE FIFT BOOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

Henry *the fift cuts off his enemie,*
The Earle of Cambridge, *that conſpir'd his death.*
Henry *the ſixt (married vnluckily)*
His, and his Countryes glorie ruineth.
Suffolke, *that made the match, preferd too hie,*
Going to exile, a Pirat murthereth.
VVhat meanes the Duke of Yorke *obſerv'd to gaine*
The worlds good-will, ſeeking the Crowne t'attaine.

1

CLoſe ſmothered lay the lowe depreſſed fire,
Whoſe after-iſſuing flames confounded all,
The whil'ſt victorious *Henry* did conſpire
The wracke of *Fraunce*, that at his feete did fall:
Whil'ſt ioyes of gotten ſpoyles, and new deſire
Of greater gaine, to greater deeds did call
His conquering troupes; that could no thoughts retaine,
Saue thoughts of glorie, all that actiue Raigne.

Henry 5. began his raigne the 20 of March. An. 1413.

2

Whome here, me thinks (as if hee did appeare,
Out of the clowdy darkenes of the night)
I do behold approche with Martiall cheere,
And with a dreadful (and yet louely) sight:
Whose eye giues courage, and whose brow hath feare;
Both representing terror, and delight;
And stayes my course, and off my purpose breakes,
And in vpbrayding words thus fiercely speakes:

3

" Vngrateful times, that impiously neglect
" That worth, that neuer times againe shall shew;
" What? merites all our toyle no more respect?
" Or else standes Idlenesse asham'd to knowe
" Those wondrous Actions, that do so obiect
" Blame to the wanton, sinne vnto the slowe?
" Can *England* see the best, that she can boast,
" Lie thus vngrac't, vndeckt and almost lost?

4

" Why do you seeke for fained *Palladines*
" (Out of the smoke of idle vanitie)
" Who may giue glory to the true designes,
" Of *Bourchier, Talbot, Neuile, Willoughby?*
" Why should not you striue to fill vp your lines,
" With wonders of your owne, with veritie?
" T'inflame their ofspring with the loue of good,
" And glorious true examples of their Blood.

5

" What euerlasting matter here is found,
" Whence new immortall *Iliads* might proceed!
" That those, whose happie graces do abound
" In blessed accents, here may haue to feed
" Good thoughts, on no imaginarie ground
" Of hungry shadowes, which no profite breed;
" Whence, musicke-like, instant delight may growe;
" Yet, when men all do knowe, they nothing knowe.

And

6

" And why doſt thou, in lamentable verſe,
" Nothing but blood-ſhed, treaſons, ſinne and ſhame,
" The worſt of times, th'extreame of ills, rehearſe;
" To rayſe olde ſtaynes, and to renew dead blame?
" As if the mindes of th'euill, and peruerſe,
" Were not farre ſooner trained from the ſame,
" By good example of faire vertuous acts,
" Then by the ſhew of foul vngodly facts.

7

" Would God, our times had had ſome ſacred wight,
" Whoſe words as happy as our ſwords had bin,
" To haue prepar'd for vs *Tropheis* aright,
" Of vndecaying frames t'haue reſted in;
" Triumphant Arks, of perdurable might,
" O holy lines! that ſuch aduantage win
" Vpon the Sieth of Time, in ſpight of yeares,
" How bleſſed they, who gaine what neuer weares!

8

" For, what is it to do, if what we do
" Shall periſh neere as ſoone as it is donne?
" What is that glory wee attaine vnto
" With all our toyle, if loſt as ſoone as wonne?
" A ſmall requitall, for ſo great adoo,
" Is this poore preſent breath, a ſmoake ſoone gone;
" Or theſe dumb ſtones, erected for our ſake:
Which, formleſs heapes few ſtormy changes make.

9

" Tell great *ELIZA* (ſince her dayes are grac't,
" With thoſe bright ornaments, to vs deni'd)
" That ſhe repaire what darkneſſe hath defac't,
" And get our ruyn'd deedes, reedifi'd:
" She in whoſe all-directing eye is plac't
" A powre, the higheſt powers of wit to guide;
" Shee may command the worke, and ouer-ſee
" The holy frame, that might eternall bee.

10

For, would Shee be content, that Time ſhould make
A rauenous prey, vpon her glorious Raigne;
That Darkeneſſe, and the Night, ſhould ouertake
So cleare a Brightneſſe, ſhining without ſtaine?
Ah! no: She foſters ſome (no doubt) that wake
For her eternitie, with pleaſing paine.
And if ſhee, for her ſelfe, prepare this good;
Let her not ſo neglect thoſe of her Blood.

11

This, that great Monarch, *Henrie*, ſeem'd to craue;
When (weighing what a holy motiue here
Vertue propos'd, and fit for him to haue,
Whom all times ought of dutie hold moſt deare)
I ſigh't, and wiſht that ſome would take t'ingraue,
With curious hand, ſo proud a worke to reare
(To grace the preſent, and to bleſſe times paſt)
That might, for euer, to our glorie laſt.

12

So ſhould our well-taught times haue learn'd alike,
How faire ſhin'd Virtue, and how foul Vice ſtood;
When now my ſelfe am driuen to miſlike
Thoſe deedes of worth, I dare not vow for good:
I cannot mone who loſe, nor prayſe who ſeeke
By mightie Actions here t'aduance their Blood.
I muſt ſay, Who wrought moſt, leaſt honor had:
How euer good the Cauſe, the deedes were bad.

13

And onely tell the worſt of euerie Raigne;
And not the intermedled good report.
I leaue, what glorie Virtue did attaine
At th'euer-memorable *Agincort*:
I leaue to tell, what wit, what power did gaine
Th'aſſieged *Roan*, *Caen*, *Dreux*; or in what ſort:
How Maieſtie, with terror, did aduance
Her conquering foote, on all ſubdued *Fraunce*.

All

14

All this I paſſe, and that magnanimous King,
Mirror of vertue, miracle of worth;
Whoſe mighty Actions, with wiſe managing,
Forc't prouder boaſting Climes to ſerue the North.
The beſt of all the beſt, the earth can bring,
Scarce equals him, in what his Raigne brought foorth;
Being of a minde, as forward to aſpire,
As fit to gouerne what he did deſire.

15

His comely body was a goodly ſeate,
Where Vertue dwelt moſt faire; as lodg'd moſt pure:
A body ſtrong; where vſe of ſtrength did get
A ſtronger ſtate to do, and to endure:
His life he makes th'example, to beget
Like ſpirit in thoſe, he did to good inure;
And giue, to *worth*, ſuch life, and liuelihood,
As if hee Greatnes ſought, but to do good.

16

Hee as the Chiefe, and all-directing head,
Did with his ſubiects, as his members, liue;
And them to goodneſſe forced not but led;
Winning, not much to haue, but much to giue
(Deeming, the powre of his, his powr did ſpread)
As borne to bleſſe the world, and not to grieue;
Adorn'd with others ſpoyles, not ſubiects ſtore:
No King, exacting leſſe; none, winning more.

17

Hee, after that corrupted faith had bred
An ill inur'd obedience for Command;
And languiſhing luxurioufnes had ſpred
Weyward vnaptneſſe ouer all the Land;
Thoſe long vnordred troupes ſo marſhalled,
Vnder ſuch formall diſcipline to ſtand,
That euen his ſoule ſeem'd onely to direct
So great a body, ſuch exployts t'effect.

18

He brings abrode diſtracted Diſcontent,
Diſperſt ill humors into actions hie;
And, to vnite them all in one conſent,
Plac't the faire marke of glorie in their eye;
That, Malice had no leaſure to diſſent,
Nor Enuie time to practiſe treacherie:
The preſent actions do diuert the thought
Of madneſſe paſt, while mindes were ſo well wrought.

19

Here now were Pride, Oppreſsion, Vſurie
(The canker-eating miſchiefes of the State)
Call'd foorth to prey vpon the enemie;
Whil'ſt the home-burth'ned, better lightned ſate:
Exactors did not, with a greedy eye,
Examine ſtates, or priuate riches rate:
The Courts of Iuſtice. The ſilent Courts warr'd not, with buſie words;
Nor wreſted law gaue the contentious, ſwords.

20

Now, nothing entertaines th'attentiue eare,
But ſtratagems, aſſaults, ſurpriſes, fightes;
How to giue lawes to them that conquered were,
How to articulate with yeelding wightes:
The weake with mercie, and the proud with feare,
How to retaine; to giue deſerts their rights,
Were now the Artes: and nothing elſe was thought,
But how to win, and maintaine what was got.

21

Nor here were any priuately poſſeſt
Or held alone impriſoned Maieſtie,
Proudly debarring entraunce from the reſt;
As if the prey were theirs, by victorie.
Here, no detractor woundes who merits beſt;
Nor ſhameleſs brow cheeres-on impietie.
Vertue, who all her toyle with zeale had ſpent,
Not here, all vnrewarded, ſighing went.

But

22

But, here, the equally-reſpecting eye
Of Powre, looking alike on like deſerts,
Bleſsing the good, made others good thereby;
More mightie, by the multitude of hearts.
The fielde of glorie, vnto all doth lie
Open alike; honour, to all imparts.
So that the onely faſhion in requeſt,
Was, to be good, or good-like, as the reſt.

23

So much, ô thou Example, doſt effect
(Being farre a better Maiſter, then Command)
That, how to do, by doing doſt direct,
And teacheſt others action, by thy hand.
" Who followes not the courſe, that kings elect?
" When Princes worke, who then wil idle ſtand?
" And, when that dooing good is onely thought
" Worthy reward; who will be bad for nought?

—*Docet tolerare labores; Non iubet.*

24

And had not th'Earle of *Cambridge*, with vaine ſpeed,
Vntimely practiz'd for an others right,
With hope to aduance thoſe of his proper ſeed
(On whome the Rule ſeem'd deſtined to light)
The Land had ſeene none of her owne to bleed,
During this Raigne, nor no aggreeued fight;
None the leaſt blackneſſe interclouded had
So faire a day, nor any eye lookt ſad.

Richard E. of Cambridge the ſecond ſonne to Edmond Langly, Duke of Yorke, maried Anne the daughter of Roger Mortimer Earle of March, deſcended from Lionell D. of Clarence, the third ſonne to K. Ed. 3. by whoſe right Richard D. of Yorke ſonne to this E. of Cambridge, afterwards claymed the Crowne.

25

But now, when *Fraunce* perceiued (from afarre)
The gathering tempeſt, growing-on from hence,
Ready to fall, threatning their State to marre,
They labour all meanes to prouide defence:
And, practiſing how to preuent this warre,
And ſhut-out ſuch calamities from thence,
Do foſter, here, ſome diſcord lately growne;
To hold Ambition buſied, with her owne.

26

Finding thoſe humors which they ſaw were fit
Soone to be wrought, and eaſie to be fed,
Swolne full with enuie, that the Crowne ſhould ſit
There where it did (as if eſtabliſhed)
And whom it touch't in Blood, to grieue at it;
They with ſuch hopes and helps ſollicited,
That this great Earle was drawne t'attempt the thing,
And practiſeth how to depoſe the King.

27

For, being of mightie meanes tō do the deed;
And yet of mightier hopes, then meanes to do:
And yet of ſpirit, that did his hopes exceed;
And then of Blood as great, to adde thereto:
All theſe, with what the gold of *France* could breed
(Being powers enow a clyming minde to woo)
He ſo imploy'd, that many he had wonne,
Euen of the chiefe the King reli'd vpon.

The Earle of Cambridge conſpiring the death of the King, was with Hen. Scrope Lord Treaſurer, & Sir Thomas Gray executed at Southhampton. Ann. 3. Reg.

28

The well-knowne right of th' Earle of *March* allur'd
A leaning loue: whoſe Cauſe he did pretend.
Whereby, he knew that ſo himſelfe procur'd
The Crowne for his owne children, in the ende,
For, the Earle beeing (as hee was aſſur'd)
Vnapt for iſſue, it muſt needes deſcend
On thoſe of his, being next of *Clarence* race;
As who, by courſe of right, ſhould hold the place.

29

At Southhampton.

It was the time, when as the forward Prince
Had all prepar'd for his great enterprize;
And ready ſtand his troupes to part from hence,
And all in ſtately forme and order lyes,
When open Fame giues out intelligence
Of theſe bad complots of his enemies:
Or elſe, this time (of purpoſe) choſen is:
Though knowne before; yet let run on, till this.

That

30

That this might yeeld the more to aggrauate
Vpon ſo foul a deed vntimely ſought,
Now at this point, t'attempt to ruinate
So glorious a deſigne ſo forward brought,
Whil'ſt careful Virtue ſeekes t'aduance the State,
And for her euerlaſting honor ſought:
That though the Cauſe ſeem'd right, and title ſtrong;
The time of dooing it, yet makes it wrong.

31

But, ſtraight, an vnlamented death he had:
And ſtraight were ioyfully the Anchors weighd:
And all flocke faſt aboord, with viſage glad;
As if the ſacrifice had now beene payd,
For their good ſpeed; that made their ſtay ſo ſad,
Loathing the leaſt occaſion that delayd.
And, now, new thoughts, great hopes, calme ſeas, fair windes,
With preſent action intertaine their mindes.

32

No other croſſe, ô *Henry*, ſaw thy dayes
But this, that touchd thy now poſſeſſed hold;
Nor after, long, till this mans ſonne aſſayes
To get, of thine, the right that he controll'd:
For which, contending long, his life he payes.
So that, it fatal ſeem'd the father ſhould
Thy winning ſeeke to ſtay, and then his ſonne
Should be the cauſe to loſe, when thou hadſt won.

Richard, Duke of Yorke, ſonne to the E. of Cambridge, by Anne daughter to the Earle of March, made his claime, in 30. yeare of Hen. 6.

33

Yet now in this ſo happy a meane-while,
And interlightning times, thy Virtues wrought,
That Diſcord had no leaſure to defile
So faire attempts with a tumultuous thought:
And euen thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe didſt ſo beguile
With ſuch attention vpon what was ſought,
That time affoords not now with feare or hate
Others to ſeeke, thee to ſecure thy State.

34

Or elſe, how eaſie had it beene, for thee,
All the pretendant race t'haue layd full lowe?
If thou proceeded hadſt with crueltie,
Not ſuffering any fatall branch to growe:
But, vnſuſpicious Magnanimitie
Shames ſuch effectes of feare, and force, to ſhowe;
Buſied in free, and open Actions ſtill
Being great: for, being good, hates to be ill.

35

And yet, ſuch wrongs are held meete to be done,
And often for the State thought requiſite:
As, when the publike good depends thereon,
When great iniuſtice is eſteem'd great right:
But yet, what good with doing ill is won?
Who hath of blood made ſuch a benefite,
As hath not fear'd, more after then before,
And made his peace the leſſe, his plague the more?

36

Farre otherwiſe dealt this vndaunted King,
That cheriſhed the ofspring of his foes;
And his Competitors to grace did bring:
And them, his friendes for Armes, and honors, choſe;
As if plaine courſes were the ſafeſt thing,
Where vpright goodneſſe, ſure, and ſtedfaſt goes,
Free from that ſubtile maskt impietie,
Which this depraued world calles policie.

37

Yet, how hath Fate diſpos'd of all this good?
What haue theſe Virtues after times auail'd?
In what ſtead hath hy-raiſed Valour ſtood,
When this continuing cauſe of Greatnes fail'd?
Then, when proud-growne, the irritated blood,
Enduring not it ſelfe, it ſelfe aſſail'd;
As though that *Proweſſe* had but learnd to ſpill
Much blood abrode, to cut her throat with skill.

How

38

How doth th'Eternall, in the course of things,
Immix the causes both of Good and Ill?
That thus the one, effects of th'other brings:
As what seemes made to blisse, is borne to spill?
What? from the best of Virtues glorie, springs
That, which the world with miserie doth fill?
Is th'end of happinesse, but wretchednesse?
Hath Sinne his plague, and Virtue no successe?

39

Either that is not good, the world holdes good:
Or else is so confus'd with ill; that we
(Abused with th'appearing likelihood)
Run to offend, whil'st we thinke good to bee:
Or else the heauens made man (in furious blood)
To torture man; Allotting no course free
From mischiefe long: Sending faire dayes that breed
But stormes; to make, more foul, times that succeed.

40

Who would haue thought, that so great victories,
Such conquests, riches, Land, and Kingdome gain'd,
Could not but haue establisht in such wise
This powrefull State, in state to haue remain'd?
Who would haue thought, that Mischiefe could deuise
A way, so soone to lose what was attain'd?
As if powre were but shew'd to grieue, not grace;
And to reduce vs into farre worse case.

41

With what contagion, *Fraunce*, didst thou infect
This Land, by thee made proud, to disagree?
T'inrage them so, their owne swordes to direct
Vpon them-selues, that were made sharp in thee?
Why didst thou teach them, here at home t'erect
Trophees of their blood, which of thine should bee?
Or was the date of thine affliction out,
And so (by course) was ours to come about?

But,

42

Hen.5 raigned 9. yeares and ten moneths, and died in the 36 yeare of his age.

But, that vntimely death of this great King,
Whose nine yeeres Raigne so mightie wonders wrought,
To thee thy hopes, to vs despaire did bring;
Not long to keepe and gouerne what was got:
For, those that had th'affayres in managing,
Although their Countries good they greatly sought;
Yet, so ill accidentes vnfitly fell,
That their dessignes could hardly prosper wel.

43

Hen.6. scarce one yeere old when hee began his raigne, was committed to the charge of the two good Dukes, Bedford and Gloster his Vncles.

An infant King doth in the State succeed,
Scarce one yeere old, left vnto others guide:
Whose careful trust, though such as shew'd indeed,
They weigh'd their charge more then the world beside,
And did with dutie, zeale, and loue proceed;
Yet (for all what their trauaile could prouide)
Could not woo Fortune, to remaine with vs,
When this her Minion was departed thus:

44

But, by degrees first this, then that, regain'd,
The turning tide beares backe, with flowing chaunce
Vnto the Dolphin, all we had attain'd,
And filles the late lowe-running hopes of *Fraunce*;
When *Bedford* (who our onely hold maintain'd)
Death takes from vs, their fortune to aduance:
And then home-strife (that on it selfe did fall)
Neglecting forraine care, did soone lose all.

45

Neere three score yeeres are past since *Bullingbrooke*
Did first attaine (God knowes how iust) the Crowne:
And now his race, for right possessors tooke,
Were held of all, to hold nought but their owne:
When *Richard, Duke* of *Yorke*, begins to looke
Into their right, and makes his title knowne;
Wakening-vp sleeping Right (that lay as dead)
To witnesse, how his race was iniured.

His

46

His fathers end, in him, no feare could moue
T'attempt the like, againſt the like of might;
Where long poſſeſſion now of feare, and loue,
Seem'd to preſcribe euen an innated Right.
So that, To proue his ſtate, was to diſproue
Time, law, conſent, oath, and allegeance quight:
And no way, but the way of blood there was,
Through which, with all confuſion hee muſt paſſe.

47

And how much better for him, had it beene,
T'indure a wrong with peace, then with ſuch toyle
" T'obtaine a bloody Right? ſince Right is ſinne,
" That is ill ſought, and purchaſed with ſpoyle.
But, this ſo wretched ſtate are Kingdomes in,
Where one mans Cauſe, ſhall all the reſt imbroyle:
And oft, t'aduance a Tyran to a Crowne,
Men run t' vndoo the State, that is their owne.

48

And yet that opportunitie, which led
Him to attempt, ſeemes likewiſe him t'excuſe:
A feeble ſpirited King that gouerned,
(Who ill could guide the Scepter he did vſe)
His enemies (that his worth maliced;
Who, both the Land, and him, did much abuſe)
The peoples loue, and his apparant Right,
May ſeeme ſufficient motiues to incite.

49

Beſides; the now ripe wrath (deferd till now)
Of that ſure and vnfayling *Iuſticer*,
That neuers ſuffers wrong ſo long to growe,
And to incorporate with right ſo farre,
As it might come to ſeeme the ſame in ſhowe
(T'incourage thoſe that euill minded are
By ſuch ſucceſſe) but that at laſt he will
Confound the branch, whoſe root was planted ill.

Elſe,

50

Elſe, might the impious ſay (with grudging ſpight)
Doth God permit the Great to riot free,
And bleſſe the mightie though they do vnright,
As if he did vnto their wrongs agree?
And onely plague the weake and wretched wight,
For ſmalleſt faults, euen in the high'ſt degree?
When he, but vſing them for others ſcourge,
Likewiſe of them at lēgth the world doth purge.

51

But could not yet, for blood-ſhed, ſatisfie
The now well-ruling of th'ill-gotten Crowne?
Muſt euen the good receiue the penaltie
Of former ſinnes, that neuer were their owne?
And muſt a iuſt Kings blood, with miſerie
Pay for a bad, vniuſtly ouerthrowne?
Well; then wee ſee, Right in his courſe muſt goe:
And men, t'eſcape from blood, muſt keepe it ſo.

52

And, ſure, this King, that now the Crowne poſſeſt
(*Henrie* the ſixt) was one, whoſe life was free
From that command of vice, whereto the reſt
Of moſt theſe mightie Soueraignes ſubiects bee;
And numbred might haue beene, among the beſt
Of other men, if not of that degree:
A right good man, but yet an euill King;
Vnfit for what hee had in managing.

53

Of humble ſpirite, of nature continent:
No thought t'increaſe he had; ſcarce keep his owne:
For pard'ning apter, then for puniſhment,
He chokes his powre, to haue his bountie knowne.
Farre from reuenge, ſoone wonne, ſoone made content;
As fitter for a Cloyſter then a Crowne:
Whoſe holy minde ſo much addicted is
On th'world to-come, that he neglecteth this.

With

54

With ſuch a weake-good, feeble-godly King,
Hath *Richard, Duke* of *Yorke*, his Cauſe to trie:
Who, by th'experience of long managing
The warres of *Fraunce*, with ſupreame dignitie;
And by his owne great worth, with furthering
The common good againſt the enemie,
Had wrought, that zeale and loue attend his might,
And made his ſpirit equall vnto his Right.

55

For, now the *Duke* of *Bedford* beeing dead,
He is ordain'd the Regent to ſucceed
In *Fraunce* for fiue yeeres: where, he trauayled
With ready hand, and with as carefull heed,
To ſeeke to turne backe Fortune (that now fled)
And hold vp falling power, in time of need:
And got and loſt, and reattaines (againe)
That which againe was loſt, for all his paine.

The D. of Yorke made Regent in Fraunce, after the death of the D. of Bedf.

56

His time expir'd, he ſhould for fiue yeeres more
Haue had his charge prolongd: but *Sommerſet*
(That ſtill had enui'd his command before)
That place, and honor, for himſelfe did get:
Which adds that matter to th'already ſtore
Of kindled hate, which ſuch a fire doth ſet
Vnto the touch of a confounding flame,
As both their bloods could neuer quench the ſame.

Edmond, Duke of Sommerſet, a great enemie of the Duke of Yorke.

57

And now the weakeneſſe of that feeble Head
(That doth neglect all care, but his ſoules care)
So eaſie meanes of practice miniſtred,
Vnto th'ambitious members, to prepare
Their owne deſires, to what their humors led;
That all good actions coldly followed are,
And ſev'rall-tending hopes do wholly bend
To other now, then to the publique end.

58

And, to draw-on more ſpeedy miſerie,
The King vnto a fatall match is led
With *Rayners* daughter, King of *Sicilie*;
Whom, with vnlucky ſtarres, he married:
For, by the meanes of this affinitie,
Was loſt all that his father conquered;
Euen as if *France* had ſome *Erynnis* ſent
T'auenge their wrongs, done by the inſolent.

This Rayner was Duke of Anion, & onely enioyed the title of the K. of Sicilia.

59

This marriage was the Earle of *Suffolkes* deed,
With great rewardes won to effect the ſame:
Which made him that hee tooke ſo little heed
Vnto his Countries good, or his owne ſhame;
It beeing a match could ſtand vs in no ſteed
For ſtrength, for wealth, for reputation, fame:
But cunningly contriv'd for others gaine;
And coſt vs more, then *Anion*, *Mauns*, and *Maine*.

William de la Pole E. of Suffolke, after created D. of Suff. the chiefeſt inſtrumēt in this mariage: which was ſolemnized, An. Reg. 23. betweene the King & the Lady Margaret, daughter to Rayner D. of Anion; to whom was deliuered vp the Duchy of Anion, & the County of Maine, vpon the concluſion of this match.

60

And yet (as if he had accompliſhed
Some mightie benefit vnto the Land)
He got his trauailes to be regiſtred
In Parlement, for euermore to ſtand
A witnes to approue all what he did:
To th'end, that, if hereafter it were ſcand,
Authoritie might yet be on his ſide;
As doing nought but what was ratifi'd:

61

Imagining, th'allowance of that Place
Would make that good, the which he knew was naught;
And ſo would his negotiation grace,
As none might think it was his priuate fault.
Wherein, though wit dealt wary in this caſe;
Yet, in the end, it ſelfe it ouer-raught.
Striuing to hide, he opened it the more;
His after-care, ſhew'd craft had gone before.

Deare

62

Deare didſt thou buy, ô King, ſo faire a Wife,
So rare a ſpirit, ſo high a minde, the-while:
Whoſe portion was deſtruction; dowry, ſtrife:
Whoſe bed was ſorrow; whoſe embracing, ſpoyle:
Whoſe maintenance coſt thee and thine, their life;
And whoſe beſt comfort, neuer was but toyle.
What *Paris* brought this booty of deſire,
To ſet our mightie *Ilium* here on fire?

63

I grieue, I ſhould be forc't to ſay thus much,
To blame her, whom I yet muſt wonder at;
Whoſe ſo ſweete beautie, wit, and worth, were ſuch,
As (though ſhe Fortune loſt) ſhe glory gat:
Yet doth my Countries zeale ſo neerely touch,
That here my Muſe it doth exaſperate;
Although vnwilling, that my pen ſhould giue
Staine to that ſex, by whom her fame doth liue.

64

For, ſure, thoſe virtues well deſerv'd a Crowne.
And, had it not beene ours, no doubt ſhe might
Haue beene among the Worthies of renowne,
And now ſat faire with fame, with glorie bright:
But, comming in the way where ſinne was growne
So foule and thicke, it was her chaunce to light
Amidſt the groſſe infection of thoſe times;
And ſo came ſtain'd with black diſgrace-full crimes.

65

For, ſome the world muſt haue, on whom to lay
The heauie burthen of reproche and blame;
Againſt whoſe deedes, th'afflicted may inuay,
As th'onely Authors, whence deſtruction came:
When yet, perhaps, 'twas not in them to ſtay
The current of that ſtreame, nor help the ſame;
But, liuing in the eye of Action ſo,
Not hindring it, are thought to draw-on wo.

66

So much vnhappie do the Mightie ſtand,
Who ſtand on other then their owne defence,
When-as deſtruction is ſo neere at hand,
That if by weakeneſſe, folly, negligence,
They do not coming miſerie withſtand,
They ſhall be deemed th'authors of th'offence,
And to call in, that which they kept not out;
And curſt, as they who brought thoſe plagues about.

67

And ſo remaine for euer rigiſtred
In that eternall booke of Infamie;
When yet how many other cauſes led
As well to that, as their iniquitie?
The worſt complots oft lie cloſe ſmothered:
And well-meant deedes fall out vnluckily;
Whil'ſt the aggrieu'd ſtand not to waigh th'intent;
But euer iudge according to th'euent.

68

The pride and hautineſſe of this Queene Margaret gaue the firſt originall to the miſchiefs that followed by the death of Humfrey Duke of Gloſter Protector.

I ſay not this t'excuſe thy Sinne, ô *Queene*,
Nor cleare their faults who mightie Actors are:
I cannot but affirme, thy pride hath been
A ſpeciall meanes this Common-wealth to marre:
And that thy weyward will was plainely ſeene,
In vaine ambition, to preſume too farre;
And that, by thee, the onely way was wrought
The Duke of *Gloſter* to his death was brought:

69

A man, though ſeeming in thy thought to ſit
Betweene the light of thy deſires and thee;
Yet did his taking thence plainely permit
Others to looke to that they could not ſee
During his life, nor would aduenture it:
When his Remoue quite made that paſſage free;
That, by his fall, thinking to ſtand alone,
Thou ſcarce could'ſt ſtand at all, when he was gone.

For,

70

For, this *Duke* (as *Protector*) many yeeres,
Had rul'd the Land, during the Kings young age;
And now the ſelfe ſame charge and title beares,
As if hee ſtill were in his pupillage:
Which, ſuch diſgrace vnto the Queene appeares,
That (all incenſt, with an ambitious rage)
Shee doth conſpire to haue him made-away;
As one, that ſtayd the Current of her ſway:

71

Thruſt thereinto, not onely with her pride;
But, by her fathers counſell and conſent:
Who griev'd likewiſe, that any one beſide,
Should haue the honor of the gouernment:
And, therefore, he ſuch deepe aduice appli'd,
As forraine craft and cunning could inuent,
To circumuent an vnſuſpecting wight,
Before he ſhould diſcerne of their deſpight.

72

And many ready hands ſhee ſtraight doth finde,
To ayde her deed, of ſuch as could not brooke
The length of one mans office, in that kind;
Who, all th'eſpeciall Charges vnder-tooke,
Rul'd all, himſelfe: and neuer had the minde
T'impart a part with others; who would looke
To haue likewiſe ſome honor in their hands,
And griev'd at ſuch ingroſsing of Commands.

73

For, had he not had ſuch a greedy loue
To intertaine his Offices too long,
Enuie had beene vnable to reproue
His acted life, vnleſs ſhee did him wrong:
But, hauing liv'd, ſo many yeeres, aboue,
He grieues now to deſcend, to be leſſe ſtrong,
And kils that fame that virtue did beget;
Choſe to be held leſſe good, then ſeene leſſe great.

Nil tam vtile, quàm breuem poteſtatem eſſe quæ magna ſit.

74

" For, could the mightie but giue bounds to pride,
" And weigh-backe Fortune, ere ſhee pull Them downe;
" Contented with inough, with honors ſatisfi'd,
" Not ſtriuing how to make ſo much their owne,
" As to leaue nothing for the reſt beſide,
" Who ſeeme by their high-ſpreading ouer growne
" (Whil'ſt they themſelues remaine in all mens ſight,
" The odious marke of hatred and deſpight)

75

" Then neuer ſhould ſo many tragedies
" Burthen our knowledge, with their bloody end:
" Nor their diſgrac't confounded families,
" From ſo high pride, to ſo lowe ſhame deſcend;
" But, planted on that ground where ſafetie lyes,
" Their braunches ſhould to eternitie extend:
" But euer, they, who ouer-looke ſo much,
" Will ouer-ſee themſelues; their ſtate is ſuch.

76

The Virtues of Humfrey D. Glocester.

Seuere he was, and ſtrictly did obſerue
Due forme of Iuſtice towards euery wight;
Vnmoueable, and neuer won to ſwerue
For any cauſe, in what he thought was right:
Wherein, although he did ſo well deſerue;
In the licentious, yet, it bred deſpight:
" So that euen Virtue ſeemes an Actor too,
" To ruine thoſe, Fortune prepares t'vndoo.

77

Now, ſuch, being forward, who (the Queene well knewe)
Hated his might, and glad to innouate;
Vnto ſo great, and ſtrong a partie grew,
As it was eaſie to ſubuert his State:
And onely hope of alteration drew
Many to yeeld, that had no cauſe to hate.
" For, euen with goodneſſe men growe diſcontent,
" Where States are ripe to fall, and virtue ſpent.

And,

78

And, taking all the Rule into her hand
(Vnder the ſhadow of that feeble King)
The Duke ſh'excludes from Office and Command,
And in the reach of enmitie doth bring,
From that reſpected height where he did ſtand
(When malice ſcarce durſt mutter any thing):
And now the worſt of him comes all reueal'd,
Which former feare, or rigor kept conceal'd.

79

Now is he taxed, that he rather ſought
His priuate profit, then the publique good;
And many things preſumptuouſly had wrought;
Other, then with our lawes, and cuſtomes ſtood:
As one, that would into the Land haue brought
The Ciuile forme, in caſes touching blood;
And ſuch poore Crimes: that ſhew'd, their ſpight was ſoũd;
But yet bewrayde, their matter wanted ground.

80

Yet ſerv'd they well the turne, and did effect
That which is eaſie wrought in ſuch a caſe:
Where, what ſuborned *Iuſtice* ſhal obiect,
Is to the purpoſe, and muſt paſſe with grace;
And what the wretched bring, of no effect:
Whoſe haynous faultes his matter muſt deface.
" For, where Powre hath decreed to finde th'offence,
" The Cauſe is better ſtill, then the defence.

81

A Parlement, at *Berry* ſummoned,
Diſpatcht the deed, more ſpeedily then well.
For, thither came the *Duke* without all dread,
Or ought imagining of what befell:
Where, now the matter is ſo followed,
That he conuented is, ere he could tell
He was in danger, or had done offence;
And preſently to priſon ſent, from thence.

The D. of Gloceſter comming to this Parlement from his Caſtle of the Vies in Wiltſhire, was arreſted by Iohn L. Beaumont high Conſtable, the Dukes of Buckingham and Somerſes, with others, who appointed certaine

82

Which quicke, and ſodaine action gaue no time
For men to waigh the iuſtice of the deed;
Whil'ſt looking onely on the vrged crime,
Vnto the farther drift they take no heed.
For, theſe occaſions taken in the prime
Of courſes new, that old diſlikes ſucceed,
Leaue not behind that feeling touch of wrong.
Satietie makes paſſions ſtill leſſe ſtrong.

of the King's houſhold to attend vpon him: but he died before he was brought to his anſwere, ſome ſay of ſorrow, others of a Palſie, or an Impoſtume, An. Reg. 25. The D. of Suffolke was a principall inſtrument in this buſineſſe.

83

And yet they ſeem'd ſome mutinie to doubt,
For thus proceeding with a man of might;
Conſid'ring hee was popular and ſtout,
And reſolute would ſtand vpon his Right:
And therefore did they caſt this way about,
To haue him cloſely murdred out of ſight;
That ſo, his trouble, and his death hereby,
Might come togither, and togither die:

84

Reckning it better, ſince his end is ment,
And muſt be wrought, at once to rid it cleere,
And put it to the fortune of th'euent;
Then by long doing, to be long in feare:
When, in ſuch courſes of high puniſhment,
The deed, and the attempt, like daunger beare:
And oft, things done (perhaps) do leſſe annoy,
Then may the doing, handled with delay.

85

And, ſo, they had it ſtraight accompliſhed,
For, next day after his commitment, he
Is dead brought forth; being found ſo in his bed:
Which was by ſodaine ſickneſſe ſayd to bee,
That had vpon his ſorrowes newly bred;
As by apparant tokens men might ſee.
And thus ô *Sickneſſe*, thou art oft beli'd;
When death hath many wayes to come, beſide.

Are

86

Are theſe the deedes, high forraine wittes inuent?
Is this that Wiſedome whereof they ſo boaſt?
Well; then I would it neuer had beene ſpent
Heere, amongſt vs, nor brought from out their coaſt:
Let their vile cunning, in their limits pent,
Remaine amongſt themſelues, that like it moſt:
And let the *North* (they count of colder blood)
Be held more groſſe, ſo it remaine more good.

87

Let them haue fairer citties, goodlier ſoyles,
And ſweeter fieldes, for beautie to the eye,
So long as they haue theſe vngodly wyles,
Such deteſtable vile impietie:
And let vs want their Vines, their Fruites the-whyles,
So that wee want not fayth and honeſtie:
We care not for thoſe pleaſures; ſo we may
Haue better hearts, and ſtronger hands then they.

88

Neptune, keepe-out, from thy imbraced Ile,
This foul contagion of iniquitie:
Drowne all corruptions, comming to defile
Our faire proceedings ordred formally:
Keepe vs meere Engliſh: let not craft beguile
Honor and Iuſtice, with ſtrange ſubtilties:
Let vs not thinke, how that our good can frame,
Which ruin'd hath the Authors of the ſame.

89

But, by this impious meanes, that worthy man
Is brought vnto this lamentable end.
And, now, that Current with maine furie ran
(The ſtop remov'd, that did the courſe defend)
Vnto the full of miſchiefe, that began
T'a vniuerſall ruine to extend;
That *Iſthmus* fayling, which the Land did keep,
From the intire poſſeſſion of the Deepe.

90

And now the King, alone, all open lay;
No vnder-prop of Blood, to stay him by.
None, but himselfe stands weakely in the way
Twixt *Yorke*, and the affected sov'raignty:
Gone is that barre, that would haue beene the stay
T'haue kept him backe, from mounting vp so hie.
" But see (ah!) see: What state stand these men in,
" That cannot liue without, nor with their kin?

91

The *Queene* hath yet, by this, her full desire;
And now she with her Minion, *Suffolke*, raigns:
Now she hath hath all authoritie intire;
And all affayres vnto her selfe retains:
And onely *Suffolke* is aduaunced hier,
He is the man rewarded, for his pains;
He, that did her in stead most chiefly stand;
And more aduanc't her, then hee did the Land.

De la Pole is created D. of Suffolke, Ann. Reg. 26. and is banished, and murthered, the next yeare after.

92

Which when they saw, who better did expect,
Then they began their error to descry;
And well perceiue, that onely the defect
Was in their iudgements, passion-drawne awry;
Found, formall rigor fitter to direct,
Then pride and insolent inconstancie.
" Better seueritie, that's right and iust,
" Then impotent affections, led with lust.

93

And thereupon, in sorrow thus complaine;
" What wondrous inconuenience do they feele,
" Where as such imbecillitie doth raigne,
" As so neglects the care of Common-weale?
" Where, euer one or other doth obtaine
" So high a grace thus absolute to deale;
" The-whilst th'aggreeued subiect suffers, stil,
" The pride of some predominating will?

And

94

"And euer, one remov'd, a worse succeedes:
"So that the best, that we can hope, is Warre,
"Tumults, and stirres, that this disliking breedes:
"The sword must mend, what Insolence doth marre.
"For, what rebellions, and what bloody deedes,
"Haue euer followed, where such courses are?
"What oft-remoues? what death of Counsailers?
"What murder? what exile of Officers?

95

"Witnesse the *Spencers*, *Gaueston*, and *Vere*,
"The mighty Minions of our feebleſt Kings;
"Who euer Subiects to their subiects were,
"And onely the procurers of these things:
"When worthy Monarchs, that hold honour deare,
"Maister themselues, and theirs; vvhich euer brings
"That vniuersall reuerence, and respect.
"For, who waighes him, that doth himselfe neglect?

96

"And yet our case is like to be farre worse;
"Hauing a King, though not so bent to ill,
"Yet so neglecting good, that giuing force
"By giuing leaue, doth all good order kill;
"Suffring a violent Woman take her course,
"To manage all, according to her will:
"Which, how she doth begin, her deedes expresse;
"And, what will be the end, our selues may ghesse.

97

Which after followed, euen as they did dread,
When now the shamefull losse of *Fraunce*, much grieues:
Which vnto *Suffolke* is attributed;
As who in all mens sight most hatefull liues:
And is accus'd, that he (with lucre led)
Betraies the State, and secret knowledge giues
Of our designes; and, all that we did hold,
By his corruption, is or lost, or sold.

The Duchy of Normandy was lost, in the yeere 1449. after it had been held 30 yeeres conquered by Hen. 5. Ann. Reg. 27. Articles obiected against de la Poole, Duke of Suffolke.

And,

98

And, as hee deales abroad, ſo likewiſe here,
He robs at home, the Treaſurie no leſſe;
Here, where he all authorities doth beare,
And makes a *Monopoly* of Offices:
He is inricht, His rais'd, and placed neare;
And onely he, giues counſaile to oppreſſe:
Thus men obiect, whil'ſt many, vp in Armes,
Offer to be reuenged of theſe harmes.

At the Parliamẽt at Leiceſter, the lower Houſe beſought the K. that ſuch perſons as aſſented to the rendring of Anion and Maine, might bee duelie puniſhed: of which fact, they accuſed as principals, the D. of Suffolke, the L. Say, Treaſurer of Eng. with others. Whereupon, the K. to appeaſe the Commons, ſequeſtred them from their offices & rooms; and after, baniſhed the D. for 5 yeeres.

99

The *Queene*, perceiuing in what caſe ſhe ſtoode
To loſe her Minion, or ingage her State;
(After with long contention in her blood,
Loue and Ambition, did the Cauſe debate)
Shee yields to Pride: and rather thought it good,
To ſacrifice her Loue vnto their hate;
Then to aduenture elſe the loſſe of all:
Which (by maintaining him) was like to fall.

100

Yet, ſeeking at the firſt to temporize,
Shee tries if that ſome ſhort Impriſonment
Would calme their heat: when that would not ſuffize,
Then to exile him ſhe muſt needs conſent;
Hoping, that time would ſalue it in ſuch wiſe,
As yet at length they might become content,
And ſhee againe, might haue him home at laſt,
When this firſt furie of their rage was paſt.

101

But, as he to his iudged exile went,
Hard on the ſhore he comes incountered
By ſome, that ſo farre off his Honour ſent,
As put his backe-returne quite out of dread:
For, there he had his rightfull puniſhment,
Though wrongly done; and there he loſt his head:
Part of his blood hath *Neptune*, part the Sand;
As who had miſchiefe wrought by ſea and land.

As the D. vvas ſayling into France, hee was incoũtered with a ſhip of Warre, appertaining to the D. of Exceſter: who tooke him, & brought

Whoſe

102

Whoſe death, when ſwift-wingd Fame at full conuaid
To this diſturbed *Queene*, miſdoubting nought;
Deſpight, and Sorrow ſuch affliction laid
Vpon her ſoule, as wondrous paſſions wrought.
"And art thou *Suffolke*, thus, ſaid ſhe, betraid?
"And haue my fauours thy deſtruction brought?
"Is this their gaine, whom Highneſſe fauoureth,
"Who chiefe preferd, ſtand as preferd to death?

him back to Douer: where his head was ſtriken off, and his body left on the ſands. Ann. reg. 27.

103

"O fatall grace! without which, men complaine,
"And with it periſh; what preuailes that we
"Muſt weare the Crowne, and other men muſt raigne,
"And cannot ſtand to be, that which we be?
"Muſt our owne Subiects limit and conſtraine
"Our fauours, wher-as they themſelues decree?
"Muſt we, our loue, at their appointment, place?
"Do we commaund, and they direct our grace?

104

"Muſt they our powre, thus from our will, diuide?
"And haue wee might, but muſt not vſe our might?
"Poore Maieſtie, which other men muſt guide;
"Whoſe diſcontent can neuer looke aright:
"For, euer-more wee ſee thoſe who abide
"Gracious in ours, are odious in their ſight,
"Who would all-maiſtring Maieſtie defeat
"Of her beſt grace; that is, to make men Great.

105

"But, well; We ſee, although the King be Head,
"The State will be the Heart. This Soueraigntie
"Is but in place, not powre; and gouerned
"By th'equall Scepter of *Neceſsitie*.
"And we haue ſeene more Princes ruined,
"By their imoderat fauouring priuatly,
"Then by ſeuerity in generall.
"For, beſt h'is lik't, that is alike to all.

Thus

106

The Commons of Kent aſſembled thē ſelues in great nūber: and had to their Captaine Iack Cade, who named himſelfe Mortimer, Coſen to the Duke of Yorke: vvith purpoſe to rēdreſſe the abuſes of the gouernement.

Thus ſtormes this Lady, all diſquieted;
When-as farre greater tumults now burſt out:
Which cloſe and cunningly were practiced,
By ſuch, as ſought great hopes to bring about.
For, vp in Armes in *Kent* were gathered
A mighty inſolent rebellious rout,
Vnder a dangerous Head; who, to deterr
The State the more, himſelfe nam'd *Mortimer*.

107

The *Duke* of *Yorke*, that did not idle ſtand
(But ſeekes to worke on all aduantages)
Had likewiſe in this courſe a ſecret hand,
And hartned on their chiefeſt complices;
To try how here the people of the Land
Would (if occaſion ſerv'd) b'in readineſs
To aide that Line, if one ſhould come in deed
To moue his Right, and in due courſe proceed;

108

Knowing himſelfe to be the onely one,
That muſt attempt the thing, if any ſhould:
And therefore, lets the Rebell now run-on
With that falſe Name, t'effect the beſt he could;
To make a way for him to worke vpon,
Who but on certaine ground aduenture would.
For, if the Traitor ſped, the gaine were his;
If not, yet he ſtands ſafe, and blameleſſe is.

109

T'attempt' with others dangers, not his owne,
He counts it wiſedome, if it could be wrought:
And t'haue the humour of the people knowne,
Was now that, which was chiefely to be ſought.
For, with the beſt, he knew himſelfe was growne
In ſuch account, as made him take no thought;
Hauing obſerv'd, in thoſe he meant to proue,
Their wit, their wealth, their cariage, and their loue.

With

110

With whome, and with his owne alliances,
He firſt begins to open (in ſome wiſe)
The Right he had; yet, with ſuch doubtfulnes,
As rather ſorrow, then his drift deſcries:
Complayning of his Countries wretchednes,
In what a miſerable caſe it lies;
And how much it imports them to prouide
For their defence, againſt this womans pride.

111

Then, with the diſcontented he doth deale,
In ſounding theirs, not vttering his intent;
As be'ing aduis'd, not ſo much to reueale,
Whereby they might be made againe content:
But, when they grieued for the Common-weale,
He doth perſwade them to be patient,
And to indure; there was no other courſe:
Yet, ſo perſwades, as makes their malice worſe.

112

And then, with ſuch as with the time did run,
In moſt vpright opinion he doth ſtand;
As one, that neuer croſt what they begun,
But ſeem'd to like that which they tooke in hand:
Seeking all cauſes of offence to ſhun,
Prayſes the Rule, and blames th'vnruly Land;
Works ſo with gifts, and kindely offices,
That, euen of them, he ſerues his turne no leſſe.

113

Then, as for thoſe, who were his followers
(Being all choyce men for virtues, or deſearts)
He ſo with grace, and benefits prefers,
That he becomes the Monarch of their hearts.
He gets the learned, for his Counſaylers;
And cheriſhes all men of rareſt parts:
"To whom, good done, doth an impreſſiō ſtrike
"Of ioy and loue, in all that are alike.

And

114

And now, by meanes of th'intermitted warre,
Many most valiant men, impov'rished,
Onely by him fed and relieued are;
Onely respected, grac't, and honoured.
Which let him in, vnto their hearts so farre,
As they by him were wholly to be led.
" He onely treads the sure and perfect path
" To Greatnesse, who loue and opinion hath.

115

And, to haue one some certaine Prouince his,
As the maine body that must worke the feate,
Yorkeshire he chose, the place wherein he is
By title, liuings, and possessions great.
No Country hee preferres, so much as this:
Here, hath his Bountie, her abiding seat:
Here, is his Iustice, and relieuing hand,
Ready to all, that in distresse do stand.

116

What with his tenants, seruants, followers, friends,
And their ailiances, and amities,
All that *Shire* vniuersally attends
His hand, held vp to any enterprize.
And thus farre, Virtue with her power extends:
The rest, touching th'euent, in Fortune lies.
With which accomplements, so mightie growne,
Forward he tends, with hope t'attaine a Crowne.

The ende of the fift Booke.

THE SIXT BOOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

The bad ſucceſſe of Cades *rebellion:*
Yorkes *open practiſe and conſpiracie:*
His comming in, and his ſubmiſsion:
Th'effect of Printing and Artillerie.
Burdeux *revolts; craues our protection:*
Talbot, *defending ours, dyes gloriouſly.*
The French warres end: and Yorke *begins againe;*
And, at S. Albones, Sommerſet *is ſlaine.*

I

THE furious traine of that tumultuous rout,
Whom cloſe ſub-ayding power, and good ſucceſſe,
Had made vnwiſely proud, and fondly ſtout,
Thruſt headlong on, oppreſſion to oppreſſe;
And now, to fulneſſe growne, boldly giue out,
That they the publique wrongs meant to redreſſe:
"Formeleſſe themſelues, reforming doe pretend;
"As if Confuſion could Diſorder mend.

The Commons of Kent with their Leader Iacke Cade diuulge their many grieuances: amongſt which, That the King was driuen to liue onely on his Commons; & other men to inioy the Reuenues of the Crowne; which cauſed popular mutinie in his

And

2

And on they march, with their falſe-named Head,
Of baſe and vulgar birth, though noble fayn'd:
Who, puft with vaine deſires, to London led
His raſh abuſed troupes, with ſhadowes train'd:
When-as the King, thereof aſcertained,
Suppoſing ſome ſmall power would haue reſtrain'd
Diſordred rage, ſends with a ſimple crew
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*; whom they ouer-threw.

Maieſtie, and the great payments of the people, now late granted to the King in Parlement. Alſo they deſire, that the King would remoue all the falſe progeny and affinitie of the late D. of Suffolke which be openly knowne, and them to puniſh, and to take about his perſon the true Lords of his royall blood; to wit, the mightie Prince the D. of Yorke late exiled by the traytrous motion of the falſe D. of Suffolke, and his affinitie, &c. Alſo they craue that they who contriued the death of the high and mighty Prince, Humfrey D of Glocester, might haue puniſhment.

3

Which ſo increaſt th'opinion of their might,
That much it gaue to do, and much it wrought,
Confirm'd their rage, drew on the vulgar wight,
Call'd foorth the timorous, freſh partakers brought:
For, many, though moſt glad their wrongs to right,
Yet durſt not venture their eſtates for nought:
But, ſee'ing the Cauſe had ſuch aduantage got,
Occaſion makes them ſtirre; that elſe would not.

4

So much he erres, that ſcornes, or elſe neglects
The ſmall beginnings of aryſing broyles;
And cenſures others, not his owne defects,
And with a ſelfe-conceite himſelfe beguiles;
Thinking ſmall force will compaſſe great effects,
And ſpares at firſt to buy more coſtly toyles:
" When true-obſeruing prouidence, in warre,
" Still makes her foes, farre ſtronger then they are.

5

Yet this good fortune, all their fortune mard;
" Which, fooles by helping, euer doth ſuppreſſe.
For, wareleſs inſolence (whil'ſt vndebard
Of bounding awe) runnes on to ſuch exceſſe,
That following luſt, and ſpoyle, and blood, ſo hard,
Sees not how they procure their owne diſtreſſe:
The better, lothing courſes ſo impure,
Rather will like their wounds, then ſuch a cure.

For

6

For, whil'ſt this wilde vnrained multitude
(Led with an vnfore-ſeeing greedy mind
Of an imagin'd good, that did delude
Their ignorance, in their deſires made blind)
Ranſacke the Cittie, and (with hands imbru'd)
Run to all out-rage in th'extreameſt kind,
Heaping-vp wrath and horrour, more and more,
They adde freſh guilt, to miſchiefes done before.

7

And yet, ſe'ing all this ſorting to no end,
But to their owne; no promis'd ayde t'appeare;
No ſuch partakers as they did attend;
Nor ſuch ſucceſſes as imagin'd were;
Good men reſolv'd, the preſent to defend;
Iuſtice, againſt them with a brow ſeuere:
Themſelues, feard of themſelues, tyr'd with exceſſe,
"Found, miſchiefe was no fit way to redreſſe.

8

And as they ſtand in deſperat comberment,
Enuirond round with horror, blood, and ſhame:
Croſt of their courſe, deſpayring of th'euent
A pardon (that ſmooth bait for baſeneſſe) came:
Which (as a ſnare, to catch the impotent)
Beeing once pronounc't, they ſtraight imbrace the ſame:
And, as huge ſnowy Mountaines melt with heat;
So they diſſolv'd with hope, and home they get:

9

Leauing their Captaine to diſcharge, alone,
The ſhot of blood, conſumed in their heate:
Too ſmall a ſacrifice, for miſchiefs done,
Was one mans breath, which thouſands did defeat.
Vnrighteous Death, why art thou but all one
Vnto the ſmall offender and the great?
Why art thou not more then thou art, to thoſe
That thouſands ſpoyle, and thouſands liues do loſe?

Anno Reg. 29.

10

This furie, passing with so quick an end,
Disclos'd not those that on th'aduantage lay:
Who, seeing the course to such disorder tend,
With-drew their foote, asham'd to take that way;
Or else preuented, whil'st they did attend
Some mightier force, or for occasion stay:
But, what they meant, ill-fortune must not tell;
Mischiefe be'ing oft made good, by speeding well.

The D. of York, who at this time was in Ireland (sent th'ther to appease a Rebellion: which hee effected in such sort as got him & his image exceeding loue and liking with that people euer after) returning home, and pretending great iniuries to be offered him, b th whiles hee was in the K. seruice, & likewise vpon his landing in North-wales, combines himself with Ric. Neuile E. of Salisb. secõd son to Ralph, E. of Westmerland (whose daughter hee had maried) & with Ri. Neuile the son, E. of Warw. with other his especiall frieds, with whõ he consults, for the reformation of the gouernment, after hee had complained of the great disorders therein: Laying the blame, for the losse of Normã-

11

Put-by from this, the Duke of *Yorke* dessignes
Another course to bring his hopes about:
And, with those friends affinitie combines
In surest bonds, his thoughts he poureth-out:
And closely feeles, and closely vndermines
The faith of whom he had both hope and doubt;
Meaning, in more apparant open course,
To try his right, his fortune, and his force.

12

Loue, and alliance, had most firmly ioynd
Vnto his part, that mighty Familie,
The faire distended stock of *Neuiles* kind;
Great by their many issued progenie:
But greater by their worth (that clearely shin'd,
And gaue faire light to their nobilitie)
So that each corner of the Land became
Enricht with some great *Worthy*, of that name.

13

But greatest in renowne doth *Warwicke* sit;
That braue King-maker *Warwicke*; so farre growne,
In grace with Fortune, that he gouerns it,
And Monarchs makes; and, made, againe puts downe.
What reuolutions, his first-mouing wit
Heere brought about, are more then too well knowne;
The fatall kindle-fire of those hot daies:
Whose worth I may, whose worke I cannot praise.

With

14

With him, with *Richard*, Earle of *Salisbury*,
Courtny and *Brooke*, and other his deare friends;
He intimates his minde; and openly
The preſent bad proceedings diſcommends;
Laments the State, the peoples miſery,
And (that which ſuch a pitier ſeldom mends)
Oppreſſion, that ſharp two-edged ſword,
That others wounds, and wounds likewiſe his Lord.

dy vpõ the D. of Sommerſ. whom, vpon his returning thence, hee cauſed to be arreſted and committed.

15

"My Lords (ſaith he) how things are caried heere,
"In this corrupted State, you plainely ſee;
"What burthen our abuſed ſhoulders beare,
"Charg'd with the waight of imbecillitie:
"And in what baſe account all we appeare,
"That ſtand without their grace that all muſt be;
"And who they be, and how their courſe ſucceedes,
"Our ſhame reports, and time bewraies their deedes.

16

"*Anion* and *Maine* (the maime that foule appeares;
"Th'eternall ſcarre of our diſmembred Land)
"*Guien*, all loſt; that did, three hundred yeares,
"Remaine ſubiected vnder our Commaund.
"From whence, mee thinks, there ſounds vnto our eares
"The voice of thoſe deare ghoſts, whoſe liuing hand
"Got it with ſweat, and kept it with their blood,
"To doe vs (thankleſs vs) their of-ſpring good:

17

"And ſeeme to cry; What? can you thus behold
"Their hatefull feete vpon our Graues ſhould tread?
"Your Fathers Graues; who glorioufly did hold
"That, which your ſhame hath left recouered?
"Redeeme our Tumbs, O ſpirits too too cold:
"Pull-backe theſe Towres, our Armes haue honored.
"Theſe Towres are yours: theſe Forts we built for you:
"Theſe walles doe beare our names; and are your due.

18

"Thus, well they may vpbraid our retchleſnes;
"Whil'ſt wee, as if at league with infamie,
"Ryot away, for nought, whole Prouinces;
"Giue-vp, as nothing worth, all *Normandie*;
"Traffique important Holdes, ſell Fortreſſes
"So long, that nought is left but miſery,
"Poore *Calais*, and theſe water-walles about,
"That baſely pownd vs in, from breaking out.

19

"And (which is worſe) I feare, we ſhall in th'end
"(Throwne from the glory of inuading Warre)
"Be forc't our proper limits to defend;
"Where, euer, men are not the ſame they are:
"The hope of conqueſt, doth their ſpirits extend
"Beyond the vſuall powres of valour, farre.
"For, more is he that ventureth for more,
"Then who fights, but for what hee had before.

20

"Put-to your hands, therefore, to reskew now
"Th'indangered State (deare Lords) from this diſgrace:
"And let vs in our honour, labour how
"To bring this ſcorned Land in better caſe.
"No doubt, but God our action will allow,
"That knowes my right, and how they rule the place,
"Whoſe weakeneſs calls-vp our vnwillingneſſe;
"As opening euen the doore to our redreſſe.

21

"Though I proteſt, it is not for a Crowne
"My ſoule is moov'd (yet, if it be my right,
"I haue no reaſon to refuſe mine owne)
"But onely theſe indignities to right:
"And what if God (whoſe iudgements are vnknowne)
"Hath me ordain'd the man, that by my might
"My Country ſhall be bleſt? If ſo it be;
"By helping me, you raiſe your ſelues with me.

Thoſe

22

Thoſe, in whom, zeale and amity had bred
A fore-impreſsion of the right he had,
Theſe ſtirring words ſo much incouraged,
That (with deſire of innouation mad)
They ſeem'd to runne-afore, not to be led;
And to his fire doe quicker fuell adde:
For, where ſuch humors are prepar'd before;
The opening them, makes them abound the more.

23

Then counſell take they, fitting their deſire:
(For, nought that fits not their deſire is waigh'd)
The Duke is ſtraight aduiſed to retire
Into the bounds of *Wales*, to leauie ayd:
Which vnder ſmooth pretence he doth require;
T'amoue ſuch perſons as the State betray'd,
And to redreſſe th'oppreſsion of the Land;
The charme, which Weakeneſſe ſeldome doth withſtand.

24

Ten thouſand, ſtraight caught with this bait of breath,
Are towards greater lookt-for forces led:
Whoſe power, the King, by all meanes, trauaileth
In their ariſing to haue ruined:
But, their preuenting Head ſo compaſſeth,
That all ambuſhments warily are fled;
Refuſing ought to hazard by the way,
Keeping his Greatneſſe for a greater day.

25

And to the Citte ſtraight directs his courſe;
The Cittie, ſeate of Kings, and Kings chiefe grace:
Where, hauing found his entertainement worſe
By farre, then he expected in that place;
Much diſappointed, draweſ from thence his force,
And towards better truſt, marcheth apace;
And downe in *Kent* (fatall for diſcontents)
Neere to thy bankes, faire *Thames*, doth pitch his tents.

The D. of Yorke raiſeth an Army in the marches of Wales, vnder pretext to remoue diuers Coũſellers about the King, and to reuenge the maniſeſt iniuries don to the Commonwealth: & withal, he publiſheth a declaratiõ of his loyalty, and the wrongs done him by his aduerſaries; offering to take his oath vpõ the bleſſed Sacrament, to haue been euer true liege-man to the K. and ſo euer to continue. Which declaration, was written from his Caſtle of Ludlow, the 9 of Ianua. An. reg. 30. The 16 of Febru. the K. vvith the D. of Sõmerſet, & other LL. ſet forward towards the Marches: but the D. of Yorke, took other waies, and made vp towards London.

26

And there, intrencht, plants his Artillerie;
Artillerie, th'infernall instrument,
The vse of Guns, and great Ordinance, began about this time, or not long before.
New-brought from hell, to scourge mortalitie
With hideous roaring, and astoni'hment:
Engine of horrour, fram'd to terrifie
And teare the Earth, and strongest Towres to rent:
Torment of Thunder, made to mocke the skies;
As more of power, in our calamities.

27

If that first fire (subtile *Prometheus* brought)
Stolne out of heauen, did so afflict man-kinde,
That euer since, plagu'd with a curious thought
Of stirring search, could neuer quiet finde;
What hath he done, who now by stealth hath got
Lightning and thunder both, in wondrous kinde?
What plague deserues so proud an enterprize?
Tell Muse, and how it came, and in what wise.

28

This principall part of Europe, which contained the most flourishing state of Christendom, was at this time in the hands of many seuerall Princes, and Commonwealths, which quietly gouerned the same: for, being so many, and none ouer-great, they were lesse attemptiue to disturbe others, & more carefull to keepe their owne, with a mutuall
It was the time, when faire *Europa* sate
With many goodly Diadems addrest;
And all her parts in flourishing estate
Lay beautiful, in order, at their rest:
No swelling member, vnproportionate,
Growne out of forme, sought to disturbe the rest:
The lesse, subsisting by the greaters might;
The greater, by the lesser kept vpright.

29

No noise of tumult euer wak't them all:
Onely, perhaps, some priuate iarre within,
For titles, or for confines, might befall;
Which, ended soone, made better loue begin:
But no eruption did, in generall,
Breake downe their rest, with vniuersall sin:
No publique shock disioynted this faire frame,
Till *Nemesis* from out the Orient came;

Fierce

30

Fierce *Nemesis*, mother of fate and change,
Sword-bearer of th'eternall Prouidence
(That had so long, with such afflictions strange,
Confounded *Asias* proud magnificence,
And brought foule impious Barbarisme to range
On all the glory of her excellence)
Turnes her sterne looke at last vnto the West;
As griev'd to see on earth such happy rest.

31

And for *Pandora* calleth presently
(*Pandora*, *Ioues* faire gift, that first deceiv'd
Poore *Epimetheus* imbecillitie,
That thought he had a wondrous boone receiv'd;
By meanes whereof, curious Mortalitie
Was of all former quiet quite bereav'd):
To whom, beeing come, deckt with all qualities,
The wrathfull Goddesse breakes out in this wise;

32

Dooſt thou not see in what secure estate
Those florishing faire Westerne parts remaine?
As if they had made couenaunt with Fate,
To be exempted free from others paine;
At-one with their desires, friends with Debate,
In peace with Pride, content with their owne gaine,
Their bounds containe their minds, their minds appli'd
To haue their bounds with plentie beautifi'd.

33

Deuotion (mother of Obedience)
Beares such a hand on their credulitie,
That it abates the spirit of eminence,
And busies them with humble pietie.
For, see what workes, what infinite expence,
What monuments of zeale they edifie;
As if they would, so that no stop were found,
Fill all with Temples, make all holy ground.

correspondēce of amitie. As, Italy had thē many more principalities & Commonwealths then it hath: Spaine was diuided into many kingdoms, France consisted of diuers free Princes: Both the Germanies of many more Gouernments.

34

But wee muſt coole this all-believing zeale,
That hath enioy'd ſo faire a turne ſo long;
And other reuolutions muſt reueale,
Other deſires, other deſignes among:
Diſlike of this, firſt by degrees ſhall ſteale
The Church. Vpon the ſoules of men, perſwaded wrong:
And that abuſed Power, which thus hath wrought,
Shall giue herſelfe the ſword to cut her throat.

35

Goe therefore thou, with all thy ſtirring traine
Of ſwelling Sciences, the gifts of griefe:
Go looſe the links of that ſoule-binding chaine;
Inlarge this vninquiſitiue Beliefe:
Call-vp mens ſpirits, that ſimplenes retaine:
Enter their harts, & Knowledge make the thiefe
To open all the doores, to let in light;
That all may all things ſee, but what is right.

36

Opinion Arme againſt Opinion growne:
Make new-borne Contradiction ſtill to riſe;
As if *Thebes*-founder, *Cadmus*, tongues had ſowne,
In ſtead of teeth, for greater mutinies.
Bring new-defended Faith, againſt Faith knowne:
Weary the Soule with contrarieties;
Till all Religion become retrograde,
And that faire tire, the maske of ſinne be made.

37

And, better to effect a ſpeedy end,
Let there be found two fatall Inſtruments,
The one to publiſh, th'other to defend
Impious Contention, and proud Diſcontents:
Make, that inſtamped Characters may ſend
Abroad, to thouſands, thouſand mens intent;
And in a moment may diſpatch much more,
Then could a world of Pennes performe before.

Where-

38

Whereby, all quarrels, titles, ſecrecies,
May vnto all be preſently made knowne;
Factions prepar'd, parties allur'd to riſe,
Sedition vnder faire pretentions ſowne:
Whereby, the vulgar may become ſo wiſe,
That (with a ſelf-preſumption ouer-growne)
They may of deepeſt myſteries debate,
Controule their betters, cenſure actes of State.

39

And then, when this diſperſed miſchiefe ſhall
Haue brought confuſion in each myſterie,
Call'd-vp contempt of ſtates in generall,
Ripened the humor of impiety;
Then haue they th'other Engin, where-with-all
They may torment their ſelfe-wrought miſerie,
And ſcourge each other, in ſo ſtrange a wiſe,
As time or Tyrants neuer could deuiſe.

40

For, by this ſtratagem, they ſhall confound
All th'antient forme and diſcipline of Warre:
Alter their Camps, alter their fights, their ground,
Daunt mightie ſpirits, proweſſe and manhood marre:
For, baſeſt cowardes from a far ſhall wound
The moſt couragious, forc't to fight afarre;
Valour, wrapt vp in ſmoake (as in the night)
Shall periſh without witneſſe, without fight.

41

But firſt, before this generall diſeaſe
Breake foorth into ſo great extreamitie,
Prepare it by degrees; firſt kill this eaſe,
Spoyle this proportion, marre this harmonie:
Make greater States vpon the leſſer ſeaze:
Ioyne many kingdomes to one ſoueraignrie:
Rayſe a few Great, that may (with greater power)
Slaughter each other, and mankinde deuour.

The many States of Chriſtendome reduced to a few.

And

42

And first begin, with factions to diuide
The faireſt Land; that from her thruſts the reſt,
As if ſhe car'd not for the world beſide;
A world within her ſelfe, with wonders bleſt:
Raiſe ſuch a ſtrife as time ſhall not decide,
Till the deare blood of moſt of all her beſt
Be poured foorth; and all her people toſt
With vnkinde tumults, and almoſt all loſt.

43

Let her be made the ſable Stage, whereon
Shall firſt be acted bloodie Tragedies;
That all the neighbour States, gazing thereon,
May make their profite, by her miſeries:
And thoſe, whom ſhe before had marcht vpon,
(Hauing, by this, both time and meane to riſe)
Made martiall by her Armes, ſhall growe ſo great,
As (ſaue their owne) no force ſhall them defeat:

44

That when their power, vnable to ſuſtaine
And beare it ſelfe, vpon it ſelfe ſhall fall,
She may (recouered of her wounds againe)
Sit and behold their Parts as tragicall:
For, there muſt come a time, that ſhall obtaine
Truce for diſtreſſe; when make-peace *Hymen* ſhall
Bring the conioyned aduerſe powers to bed,
And ſet the Crowne (made one) vpon one head.

45

Out of which bleſſed vnion, ſhall ariſe
A ſacred branch (with grace and glory bleſt)
Whoſe Virtue ſhall her Land ſo patronize,
As all our power ſhall not her dayes moleſt:
For, ſhee (faire ſhee) the Minion of the skies,
Shall purchaſe (of the high'ſt) to hers ſuch reſt
(Standing betweene the wrath of heauen and them)
As no diſtreſſe ſhall touch her Diadem:

And

46

And, from the Rockes of Safetie, ſhall deſcrie
The wondrous wracks, that Wrath layes ruined;
All round about her, blood and miſerie,
Powres betray'd, Princes ſlaine, Kings maſſacred,
States all-confus'd, brought to calamitie,
And all the face of Kingdomes altered:
Yet, ſhe the ſame inuiolable ſtands,
Deare to her owne, wonder to other Lands.

47

But, let not her defence diſcourage thee.
For, neuer one, but ſhee, ſhall haue this grace,
From all diſturbs to be ſo long kept free,
And with ſuch glorie to diſcharge that place.
And therefore, if by ſuch a Power thou bee
Stopt of thy courſe, reckon it no diſgrace;
Sith ſhee alone (being priuiledg'd from hie)
Hath this large Patent of her dignitie.

48

This charge the Goddeſſe gaue: when, ready ſtraight
The ſubtill meſſenger, accompayned
With all her crew of Artes that on her wait,
Haſtes to effect what ſhe was counſailed:
And out ſhe pours, of her immenſe conceit,
Vpon ſuch ſearching ſpirits as trauayled
In penetrating hidden ſecrecies;
Who ſoone theſe meanes of miſerie deuiſe.

49

And boldly breaking with rebellious minde
Into their mothers cloſe-lockt Treaſurie,
They Mineralls combuſtible do finde,
Which in ſtopt concaues placed cunningly
They fire: and fire, impriſoned againſt kinde,
Teares out a way, thruſts out his enemie;
Barking with ſuch a horror, as if wroth
With man, that wrongs himſelfe, and Nature both.

And

50

And this beginning had this curſed frame,
Which *Yorke* now planted hath againſt his King;
Preſuming, by his powre, and by the ſame,
His purpoſe vnto good effect to bring;
When diuers of the graueſt Councell came,
Sent from the King, to vnderſtand what thing
Had thruſt him into theſe proceedings bad,
And what he ſought, and what intent he had.

The D. of Yorke being not admitted into the Citie, paſſed ouer King ſō Bridge, and ſo into Kent, an on Brent heath neere Dartf. pight his fielde. The K. makes after, and imbatteled vpon Blacke heath: from whence he ſindes the B. B. of Winchester and Ely with the E. E. of Salisbury & Warwike to med.at a peace.

51

Who, with words mildly-ſharpe, gently-ſeuere,
Wrought on thoſe wounds that muſt be toucht with heed;
Applying rather ſalues of hope, then feare,
Leaſt corraſiues ſhould deſperat miſchiefes breed.
And, what my Lord (ſayd they) ſhould moue you here,
In this vnſeemely manner to proceed?
Whoſe worth being ſuch, as all the Land admires,
Hath fairer wayes then theſe, to your deſires.

52

Wil you, whoſe means, whoſe many friends, whoſe grace,
Can worke the world in peace vnto your will,
Take ſuch a courſe, as ſhal your Blood deface,
And make (by handling bad) a good Cauſe, ill?
How many hearts hazard you in this caſe,
That in all quiet plots would ayde you ſtill?
Hauing in Court a Partie farre more ſtrong,
Then you conceiue, preſt to redreſſe your wrong.

53

Phy, phy! forſake this hatefull courſe, my Lord:
Downe with theſe Armes; that will but wound your Cauſe.
What Peace may do, hazard not with the Sword:
Lay downe the force that from your force with-drawes;
And yeeld: and we will mediate ſuch accord
As ſhal diſpenſe with rigor and the lawes;
And interpoſe this ſolemne fayth of our
Betwixt your fault, and the offended Power.

Which

54

Which ingins of proteſts, and proffers kinde,
Vrg'd out of ſeeming griefe and ſhewes of loue,
So ſhooke the whole foundation of his Minde,
As they did all his reſolution moue:
And preſent ſeem'd vnto their courſe inclin'd,
So that the King would *Sommerſet* remoue;
The man, whoſe moſt intolerable pride
Trode downe his worth, and all good mens beſide.

And fin'ling the Kenniſh men not to anſwere his expectation, and the kings forces farre more then his, he willingly condiſcends to conditions of peace. Edmond D. of Sommerſet of the houſe of Lancaſter, deſcended from Iohn of Gaunt, was the eſpeciall man againſt whom he pretended his quarrell.

55

Which, they there vow'd, ſhould preſently be done:
For, what will not peace-louers willing graunt,
Where dangerous euents depend thereon,
And men vnfurniſht, and the State in want?
And if with words the conqueſt will be won,
The coſt is ſmall: and who holds breath ſo ſcant
As then to ſpare, though with indignitie?
" Better deſcend, then end, in Maieſtie.

56

And here-upon the Duke diſſolues his force,
Submits him to the King, on publique vow:
The rather too, preſuming on this courſe,
For that his ſonne, the Earle of *March*, was now
With mightier powers abroad: which would inforce
His peace; which elſe the King would not allow.
For, ſeeing not all of him, in him, he hath,
His death would but giue life to greater wrath.

57

Yet, comming to the King, in former place
(His foe) the Duke of *Sommerſet* he findes:
Whom openly, reproching to his face,
Hee charg'd with treaſon in the higheſt kindes.
The Duke returnes like ſpeeches of diſgrace;
And fierie wordes bewray'd their flaming mindes:
But yet the triall was for them deferd,
Till fitter time allow'd it to be heard.

At

58

At Weſtminſter, a Counſell, ſommoned,
Deliberates what courſe the Cauſe ſhould end
Of th'apprehended Duke of *Yorke*; whoſe head
Doth now on others doubtfull breath depend.
Law fiercely vrg'd his act, and found him dead:
Friends fayl'd to ſpeake, where they could not defend:
Onely the King himſelfe for mercy ſtood;
As, prodigall of life, niggard of blood.

59

And, as if angrie with the Lawes of death,
" Ah! why ſhould you, ſayd hee, vrge things ſo far?
" You, that inur'd with mercenarie breath,
" And hyred tongue, ſo peremptorie are;
" Brauing on him whom ſorrow proſtrateth:
" As if you did with poore Affliction warre,
" And prey on frayltie, folly hath betray'd;
" Bringing the lawes to wound, neuer to ayd.

60

" Diſpenſe ſometime with ſterne ſeueritie:
" Make not the Lawes ſtill traps to apprehend:
" Win grace vpon the bad, with clemencie.
" Mercie may mend; whom malice made offend.
" Death giues no thankes; but checkes authoritie:
" And life doth onely Maieſtie commend.
" Reuenge dies not; Rigor begets new wrath:
" And blood hath neuer glorie; Mercy hath.

61

" And for my part (and my part ſhould be chiefe)
" I am moſt willing to reſtore his ſtate:
" And rather had I win him with reliefe,
" Then loſe him with deſpight, and get more hate.
" Pittie drawes loue: blood-ſhed is natures griefe;
" Compaſsion followes the vnfortunate:
" And, loſing him, in him I loſe my power.
" We rule who liue: the dead are none of our.

62

" And ſhould our rigor leſſen then the ſame,
" Which we with greater glorie ſhould retaine?
" No; let him liue: his life muſt giue vs fame;
" The childe of mercie newly borne againe.
" As often burials are Phyſicians ſhame;
" So, many deaths argue a Kings hard Raigne.
" Why ſhould we ſay, The Law muſt haue her vigor?
" The Law kills him; but quits not vs of rigor.

63

" You, to get more preferment by your wit,
" Others to gaine the ſpoyles of miſerie,
" Labour with all your powre to follow it;
" Shewing vs feares, to draw-on crueltie.
" You vrge th'offence, not tell vs what is fit;
" Abuſing wrong-informed Maieſtie:
" As if our powre, were onely but to ſlay;
" And that to ſaue, were a moſt dangerous way.

64

Thus, out of Pittie, ſpake that holy King:
Whom milde affections led to hope the beſt;
When *Sommerſet* began to vrge the thing
With words of hotter temper, thus expreſt:
" Deare ſoueraigne Lord, the Cauſe in managing
" Is more then yours; t'imports the publique reſt:
" We all haue part; it toucheth all our good:
" And life 's ill ſpar'd, that's ſpar'd to coſt more blood.

65

" Compaſſion, here, is crueltie my Lord;
" Pittie will cut our throates, for ſauing ſo.
" What benefite enioy we by the ſword,
" If miſchiefe ſhall eſcape to draw-on mo?
" Why ſhould we giue, what Law cannot afford,
" To be acceſſaries to our proper wo?
" Wiſedome muſt iudge, 'twixt men apt to amend,
" And mindes incurable, borne to offend.

It

66

" It is no priuat Cauſe (I do proteſt)
" That moues me thus to proſecute his deede.
" Would God his blood, and mine, had well releaſt
" The dangers, that his pride is like to breed.
" Although, at me, hee ſeemes to haue addreſt
" His ſpight; 'tis not the end hee hath decreed.
" I am not he alone, hee doth purſue:
" But, thorow me, he meanes to ſhoot at you.

67

" For, thus, theſe great Reformers of a State
" (Aſpiring to attaine the Gouernment)
" Still take aduantage of the peoples hate,
" Who euer hate ſuch as are eminent.
" (For, who can great affaires negotiat,
" And all a wayward multitude content?)
" And then theſe people-minions, they muſt fall
" To worke-out vs, to work themſelues in'tall.

68

" But note, my Lord, firſt, who is in your hand;
" Then, how he hath offended, what's his end:
" It is the man, whoſe Race would ſeeme to ſtand
" Before your Right, and doth a Right pretend:
" Who (Traitor-like) hath rais'd a mightie Band,
" With colour, your proceedings to amend.
" Which if it ſhould haue hapned to ſucceed,
" You had not now ſate to adiudge his deed.

69

" If oftentimes the perſon, not th'offence,
" Haue beene ſufficient cauſe of death to ſome,
" Where publique ſafety puts in euidence
" Of miſchiefe, likely by their life to come;
" Shall hee, whoſe fortune, and his inſolence,
" Haue both deſerv'd to die, eſcape that doome;
" When you ſhall ſaue your Land, your Crowne thereby;
" And ſince You cannot liue, vnleſſe He die?

Thus

70

Thus ſpake th'aggrieued Duke, that grauely ſaw
Th'incompatible powers of Princes mindes;
And what affliction his eſcape might draw
Vnto the State, and people of all kindes:
And yet the humble yeelding, and the aw,
Which *Yorke* there ſhew'd, ſo good opinion findes,
That (with the rumor of his Sonnes great ſtrength,
And French affaires) he there came quit at length.

The D. was ſuffred to go to his Caſtle at Wigmore.

71

For, euen the feare t'exaſperat the heat
Of th'Earle of *March*, whoſe forward youth and might
Well follow'd, ſeem'd a proud reuenge to threat,
If any ſhame ſhould on his Father light:
And then deſire in *Gaſcoyne* to reget
The glorie loſt, which home-broyles hinder might,
Aduantaged the Duke, and ſav'd his head;
Which, queſtionleſſe, had elſe beene hazarded.

72

For, now had *Burdeux* offered (vpon ayd)
Preſent reuolt, if we would ſend with ſpeed.
Which faire aduantage to haue then delay'd,
Vpon ſuch hopes, had beene a ſhamefull deed.
And therefore this, all other courſes ſtayd,
And outwardly theſe inward hates agreed;
Giuing an interpauſe to pride and ſpight:
Which breath'd, but to breake-out with greater might.

The Cittie of Burdeux ſend their Ambaſſadors offring to reuolt from the French part if ayd might be ſent vnto them: whereupon, Iohn L. Talbot E. of Shrewsbury was imployed with a powre of 3000 men, and ſurpriſed the Cittie of Burdeux.

73

Whil'ſt dreadfull *Talbot*, terror late of *Fraunce*,
(Againſt the *Genius* of our Fortune) ſtroue,
The downe-throwne glorie of our State t'aduance;
Where, *Fraunce* far more then *Fraunce* he now doth proue:
For, friends, opinion, and ſucceeding chaunce
(Which wrought the weake to yeeld, the ſtrong to loue)
Were not the ſame, that he had found before
In happier times; when, leſſe would haue done more.

74

The Dukes of Britany and Burgundy were great meanes many times past for the conquering of France.

For, both the *Britaine*, and *Burgonian* now,
Came altred with our lucke, and won with theirs
(Those bridges, and the gates, that did allow
So easie passage vnto our affaires)
Iudging it safer to endeuour how
To link with strength, then leane vnto despaires.
" And, who wants friends, to backe what he begins,
" In Lands far off, gets not, although he wins.

75

Which too well prov'd this fatall enterprize;
The last, that lost vs all wee had to lose.
Where, though aduantag'd by some mutinies,
And pettie Lords, that in our Cause arose:
Yet those great fayl'd; whose ready quick supplies,
Euer at hand, cheer'd vs, and quail'd our foes.
Succours, from far, come seldome to our minde.
" For, who holds league with *Neptune*, and the winde?

76

The E. of Shrewsburie accompayned with his sonne Sir Iohn Talbot, L. Lisle by the right of his wife, with the L. L. Molins, Harrington, and Cameis, Sir Iohn Howard Sir Iohn Vernon & others, recouered diuers townes in Gascony: amongst other, the towne, and Castle of Chastillon in Perigort which the French soone after besieged.

Yet, worthy *Talbot*, thou didst so imploy
The broken remnants of dissattered power,
That they might see it was our destiny,
Not want of spirit, that lost vs what was our:
Thy dying hand sold them the victorie
With so deare wounds, as made the conquest sowre:
So much it cost to spoyle who were vndon;
And such adoe to win, when they had won.

77

For, as a fierce courageous Mastiue fares;
That, hauing once sure fast'ned on his foe,
Lyes tugging on that hold, neuer forbeares,
What force soeuer force him to forgo:
The more he feeles his woundes, the more he dares;
As if his death were sweet, in dying so:
So held his hold this Lord, whil'st he held breath;
And scarce, but with much blood, lets goe in death.

For

78

For, though he ſaw prepar'd, againſt his ſide,
Both vnlike fortune, and vnequall force,
Borne with the ſwelling current of their pride
Downe the maine ſtreame of a moſt happy courſe:
Yet ſtandes he ſtiffe, vndaſht, vnterrifi'd;
His minde the ſame, although his fortune worſe:
Virtue in greateſt dangers being beſt ſhowne;
And though oppreſt, yet neuer ouer-throwne.

79

For, reſcuing of beſieg'd *Chatillion*
(Where hauing firſt conſtraind the French to fly,
And following hard on their confuſion)
Come (lo) incountred with a ſtrong ſupply
Of freſh-arriuing powers, that backe thruſt-on
Thoſe flying troupes, another chaunce to trie
Who, double arm'd, with ſhame, and fury, ſtrine
To wreake their foyle, and win their fame againe.

80

Which ſeeing, th'vndaunted *Talbot* (with more might
Of ſpirit to will, then hands of power to do)
Preparing t'entertaine a glorious fight,
Cheeres-vp his wearied Soldiers thereunto.
" Courage, ſayth hee: thoſe brauing troupes, in ſight,
" Are but the ſame, that now you did vndo.
" And what if there be come ſome more then they?
" They come to bring more glory to the day.

81

" Which day, muſt either thruſt vs out of all;
" Or all, with greater glorie, backe reſtore.
" This day, your valiant worth aduenture ſhall,
" For what our Land ſhall neuer fight for, more.
" If now we faile, with vs is like to fall
" All that renowne which we haue got before.
" This is the laſt: if we diſcharge the ſame,
" The ſame ſhall laſt to our eternall fame.

82

" Neuer had worthy men, for any fact,
" A more faire glorious Theater, then we;
" Whereon true Magnanimitie might act
" Braue deedes, which better witneſſed could be.
" For, lo, from yonder Turrets, yet vnſackt,
" Your valiant fellowes ſtand, your worth to ſee,
" T'auouch your valour, if you liue to gaine;
" And if we die, that we di'd not in vaine.

83

" And euen our foes (whoſe proud and powreful might
" Would ſeeme to ſwallow vp our dignitie)
" Shall not keep-backe the glory of our right;
" Which their confounded blood ſhall teſtifie:
" For, in their wounds, our goarie ſwords ſhall write
" The monumentes of our eternitie:
" For, vile is honor, and a title vaine,
" The which, true worth and danger do not gaine.

84

" For, they ſhall ſee, when we (in careleſſe ſort)
" Shall throwe our ſelues on their deſpiſed ſpeares.
" Tis not deſpaire, that doth vs ſo tranſport:
" But euen true Fortitude, that nothing feares;
" Sith we may well retire vs, in ſome ſort:
" But, ſhame on him that ſuch a foul thought beares.
" For, be they more, let Fortune take their part,
" Wee'll tugge her too, and ſcratch her, ere we part.

85

This ſayd; a freſh infus'd deſire of fame
Enters their warmed blood, with ſuch a will,
That they deem'd long, they were not at the game;
And, though they marcht apace, thought they ſtood ſtill,
And that their lingring foes too ſlowely came
To ioyne with them, ſpending much time but ill:
Such force had wordes, fierce humors vp to call,
Sent from the mouth of ſuch a Generall.

Who

86

Who yet, his forces weighing (with their fire)
Turnes him about, in priuate, to his Sonne
(A worthy Sonne, and worthy such a Sire)
And telleth him, what ground hee stood vpon,
Aduising him in secret to retire;
Considering how his youth, but now begun,
Would make it vnto him, at all, no staine:
His death small fame, his flight no shame could gaine.

The Lord Lisle was aduised by his father to retire him out of the battaile.

87

To whom, th'aggrieued Sonne (as if disgrac't)
" Ah Father, haue you then selected me
" To be the man, whom you would haue displac't
" Out of the roule of Immortalitie?
" What haue I done this day, that hath defac't
" My worth, that my hands worke despis'd should be?
" God shield, I should beare home a Cowards name.
" He long enough hath liv'd, who dyes with fame.

88

At which, the Father, toucht with sorrowing-ioy,
Turnd him about (shaking his head) and sayes;
" O my deare Sonne, worthy a better day,
" To enter thy first youth, in hard assayes.
And now had Wrath, impatient of delay,
Begun the fight, and farther speeches stayes:
Furie thrustes on; striuing, whose sword should be
First warmed, in the wounds of th'enemie.

89

Hotly these small, but mightie-minded, Bands.
(As if ambitious now of death) doe straine
Against innumerable armed hands,
And gloriously a wondrous fight maintaine;
Rushing on all what-euer strength withstands,
Whetting their wrath on blood, and on disdaine;
And so far thrust, that hard 'twere to descry
Whether they more desire to kill, or dye.

90

Frank of their owne, greedy of others blood,
No ſtroke they giue, but wounds; no wound, but kills:
Neere to their hate, cloſe to their work they ſtood,
Hit where they would, their hand obeyes their wills;
Scorning the blowe from far, that doth no good,
Loathing the cracke, vnleſſe ſome blood it ſpils:
No wounds could let-out life that wrath held in,
Till others wounds, reueng'd, did firſt begin.

91

So much, true reſolution wrought in thoſe
Who had made couenant with death before,
That their ſmal number (ſcorning ſo great foes)
Made *Fraunce* moſt happie, that there were no more;
And Fortune doubt to whom ſhe might diſpoſe
That weary day; or vnto whom reſtore
The glory of a Conqueſt dearely bought,
Which ſcarce the Conqueror could thinke well got.

92

For, as with equall rage, and equall might,
Two aduerſe windes combat, with billowes proud,
And neither yeeld; Seas, skies maintaine like fight,
Waue againſt waue oppos'd, and clowd to clowd:
So warre both ſides, with obſtinate deſpight,
With like reuenge, and neither partie bow'd;
Fronting each other with confounding blowes,
No wound, one ſword, vnto the other owes:

93

Whil'ſt *Talbot* (whoſe freſh ardor hauing got
A meruailous aduantage of his yeares)
Carries his vnfelt age, as if forgot,
Whirling about, where any need appeares:
His hand, his eye, his wits all preſent, wrought
The function of the glorious Part he beares:
Now vrging here, now cheering there, he flyes,
Vnlockes the thickeſt troups, where moſt force lyes.

In

94

In midſt of wrath, of wounds, of blood, and death,
There is he moſt, where as he may do beſt:
And there the cloſeſt ranks hee ſeuereth,
Driues-back the ſtouteſt powres, that forward preſt:
There makes his ſword his way: there laboreth
Th'infatigable hand that neuer ceaſt;
Scorning, vnto his mortall wounds to yeeld;
Till Death became beſt maiſter of the Field.

95

Then like a ſturdy Oke, that hauing long,
Againſt the warres of fierceſt windes, made head,
When (with ſome forc't tempeſtuous rage, more ſtrong)
His down-borne top comes ouer-maiſtered,
All the neere bordering Trees (hee ſtood among)
Cruſht with his waightie fall, lie ruined:
So lay his ſpoyles, all round about him ſlaine,
T'adorne his death, that could not die in vaine.

The death of Iohn L. Talbot E. of Shrewſburie, who had ſerued in the warres of Fraunce moſt valiantly for the ſpace of 30. yeeres.

96

On th'other part, his moſt all-daring ſonne
(Although the inexperience of his yeares
Made him leſſe skild in what was to be done;
And yet did carrie him beyond all feares)
Into the maine Battalion, thruſting on
Neere to the King, amidſt the chiefeſt Peeres,
With thouſand wounds, became at length oppreſt;
As if he ſcorn'd to die, but with the beſt.

The death of the L. Liſle, Sonne to this worthy E. of Shrewsburie.

97

Who thus both, hauing gaind a glorious end,
Soone ended that great day; that ſet ſo red,
As all the purple Plaines, that wide extend,
A ſad tempeſtuous ſeaſon witneſſed.
So much adoe had toyling *Fraunce* to rend,
From vs, the right ſo long inherited:
And ſo hard went we from what we poſſeſt;
As with it went the blood wee loued beſt.

98

Which blood, not loſt, but faſt lay'd vp with heed
In euerlaſting fame, is there held deere,
To ſeale the memorie of this dayes deed;
Th'eternall euidence of what we were:
To which, our Fathers, wee, and who ſucceed,
Doe owe a ſigh, for that it toucht vs neere:
Nor muſt we ſinne ſo much, as to neglect
The holy thought of ſuch a deare reſpect.

1453. An. reg. 32. Thus was the Duchie of Aquitaine loſt; which had remained in the poſſeſſion of the Crowne of England, by the ſpace almoſt of 300 yeares. The right whereof came by the mariage of K. Hen. 2. with Elenor, daughter to Wilhā D. of Aquitaine. In this Duchie, are 4. Archbiſhops, 24. Biſhops, 50. Earledomes, 202. Baronies, and aboue 1000. Captainſhippes, and Bayliwikes.

99

Yet happy-hapleſs day, bleſt ill-loſt breath,
Both for our better fortune, and your owne!
For, what foul wounds, what ſpoyl, what ſhamefull death,
Had by this forward reſolution growne,
If at S. *Albons*, *Wakefield*, *Barnet-heath*,
It ſhould vnto your infamie beene ſhowne?
Bleſt you, that did not teach how great a fault
Euen Virtue is, in actions that are naught.

100

Yet, would this ſad dayes loſſe had now beene all,
That this day loſt: then ſhould we not much plaine,
If hereby we had com'n but there to fall;
And that day, ended, ended had our paine:
Then ſmall the loſſe of *Fraunce*, of *Guien* ſmall;
Nothing the ſhame to be turn'd home againe,
Compar'd with other ſhames. But now, *Fraunce*, loſt,
Sheds vs more blood, then all her winning coſt.

101

For, loſing warre abroad, at home loſt peace;
Being with our vnſupporting ſelues cloſe pent;
And no deſſignes for pride (that did increaſe)
But our owne throats, and our owne puniſhment:
The working ſpirit ceaſt not, though worke did ceaſe,
Hauing fit time to practiſe diſcontent,
And ſtirre vp ſuch as could not long lie ſtill;
"Who, not imploy'd to good, muſt needes do ill.

And

102

And now this griefe of our receiued ſhame,
Gaue fit occaſion, for ambitious care,
To draw the chiefe reproche of all the ſame
On ſuch as obuious vnto hatred are,
Th'eſpeciall men of State: who, all the blame
Of whatſoeuer Fortune doth, muſt beare.
For, ſtill, in vulgar eares delight it breeds,
To haue the hated, authors of miſdeeds.

Yorke procures the hatred of the people, againſt the Duke of Sommerſet: and ſo wrought (in a time of the Kings ſicknes) that hee cauſed him to be arreſted in the Qu. great Chãber, and ſent to the Towre of Lõdon; accuſing him to haue been the occaſiõ of the loſſe of France: but the K. being recouered, he was againe ſet at liberty, Ann. reg. 32. The D. of Yorke, perceiuing his accuſations not to preuaile againſt the D. of Som. reſolues to obtaine his purpoſe by open war: and ſo being in Wales, accõpanied with his ſpecial frieds, aſſẽbled an Armie, & marched towards Londõ.

103

And therefore, eaſily, great *Sommerſet*
(Whom enuie long had ſingled out before)
With all the vollie of diſgraces met,
As th'onely marke that Fortune plac't therefore:
On whoſe ill-wrought opinion, Spight did whet
The edge of wrath, to make it pearce the more:
And griefe was glad t'haue gotten now on whom
To lay the fault of what muſt light on ſome.

104

Whereon, th'againe out-breaking *Yorke* beginnes
To build new modules of his old deſire.
And ſe'ing the booty Fortune for him winnes,
Vpon the ground of this inkindled ire,
He takes th'aduantages of others ſinnes
To ayde his owne, and help him to aſpire.
For, doubting, peace ſhould better ſcanne deeds paſt,
Hee thinkes not ſafe, to haue his ſword out, laſt:

105

Eſpecially, ſince euery man (now preſt
To innouation) doe with rancor ſwell:
A ſtirring humor gen'rally poſſeſt
Thoſe peace-ſpilt times, weary of being well:
The weake with wrongs, the happy tyr'd with reſt,
And many mad; for what, they could not tell:
The World, euen great with Change, thought it vvent
To ſtay beyond the bearing-time, ſo long. (wrong

And

106

And therefore now theſe Lords confedered
(Beeing much increaſt in number and in ſpight)
So ſhap't their courſe, that gathering to a head,
They grew to be of formidable might:
Th'abuſed world, ſo haſtily is led
(Some for reuenge, ſome for wealth, ſome for delight)
That *Yorke*, from ſmall-beginning troups, ſoone drawes
A world of men, to venture in his Cauſe.

107

Like as proud *Seuerne*, from a priuat head,
With humble ſtreames at firſt, doth gently glide,
Till other Riuers haue contributed
The ſpringing riches of their ſtore beſide;
Where-with at length high-ſwelling, ſhe doth ſpread,
Her broad-diſtended waters lay'd ſo wide,
That comming to the Sea, ſhee ſeemes, from farre,
Not to haue tribute brought, but rather warre:

K. Hen. ſets forward frõ Londõ with 20000 mẽ of war, to encoũter with the D. of Yorke; attended with Humf. D. of Buckingh. and Humfry his ſon, E. Stafford, Edm. D. of Sõmerſ. Hen. Percy, E. of North. Ia. Butler. E. of Wiltſh. & Ormond, Iaſper, E. of Pembrooke, the ſonne of Owen Tewder, halfe brother to the K. Tho. Courtney, E. of Deuonſh. Ioh. L. Clifford, the LL. Sudley, Barnes, Roſs, & others.

108

Euen ſo is *Yorke* now growne, and now is bent
T'incounter with the beſt, and for the beſt.
Whoſe neere approach the King haſtes to preuent,
With hope, farre off to haue his power ſuppreſt;
Fearing the Cittie, leaſt ſome inſolent,
And mutinous, ſhould harten on the reſt
To take his part. But hee ſo forward ſet,
That at S. *Albones* both the Armies met.

109

Where-to, their haſte farre fewer hands did bring,
Then elſe their better leyſure would haue done:
And yet too many for ſo foul a thing;
Sith who did beſt, hath but dishonour won:
For, whil'ſt ſome offer peace, ſent from the King,
Warwicks too forward hand hath Warre begon;
A warre, that doth the face of Warre deforme:
Which ſtill is foul; but fouleſt, wanting forme.

And

110

And, neuer valiant Leaders (ſo well knowne
For braue performed actions done before)
Did blemiſh their diſcretion and renowne
In any weake effected ſeruice more;
Bringing ſuch powres into ſo ſtraight a Towne,
As to ſome Citty-tumult or vp-rore:
Which, ſlaughter, and no battaile, might be thought;
Sith that ſide vs'd their ſwords, and this their throat.

111

But this, on th'error of the King, is lai'd,
And vpon *Sommerſets* deſire t'obtaine
The day with peace: for which they longer ſtaid
Then wiſedome would, aduent'ring for the Maine:
Whoſe force, in narrow ſtreets once ouer-laid,
Neuer recouerd head: but euen there ſlaine
The Duke and all the greateſt Leaders are;
The King himſelfe beeing taken priſoner.

112

Yet not a priſoner to the outward eye,
For-that he muſt ſeeme grac't with his loſt day;
All things beeing done for his commoditie,
Againſt ſuch men as did the State betray:
For, with ſuch apt deceiuing clemencie
And ſeeming order, *Yorke* did ſo allay
That touch of wrong, as made him make great ſtealth
In weaker minds, with ſhew of Common-wealth.

113

Long-lookt-for powre thus got into his hand,
The former face of Court doth new appeare:
*And all th'eſpeciall Charges of Commaund,
To his partakers diſtributed were:
Himſelfe is made Protector of the Land.
A title found, which couertly did beare
All-working powre vnder another ſtile;
And yet the ſoueraigne Part doth act the while.

The D. of Yorke, with the LL. pitched their battaile without the towne, in a place called Keyfield: and the K. power (to their great diſaduantage) tooke vp the towne: where being aſſailed & wanting roome to vſe their power, were miſerably ouerthrowne & ſlaughtered. On the K. ſide, were ſlain Edm. D. of Sommerſ. who left behind him 3 ſons, Henry, Edm. & Ioh. Heere was alſo ſlaine, the E. of Northũberland, the E. Stafford, the L. Clifford, Sir Rob. Vere, with diuers others to the nũber of 5000: & on the LL. part, but 600. And this was the firſt battell at S. Albones, the 23 of May, Ann. reg. 33. The D. of Yorke, with other LL. came to the K. where hee was, and craued grace & forgiuneſſe on their knees, of that

The

that they had done in his preſence, intending nothing but for the good of him and his kingdome: with whõ they remooued to London; concluding there to hold a Parliament the 9 of July following.

** Ric. E. of Salisbury, made L. Chancelor, & the E. of Warwicke, Gouernour of Calice.*

114

The King held onely but an emptie name,
Left, with his life: whereof the proofe was ſuch,
As ſharpeſt pride could not tranſpearce the ſame,
Nor all-deſiring greedineſſe durſt touch:
Impietie had not inlarg'd their ſhame
As yet ſo wide, as to attempt ſo much:
Miſchiefe was not full ripe, for ſuch foul deedes;
Left, for th'vnbounded malice that ſucceedes.

The end of the Sixt Booke.

THE SEVENTH BOOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

The King's repriz'd: **Yorke**, *and his ſide retires;*
And making head againe, is put to flight:
Returnes into the Land, his right requires:
Hauing regain'd the King, confirmes his right:
And, whil'ſt his raſh improuidence aſpires,
Is ſlaine at **Wakefield**, *by* **Q. Marg'rets** *might:*
Who, at **S. Albones**, *backe her Lord regaines;*
Is forc't frõ thence: & **March** *the Crowne attaines.*

1

DIſordinate Authoritie, thus gaind,
Knew not at firſt, or durſt not to proceed
With an out-breaking courſe; but ſtood reſtraind
Within the compaſſe of reſpectiue heed:
Diſtruſt of friends, and powre of foes, detaind
That mounting will, from making too much ſpeed:
For, though he held the powre he longd to win,
Yet had not all the keyes to let him in.

The D. of York, in reſpect that K. Hen. for his holineſs of life, and clemencie, was highly eſteemed of the Commons, durſt not attẽpt any violẽt courſe againſt his perſon: but onely

The

2

labors to ſtrengthen his owne partie: which he could not do, but by the oppreſſion and diſplacing of many woorthy men; with committing other violencies, wherunto neceſſitie inforced him, for the preferment of his friends: which raiſd a greater partie againſt him, then that he made.

The Queene abroad, with a reuenging hand
(Arm'd with her owne diſgrace, and others ſpight,
Gath'ring th'oppreſſed partie of the Land)
Held ouer him the threatning ſword of might;
That forc't him, in the tearmes of awe, to ſtand
(Who elſe had burſt-vp Right, to come t'his right)
And kept him ſo confus'd, that he knew not
To make vſe of the meanes, which he had got.

3

For, either by his fearing to reſtraine
The perſon of the King; or by neglect
Of guarding him with a ſufficient traine,
The watchfull Queene, with cunning, doth effect
A practice that recouers him againe
(As one that with beſt care could him protect:)
And h'is conuaid to *Couentry*, to thoſe
Who well knew how of Maieſtie diſpoſe.

4

Though this weake King had blunted thus before
The edge of powre, with ſo dull clemencie,
And left him nothing elſe was gracious, more
Then euen the title of his Sov'raigntie;
Yet is that title of ſo precious ſtore,
As it makes, golden, leaden Maieſtie:
And where, or how-ſoeuer it doth ſit,
Is ſure t'haue the world attend on it.

5

Whether it be, that Forme, and Eminence,
Adorn'd with Pomp and State, begets this awe:
Or, whether an in-bred obedience
To Right and Powre, doth our affections drawe:
Or, whether ſacred Kings worke reuerence,
And make that Nature now, which was firſt Law,
We know not: but, the Head will draw the Parts;
And good Kings, with our bodies, haue our harts.

For,

6

For, lo, no sooner was his person ioyn'd
With this distracted body of his friends;
But, straight the Duke, and all that faction find,
They lost the onely Engin for their ends:
Authoritie, with Maiestie combin'd,
Stands bent vpon them now, and powrefull sends
Them summons to appeare, who lately held
That powre themselues, and could not be compeld.

The Queen, with her Party, hauing recouered the K. and withdrawing him far frō Lon. (where they foūd the D. of Yorke was too much fauored by the Cittizens) grew to bee very strong, by means that so many Ll. and much people, oppressed & discontented with these proceedings of their enemies, resorted dailie vnto thē. Whervpon, the K. sōmoned the D. & his adherents, to appeare before him at Couentry: but they, finding their present strength, not sufficient to make good their answer, retired thē selues into seuerall parts. The D. of York withdrawes him to Wigmore, in Wales: the E. of Salisb. into the North, the E. of Warw. to Calais.

7

Where-with confus'd, as either not prepar'd
For all euents; or se'ing the times not fit;
Or mens affections, failing in regard;
Or their owne forces, not of powre as yet:
They all retire them home; and neither dar'd
T'appeare, or to stand-out to answere it.
This vnfore-thought-on accident, confounds
All their dessignes, and frustrates all their grounds:

8

As vsually it fares, with those that plot
These machines of Ambition, and high pride;
Who (in their chiefest counsels ouer-shot)
For all things saue what serue the turne, prouide;
Whil'st that, which most imports, rests most forgot,
Or waigh'd not, or contemn'd, or vndescri'd;
That some-thing may be euer ouer-gone,
Where courses shall be crost, and men vndone.

9

Yorke into *Wales*, *Warwicke* to *Calais* hies,
Some to the *North*, others to other parts;
As if they ran both from their dignities,
And also from themselues, and their owne hārts:
"(The mind decay'd, in publique ieopardies,
"To th'ill at hand, onely it selfe conuerts)
That none would thinke, *Yorkes* hopes, being so neere dry,
Could euer flowe againe, and swell so hie.

And

10

And yet, for all this ebbing Chance, remaines
The ſpring that feedes that hope (which leaues men laſt):
Whom no affliction ſo entire reſtraines,
But that it may remount, as in times paſt:
Though he had loſt his place, his powre, his paines;
Yet held his loue, his friends, his title faſt:
The whole frame of that fortune could not faile;
As that, which hung by more then by one naile.

11

Elſe might we thinke, what errour had it bin,
Theſe parts thus ſev'red, not t'haue quite deſtroy'd;
But that they ſaw it not the way to win.
Some more dependances there were beſide:
Which, Age, and Fate, keeps vs from looking in,
That their true Counſells come not right deſcri'd;
Which, our preſumptuous wits muſt not condem:
They be'ing not ignorant; but we, of them.

12

For, heere, we looke vpon another Crown,
An other image of Nobilitie
(Which ciuile Diſcord had not yet brought down
Vnto a lower range of dignity);
Vpon a Powre as yet not ouer-flowne
With th'Ocean of all-drowning Sov'raintie.
Theſe Lords, who thus againſt their Kings draw ſwords,
Taught Kings to come, how to be more then Lords.

Diuers graue perſons were ſent to the D. of York to mediat a reconciliation: and a great Councell was called at London, Ann. reg. 36, to agree all differences: Whither cam the

13

Which well this Queene obſerv'd; and therefore ſought
To draw them in, and ruine them with Peace;
Whom Force (ſhe ſaw) more dangerous had wrought,
And did their powre and malice but increaſe:
And therefore, to the Citty hauing got,
A Counſell was convok't, all iarres to ceaſe:
Where come theſe Lords at length; but yet ſo ſtrong,
As if to doe, rather then ſuffer wrong.

Here

14

Here Scottish border broyles, and feares of *Fraunce*,
Vrg'd with the present times necessity,
Brought forth a suttle-shadowed countenance
Of quiet peace, resembling Amitie;
Wrapt in a strong and curious ordinaunce,
Of many Articles, bound solemnly:
As if those *Gordian* knots could be so ti'd,
As no impatient sword could them diuide:

15

Especially, whereas the selfe same ends
Concur not in a point of like respect;
But that each party couertly intends
Thereby their owne designments to effect:
Which Peace, with more indangering wounds, offends,
Then Warre can doe; that stands vpon suspect,
And neuer can be ty'd with other chaine,
Then intermutuall benefite and gaine.

16

As well by this concluded Act is seene:
Which had no power to holde-in minds, out-bent;
But quickly was dissolv'd and canceld cleene,
Either by *Warwicks* fortune or intent.
How euer vrg'd, the Seruants of the Queene
Assaulted his, as he from Counsell went:
Where, his owne person, egerly pursu'd,
Hardly (by Boate) escap't themultitude.

17

Which deed, most heynous made, and vrg'd as his,
The Queene (who soone th'aduantage apprehends)
Thought forthwith t'haue committed him on this:
But, he preuents, flyes North-ward to his friends,
Shewes them his danger, and what hope there is
In her, that all their ouerthrowes intends;
" And that these drifts, th'effects of this Peace are:
" Which giues more deadly wounding blowes, then war.

E. of Salisb. with 500. men, the D. of Yorke with 400. and was lodged at his house, at Bainards Castle. The Dukes of Excester, and Somerset, with 800. men, lodged without Temple Bar. The E. of Northū. the L L Egremōt & Clifford with 1500, & lodged without the Cittie: The E. of Warwick from Calais with 600. men al in his liuery. The L. Mayor kept continuall watch with 2000. men in armor during the treaty. Wher in by the great trauaile & exhortation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with other graue Prelates, a reconciliation was concluded, and celebrated with a solēne procession. The E. of Warwicke is set vpon by the Queenes seruants.

18

Strooke with his heate, began the others fire
(Kindled with danger, and diſdaine) t'inflame:
Which hauing well prepar'd, to his deſire,
He leaues the farther growing of the ſame,
And vnto *Calais* (to his ſtrong retire)
With ſpeed betakes him, to preuent the ſame
Of his impos'd offence; leaſt, in diſgrace,
He might be diſpoſſeſſed of that place.

19

Yorke ſtraight aduis'd the Earle of *Salsbury*,
T'addreſſe him to the King: and therevpon,
With other grieuances, to ſignifie
Th'iniurious act committed on his Sonne;
And there, to vrge the breach of th'Amitie,
By theſe ſiniſter plots to be begun:
But, he ſo ſtrongly goes, as men might gheſſe,
He purpos'd not to craue, but make redreſſe.

Iames Tuichet L. Audly ſlaine at Blore heath and his army diſcomfited by the E. of Salisb. with the loſſe of 2400. men. An. reg. 38.

20

Whom, the Lord *Audly*, haſting to reſtraine,
(Sent, with tenthouſand men, well furniſhed)
Encountred on *Blore-heath*; where he is ſlaine,
And all his powre and force diſcomfited:
Which chaunce, ſo opened and let-out againe
The hopes of *Yorke* (whom Peace had fettered)
That he reſolues, what-euer ſhould befall,
To ſet vp's Reſt, to venture now for all.

21

Fury, vnti'd, and broken out of bands,
Runnes deſp'rate preſently to either head:
Faction and Warre (that neuer wanted hands
For Bloud and Miſchiefe) ſoone were furniſhed:
Affection findes a ſide: and out it ſtands;
Not by the Cauſe, but by her int'reſt led:
And many, vrging Warre, moſt forward are;
Not that 't is iuſt, but only that 'tis Warre.

Whereby

22

Whereby, the Duke is growne t'a mighty head
In *Shropshire*, with his Welsh and Northren ayde:
To whom came *Warwicke*, hauing ordered
His charge at *Calais*; and with him conuay'd
Many braue Leaders, that aduentured
Their fortunes on the side that he had lay'd:
Whereof as chiefe, *Trollop* and *Blunt* excell'd:
But, *Trollop* fayld his friends; *Blunt* faithfull held.

Sir Andrew Trollop, afterwarde fled to the King. Iohn Blüt remainde with the Lords.

23

The King (prouok't these mischiefes to preuent,
Follow'd with *Sommerset* and *Excester*)
Strongly appointed, all his forces bent,
Their malice to correct or to deterre:
And, drawing neere, a reuerent Prelate sent
To proffer pardon, if they would referre
Their Cause to Peace; as being a cleaner course
Vnto their ends, then this foule barb'rous force.

The King, beeing at Worcester, sends the B. of Salisbury to the LL. to induce them to peace, & to offer pardon.

24

" For, what a warre, sayd he, is here begun,
" Where euen the victory is held accurst?
" And who-so winnes, it will be so ill won,
" That though he haue the best, he speeds the worst.
" For, here your making, is, to be vndon;
" Seeking t'obtaine the State, you lose it first:
" Both sides being one, the bloud consum'd all one;
" To make it yours, you worke to haue it none.

25

" Leaue then with this, though this be yet a staine
" T'attempt this sinne, to be so neere a fall.
" The doubtfull Dye of warre, cast at the Maine,
" Is such, as one bad chaunce may lose you all.
" A certaine sinne, seekes an vncertaine gaine:
" Which, got, your selues euen wayle and pitty shall.
" No way, but Peace, leades out from blood and feares;
" To free your selues, the Land, and vs, from teares.

26

Whereto the diſcontented part replyes;
" That they, hereto by others wrongs inforc't,
" Had no way elſe but theſe extremities,
" And worſt meanes of redreſſe, t'auoide the worſt.
" For, ſince that peace did but their ſpoyles deuiſe,
" And held them out from grace (as men diuorc't
" From th'honors, that their fortunes did afford)
" Better die with the ſword, then by the ſword.

27

" For, if pacts, vowes, or oaths, could haue done ought,
" There had enough been done: but, to no end
" Saue to their ruine, who had euer ſought
" To'auoide theſe broyls, as grieuing to contend;
" Smothring diſgraces, drawing to parts remote,
" As exil'd men: where now they were, to attend
" His Grace with all reſpect, and reuerence;
" Not with the ſword of malice, but defence.

28

The Biſhop of Salisbury offred pardon, to all ſuch as would ſubmit themſelues

Whereby, they ſhewed, that words were not to win:
But yet the Pardon works ſo feelingly,
That to the King, that very night, came-in
Sir Andrew Trollop, with ſome company,
Contented to redeeme his ſinne with ſinne;
Diſloyalty, with infidelitie:
And, by this meanes, became diſcouered quite
All th'orders of th'intended next dayes fight.

29

The D. of Yorke, with his youngeſt ſonne the E. of Rutland, withdrew him into Ireland where he was exceedingly beloued.

Which ſo much wrought vpon their weakened feares,
That preſently their Campe brake vp, ere day;
And euery man with all his ſpeed prepares,
According to their courſe, to ſhift their way.
Yorke, with his youngeſt Sonne, tow'ards *Ireland* beares;
Warwicke to *Calais*, where his ſafety lay;
To that ſure harbor of conſpiracie,
Enuies Retreit, Rebellions nurſery.

Which

30

Which fatall place, ſeemes that with either hand
Is made t'offend. For, *Fraunce* ſh'afflicts with th'one:
And with the other, did infeſt this Land;
As if ordained to doe good to none:
But, as a Gate to both our ills did ſtand,
To let-out plagues on vs, and int' her owne:
A part without vs, that ſmall good hath bin;
But to keepe, leſſe intire, the whole within.

The inconueniẽces of Calais at that time.

31

And there, as in their all and beſt ſupport,
Is *Warwicke* got, with *March* and *Salsbury*;
When all the Gates of *England*, euery Port
And Shore cloſe-ſhut, debarres their reentry;
Lockt out from all; and all left in that ſort,
As no meanes ſeemes can ayde their miſery.
This wound, giuen without blowe, weakens them more,
Then all their loſſe of blood had done before.

32

For, now againe vpon them frowningly
Stands Powre with Fortune, trampling on their Sates;
And brands them with the markes of Infamy;
Rebellions, Treaſons, and Aſſaſſinats;
Attaints their Bloud, in all Poſteritie;
Ranſacks their Lands, ſpoiles their Confederats;
And layes ſo hideous colours on their crimes,
As would haue terrified more timorous times;

33

But, heere could doe no good: for why? this Age,
Being in a courſe of motion, could not reſt,
Vntill the reuolution of their rage
Came to that poynt, whereto it was addreſt.
Misfortune, croſſes, ruine, could not ſwage
That heate of hope, or of reuenge, at leaſt.
"The World, once ſet a-worke, cannot ſoone ceaſe;
"Nor euer is the ſame, it is in peace.

34

For, other motions, other int'reſts heere,
The acting ſpirits vp and awake doe keepe:
" Faith, friendſhip, honour is more ſure, more deere,
" And more it ſelfe, then when it is aſleepe:
Worth will ſtand-out, and doth no ſhadowes feare:
Diſgraces make impreſſions far more deepe;
When Eaſe, ere it will ſtirre, or breake her reſt,
Lyes ſtill, beares all, content to be oppreſt.

35

Yorke, and his ſide, could not, while life remain'd,
Though thus diſperſt, but worke and interdeale:
Nor any ſword, at home, could keepe reſtrain'd
Th'out-breaking powres of this innated zeale.
This humor had ſo large a paſſage gain'd,
On th'inward body of the Common-weale;
That 'twas impoſſible to ſtop, by force,
This current of affections violent courſe.

36

Yet they at home (diſorder to keepe forth)
Did all what powre could doe, or wit inuent;
Plac't, in th'auoided roomes, men of great worth;
Young *Sommerſet*, with ſtrength to *Calais* ſent;
Northumberland and *Clifford* to the North;
(Whereof They onely had the gouernment)
Defend all landings, barre all paſſages,
Striue to redreſſe the publique grieuances:

Hen. the young D. of Sommerſ. was, in An. reg. 37. made Captain of Calais, & a priuie ſeal ſent to the E. of Warwicke, to diſcharge him of that place: who, in reſpect he was made Captaine there by Par'iament, would not obay the priuie ſeale.

37

And, to this end, ſummon a Parlement:
Wherein, when-as the godly King would not,
Vnto th'attainder of the Lords, conſent;
The Queene in griefe (and in her paſſions hot)
Breakes out in ſpeech, louingly violent:
" And what (ſaith ſhee) my Lord, haue you forgot
" To rule and be a King? Why will you thus
" Be milde to them, and cruell vnto vs?

The Parliament at Coventry.

" What

38

"What good haue you procur'd by clemencie,
"But giuen to wilde presumption much more head?
"And now what cure, what other remedie
"Can to our desp'rat wounds be ministred?
"Men are not good, but for necessitie;
"Nor orderly are euer borne, but bred.
"Sad want, and pouertie, makes men industrious:
"But, Law must make them good, and feare obsequious.

39

"My Lord; Hee gouerns well, that's well obayd:
"And temp'rat Rigour euer safely sits.
"For, as to him, who *Cotis* did vpbraid,
"And call'd his rigor, madnesse, raging fits;
"Content thee, thou vnskilfull man, he said,
"My madnesse keepes my Subiects in their wits:
"So, to like course my Lord, y'are forc't to fall;
"Or else you must, in th'end, vndoe vs all.

Cotis, a Tyrant of Thrace.

40

"Looke but, I pray, on this deare part of you;
"This branch (sprung frō your blood) your owne aspect:
"Looke on this Childe, and think what shal ensue
"To this faire hope of ours, by your neglect.
"Though you respect not vs, wrong not his due,
"That must his right, left you, from you expect;
"The right of the renowned *Lancasters*,
"His fathers fathers, and great'grand-fathers.

41

"Then turnes t'her sonne: O sonne! dost thou not see?
"He is not mov'd, nor toucht, nor weighes our teares.
"What shall I doe? What hope is left for me,
"When he wants will to help, & thou want'st yeares?
"Could yet these hands of thine but partners bee
"In these my labours, to keep-out our feares,
"How well were I? that now alone must toile,
"And turne, and tosse; and yet vndone the while.

42

"I knowe, if thou could'ſt helpe, thy mother thus
"Should not beyond her ſtrength endure ſo much;
"Nor theſe proud Rebels, that would ruine vs,
"Scape with their hainous treaſons, without touch:
"I knowe, thou would'ſt conceiue how dangerous
"Mercy were vnto thoſe, whoſe hopes are ſuch;
"And not preſerue, whom Law hath ouer-throwne,
"Sauing their liuely-hood, to loſe our owne.

43

"But, ſith thou canſt not, nor I able am,
"Thou muſt no more expect of me, deare Son;
"Nor yet, in time to come, thy Mother blame,
"If thou, by others weakeneſſe be vndon.
"The world, with me, muſt teſtifie the ſame,
"That I haue done my beſt, what could be done;
"And haue not fail'd, with hazard of my life,
"The duetie of a mother and a wife.

44

"But well; I ſee which way the world will goe:
"And let it goe: and ſo turnes her about,
Full, with ſtout griefe, and with diſdainefull woe;
Which, now, her words ſhut-vp, her lookes let-out.
The caſt of her ſide-bended eye, did ſhowe
Both ſorrow and reproofe; ſe'ing ſo great doubt,
And no powre to redreſſe, but ſtand and vex,
Impriſoned in the fetters of her ſex.

45

At this Parliament at Couentry, in the yeere 1459, in the 38 of Hen. 6. is Ric. D. of Yorke, with his ſon Edw. and all his poſteritie, and partakers, attainted, to the

Yet, ſo much wrought theſe mouing arguments
(Drawne from that blood, where Nature vrg'd her Right)
As his all-vpward tending zeale relents;
And, downeward to his State, declines his ſight:
And ſo, to their Attainders he conſents;
Prouided, He, on their ſubmiſſion, might
Out of his Princely powre, in his owne name,
Without a Parlement, reuoke the ſame.

Whil'ſt

46

Whil'ſt *Sommerſet* with maine endeuour lay
To get his giuen (but vngot) gouernment,
The ſtout *Caliſians* (bent another way)
Fiercely repell him, fruſtrate his intent:
Yet takes he *Guines*, landing at *VVhitſandbay*:
Where-as the ſwordes, hee brought, would not conſent
To wound his foes: the fight no rancor hath:
Malice was friends: and Warre was without wrath.

47

Though hee their hands, yet *VVarwicke* had their hearts:
To whom, both men and ſhipping they betray'd;
Whilſt *Englands* (though debarred) ſhore imparts,
To him, her other-where intended ayde:
For, the Lord *Riuers*, paſsing to thoſe parts,
T'haue freſh ſupplies vnto the Duke conuay'd;
At *Sandwich*, with his Sonne accompayned,
Staying for winde, was taken in his bed.

48

Whoſe ſhipping, and prouiſions, *VVarwicke* takes
For *Ireland*, with his Chieftaine to conferre:
And within thirtie dayes this voyage makes,
And backe-returnes, ere knowne to haue beene there:
So that the heauens, the ſea, the winde partakes
With him; as if they of his faction were;
Or that his ſpirit and valour were combin'd,
With deſtinie, t'effect what he deſign'd.

49

Which working, though without, and on the ſhore,
Reacht yet vnto the centre of the Land;
Searcht all thoſe humors that were bred before;
Shakes the whole frame, whereon the State did ſtand;
" Affection, pittie, fortune, feare being more
" Farre off and abſent, then they are at hand.
" Pittie becomes a traytor with th'oppreſt:
" And many haue beene rays'd, by being ſuppreſt.

ninth degree, their goods and poſſeſſions eſcheated, their tenants ſpoiled of their goods, the Towne of Ludlom pertaining to the D. of Yorke ranſacked, and the Dutcheſs of Yorke ſpoiled of her goods.

Henrie D. of Sommerſet with the L. L. Audly, and Roſſe attempted the towne of Calais, but were repulſt; his people yeelding themſelues to the E. of War. and himſelfe hardly eſcaped.

The L. Riuers, and his ſonne Sir Anthony Woodvil, were taken by Iohn Dinham, at Sandwich; whether they were ſent to guard the towne, and ſupply the D. of Sommerſet.

The E. of Warwick ſayled into Ireland to conferre with the D. of Yorke.

For,

49

For, they had left, although themſelues were gone,
Opinion and their memorie behinde.
Which ſo preuayles, that nought could here be done,
But ſtraight was knowne as ſoone as once deſign'd:
Court, Councell-chamber, Cloſet, all were won,
To be reuealers of the Princes minde:
So falſe is Faction, and ſo ſmooth a lyer,
As that it neuer had a ſide entire.

50

The L. Faulconbridge, ſent to Sandwich, tooke the Towne and Sir Simon Monfort Gouernor thereof.

Whereby, th'exil'd had leaſure to preuent,
And circumuent, what-euer was deuiz'd:
Which made, that *Faulconbridge*, to *Sandwich* bent,
That Fortreſſe and the Gouernour ſurpriz'd;
Who, preſently from thence to *Calais* ſent,
Had his vnguiltie blood there ſacrifiz'd:
And *Faulconbridge*, returning backe, relates
Th'affection here, and zeale of all eſtates.

51

Drawne with which newes, and with a ſpirit that dar'd
T'attempt on any likelihood of ſupport;
They take th'aduantage of ſo great regard;
Their landing here ſecur'd them in ſuch ſort,
By *Faulconbridge*; the fatall bridge prepar'd
To be the way of blood, and to tranſport
Returning furie to make greater wounds
Then euer *England* ſaw within her bounds.

52

And but with fifteene hundred men do land,
Vpon a Land, with many millions ſtor'd:
So much, did high-preſuming Courage ſtand
On th'ayde, home-diſobedience would afford.
Nor were their hopes deceiv'd: for, ſuch a hand
Had Innouation ready for the ſword,
As ere they neere vnto the Cittie drew,
Their powre beyond all former greatneſſe grew.

Muſe

53

Muſe, what may we imagine was the Cauſe
That *Furie* workes thus vniuerſally?
What humor, what affection, is it, drawes
Sides, of ſuch powre, to this Nobilitie?
Was it their Conſcience, to redreſſe the Lawes;
Or malice, to a wrong-plac't Sov'raintie,
That caus'd them (more then wealth, or life) deſire
Deſtruction, ruine, bloud-ſhed, ſword and fire?

54

Or was the Powre of Lords (thus inter-plac't
Betwixt the height of Princes, and the State)
Th'occaſion that the people ſo imbrac't
Their actions, and attend on this Debate?
Or had their Greatneſſe, with their Worth, imbas't
The Touch of *Royaltie* to ſo lowe rate,
As their opinion could ſuch tumults moue?
Then Powre, and Virtue, you contagious proue.

55

And *Perianders* leuell'd Eares of Corne
Shew what is fitteſt for the publique Reſt;
And that the hyeſt Minions which adorne
A *Common-weale* (and doo become it beſt)
Are *Zeale* and *Iuſtice*, *Law*, and *Cuſtomes*, borne
Of hye deſcent; that neuer do infeſt
The Land with falſe ſuggeſtions, claymes, affrights,
To make men loſe their owne, for others rights.

56

But now, againſt this diſproportion, bends
The feeble King all his beſt induſtrie:
And, from abrode, *Skales*, *Louell*, *Kendall*, ſends,
To hold the Cittie in fidelitie;
The Cittie, which before (for others ends)
Was wrought to leaue the part of Royaltie:
Where, though the Kings commaund was of no powre;
Yet worke theſe Lords ſo, that they tooke the Towre:

The King, from Couentry ſendes the L. Skales, the L. Louel, the E. of Kendal, to London, with others, to keep the Cittie in obedience.

And

57

And, from thence, labour to bring-in againe
The out-let will of diſobediencie;
Send terror, threates, intreaties; but in vaine:
VVarwicke, and *March*, are with all iollitie
And grace receiv'd. The Cities loue did gaine
The beſt part of a Crowne: for whoſe defence,
And intertaining ſtill, ſtayes *Salsburie*,
Whil'ſt *March*, and *VVarwicke* other fortunes try;

The E E. of March, Warwike, and Salisburie landing at Sandwich, were met by the Archb. of Cant. who with his Croſſe borne before him accompayned them to Lond. An. reg. 38.

58

Conducting their freſh troupes againſt their King
(Who leaues a woman to ſupply his ſteed):
And neere *Northhampton*, both imbattailing,
Made, now, the very heart of *England* bleed:
Where, what ſtrange reſolutions both ſides bring,
And with what deadly rancour they proceed,
Witneſſe the blood there ſhed, and fowlly ſhed;
That cannot, but with ſighes, be regiſtred.

The affection which the Citie of London bare to the D. of Yorke was an eſpeciall meane for the rayſing of that line, to the Crowne.

The E. of Salsbury left to keepe the Cittie.

The Battell of Northhampton.

59

There, *Buckingham*, *Talbot*, and *Egremont*,
Bewmont, and *Lucy*; parts of *Lancaſter*
(Parts moſt important, and of chiefe account)
In this vnhappy day, extinguiſht are.
There, the Lord *Grey*, (whoſe fayth did not amount
Vnto the truſt committed to his care)
Betrayes his King, borne to be ſtrangely toſt;
And, late againe attain'd, againe is loſt.

The D. of Bucking. the E. of Shrewſ. the L. Egremont, Iohn Vicont Bewmont, Sir William Lucy ſlaine.

The L. Edmond Grey of Ruthen who led the Vantguard of K. Henrie withdrew himſelf and tooke part with the L L.

60

Againe is loſt this out-ſide of a King
Ordain'd for others vſes, not his owne:
Who, to the part that had him, could but bring
A feeble body onely, and a Crowne;
But yet was held to be the deareſt thing
Both ſides did labor-for, ſo much; to crowne
Their Cauſe with the apparency of might:
From whom, and by whom, they muſt make their Right;

The King is conuaide to London, the Towre yeelded vp to the Lords, and the L. Skales who kept it, is murthred.

When

61

When he himſelfe (as if he nought eſteem'd
The higheſt Crowne on earth) continues one;
Weake to the world: which, his Religion deem'd
Like to the breath of man; vaine, and ſoone gone:
Whil'ſt the ſtout Queene, by ſpeedy flight redeem'd
The ſafety of her ſelfe, and of her Sonne:
And, with her, *Sommerſet* to *Durham* fled; *The D. of Sommerſet.*
Her powres, ſuppreſt, her heart vnuanquiſhed.

62

So much for abſent *Yorke*, is acted here,
Attending *Engliſh* hopes, on th' *Iriſh* coaſt.
Which when, vnlookt-for, they related were,
Ambition (ſtill on horſe-backe) comes in poaſt,
And ſeemes with greater glory to appeare;
As made the more, by being ſo long time loſt:
And to the Parlement with ſtate is led,
Which his aſſociates had fore-ſummoned.

63

And, com'n into the Chamber of the Peeres,
He ſets himſelfe downe, in the chayre of State:
Where, ſuch an vnexpected face appeares
Of an amazed Court, that gazing ſate
With a dumbe ſilence (ſeeming, that it feares
The thing it went about t'effectuate)
As if the Place, the Cauſe, the Conſcience, gaue
Barres to the words, their forced courſe ſhould haue.

64

Tis ſtrãge, thoſe times, which brought ſuch hãds for blood,
Had not bred tongues to make good any ſide;
And that no proſtituted conſcience ſtood,
Any iniuſtice to haue iuſtifi'd
(As men of the forelone hope, onely good
In deſperateſt acts to be imploy'd)
And that none, in th' aſſembly there, was found,
That would t'ambitious deſcant giue a ground:

That

65

That euen himselfe (sorc'st of necessitie)
Must be the Orator of his owne Cause.
For, hauing viewd them all, and could espie
None proffring once to speake (all, in a pause)
On this friend lookes with an inuiting eye,
And then on that (as if he woo'd applause)
Holding the cloth of State still in his hand;
The signe, which he would haue them vnderstand.

66

But se'ing none moue; with an imperiall port,
Gath'ring his spirits, he ryses from his seat;
Doth, with such powre of wordes, his Cause support,
As seemes all others Causes to defeat.
" And, sure, who workes his Greatnesse in that sort,
" Must haue more powres, then those that are borne great:
" Such Reuolutions are not wrought, but when
" Those spirits doe worke, which must be more then men.

67

He argues first his Right, so long with-held
By th'vsurpation of the *Lancasters*;
" The Right of a direct Line, alwayes held
" The sacred course of Blood; our Ancestors,
" Our Lawes, our reuerent Customes haue vp-held
" With holy hands. Whence, when disorder erres,
" What horrors, what confusion, do we see,
" Vntill it be reduc't where it should bee?

68

" And how it prospers with this wretched Land,
" Witnesse the vniuersall miserie,
" Wherein (as if accurst) the Realme doth stand;
" Depriu'd of State, wealth, honor, dignitie;
" The Church, and Commons, vnderneath the hand
" Of violence, extortion, robberie;
" No face of order, no respect of Lawes:
" And thus complaynes of what himselfe is cause;

Accu-

69

" Accuſing others inſolence, that they
" Exhauſted the Reuenues of the Crowne:
" So that the King was fore't onely to prey
" Vpon his Subiects, poore and wretched growne)
" And that they now ſought *Ireland* to betray,
" And *Calais* to the *French*; which hee had knowne,
" By th' intercepted notes of their owne hand,
" Who were the onely Traytors of the Land:

70

" And yet procur'd th' Actaynders moſt vniuſt,
" Of others guiltleſſe and vnſpotted blood;
" Who euermore had labour'd, in their truſt
" And faithfull ſeruice for their Countries good:
" And who with extreame violence were thruſt
" Quite out of all, ſpoyl'd of their liuelihood,
" Expos'd to all the miſeries of life:
" Which they indur'd, to put-off blood and ſtrife.

71

" But ſince (ſayth he) their malice hath no ende,
" But t'end vs all, and to vndo the Land:
" (For which, the hatefull *French* gladly attend,
" And at this inſtant haue their ſwords in hand)
" And that the God of heauen doth ſeeme to bend
" Vnto our Cauſe, whereto the beſt men ſtand;
" And that this blood of mine, ſo long time ſought,
" Reſerued ſeemes, for ſome thing to be wrought:

72

" It reſts within your iudgements, to vp-right,
" Or elſe to ruine vtterly the Land.
" For, this be ſure, I muſt purſue my Right
" Whil'ſt I haue breath, or Land mine can ſtand.
" Thinke, whether this poore State, being in this plight,
" Stands not in need of ſome vp-rayſing hand:
" Or whether 'tis not time we ſhould haue reſt,
" And this confuſion, and our wounds redreſt,

This

73

This ſaid, he turnes aſide, and out hee goes;
Leaues them to counſell what was to be done.
Where, though the moſt part gath'red, were of thoſe
Who with no oppoſition ſure would run;
Yet ſome, more temp'rate, offred to propoſe
That which was fit to bee conſidered on:
Who, though they knew his clayme was faire, in ſight;
Yet thought, it now lackt the right face of Right;

74

Since, for the ſpace of three ſcore yeeres, the Crowne
Had beene in act poſſeſt, in three deſcents;
Non confirmatus tractu temporis, quod de iure ab initio non ſubſiſtit.
Confirm'd by all the Nobles of renowne,
The peoples ſuffrages, Oathes, Parlements;
So many Actes of State, both of our owne,
And of all other foraine Gouernments:
" That Wrong, by order, may grow Right by-this;
" Sith Right, th'obſeruer but of Order is.

75

" And then conſidring, firſt, how *Bullingbrooke*,
" Landing in *Yorkeſhire* but with three ſcore men,
" By the conſent of all the Kingdome, tooke
" The Crowne vpon him, held for lawfull then;
" His Vncle *Yorke* and all the Peeres betooke
" Themſelues to him, as to their Soueraigne; when
" King Richards wrongs, and his propinquitie,
" Did ſeeme to make no diſtance in their eye:

76

" Nor was without example, in thoſe dayes:
" Wherein (as in all Ages) States do take
" The ſide of publique Peace, to counterpayſe
" The waight of wrong; which, time may rightfull make.
W. Rufus and Hen. 1. preferd before their elder brother.
" No elderhood, *Rufus* and *Henrie* ſlayes,
" The imperiall Crowne of *England* t'vndertake:
" And *Iohn*, before his nephew *Arthur*, ſpeedes;
" Whom, though depriv'd, *Henry* his ſonne ſucceedes.

77

Edward the third, made Sov'raigne of the State,
Vpon his fathers depriuation, was:
All which, though seeming wrongs, yet fairely sate
In their succeeders, and for right did passe.
And if they could so worke, t'accommodate,
And calme the Peeres, and please the Populasse;
They wisht, the Crowne might, where it stood, remaine,
Succeeding inconuenience to restraine,

78

Thus th'auncient Fathers of the Law aduise;
Graue Baron *Thorpe* and learned *Forteſcue:*
Who, though they could not fashion, otherwise,
Those strong-bent humors, which auersiue grew;
Yet seem'd to qualifie th'extreamities,
And some respect more to their Sov'raine drew;
That, during life, it was by all agreed,
He should be King, and *Yorke* should him succeed:

79

Which, presently enacted, was (beside)
Proclaym'd through-out with all solemnities;
And intermutually there ratifi'd
With protestations, vowes and oathes, likewise;
Built-vp, with all the strength of forme, t'abide
What-euer oppositions could aryse;
And might haue seem'd sure and authenticall,
Had all this bodie of the State beene all.

80

But *Trent*, thou keptst a part; *Thames* had not all:
The *North* diuided honor, with the *South:*
And like powre held like Greatnes seuerall:
Where other Right, spake with another mouth;
Another Heire, another Prince they call,
Whom naturall succession follow doth;
The branch of Kings, the true sonne of the Crowne:
To whom, no father can but leaue his owne.

81

The King, as husband to the Crowne, doth by
The wiues infeoffement hold; and onely here
Inioyes the ſame for life, by Curteſie;
Without powre to diſpoſe it other-where
(After his death) but as th' authoritie,
Order, and cuſtome of Succeſſion beare:
And therefore *Henries* Act cannot vndo
The right of him, whom it belongs vnto.

82

And this vnnaturall intruſion, here,
Of that attainted Blood, out of all courſe,
Effected with confuſion and with feare,
Muſt be reduc't to other tearmes, of force.
Theſe inſolencies Iuſtice cannot beare:
The ſword (whereto they onely had recourſe)
Muſt cut this knot, ſo intricately ty'd;
Whoſe vaine contriued ends are plaine deſcry'd.

83

Thus they giue-out; and out the ſword in hand
Is drawne for blood, to iuſtifie the ſame:
And by a ſide, with many a Worthie, mand;
Great *Sommerſet*, *Exceſter*, *Buckingham*,
With *Clifford*, *Courtney*, and *Northumberland*
(Lords of as mightie courage as of name)
Which all, againſt *Yorkes* forced courſes, bend;
Who, hauing done, yet had not made an end:

84

But, to another worke, is forc't to go;
The laſt turmoyle lab'ring Ambition had:
Where Pride and Ouer-weening led him ſo
(For fortunes paſt) as made the iſſue ſad:
For, whether ſafer counſell would or no,
His yet vnfurniſht troupes he deſp'rat led
From *Sandall* Caſtle, vnto *Wakefield* Greene,
Againſt far mightier forces of the Queene.

Wher

85

Where, round inclos'd by Ambushments fore-lay'd,
Hard-working for his life (but all in vaine)
With number and confusion ouer-lay'd,
Himselfe and valiant *Salsbury* are slaine:
With whome, the most and deerest blood decay'd
Of his couragious and aduenturous traine:
So short a life had those long hopes of his;
Borne not to weare the Crowne, he wrought for thus;

The Battel of Wakefield, where the D. of Yorke is slaine: the E. of Salsburie taken & beheaded at Yorke: Edmond E. of Rutland, youngest sonne to the D. of Yorke murthured after the Battell, by the L. Clifford.

86

But, in the ryse of his out-springing lust,
Now in the last of hope, receiv'd this fall;
Now, that his working powres so far had thrust,
That his desires had but this step to all:
When, so neere home, he seem'd past all distrust,
This vnexspected wracke doth him befall:
This successor th'inheritor fore-goes;
The play-game made of Fortune, and his foes.

87

Whose young sonne, *Rutland* (made the sacrifice
For others sinnes, ere he knew how to sinne)
Brought only but to see this exercise
Of blood and wounds, endes ere he did beginne:
Whose teares, whose mone, whose lamentable cryes,
Could neither mercie nor compassion winne:
The branch of such a tree, though tender now,
Was not thought fit should any longer growe.

88

Which turning Chaunce, t'a long vngraced side,
Brings backe their almost quayled hopes againe;
And thrust them on, to vse the present Tide
And Flowe of this occasion, to regaine
Th'inthralled Monarch, and to vndecide
The late concluded Act they held for vaine;
And mooues their Armies, new refresht with spoyle,
For more confusion, and for more turmoyle:

89

Victoriously proceeding vnwithstood,
The 2. Battell at S. Albones. Till at S. *Albones VVarwicke* forc't a stand:
Where-as (to make his owne vndooing good)
The King is brought against himselfe to band:
His Powre and Crowne is set against his Blood;
Forc't on the side, not of himselfe, to stand.
Diuided King, in what a case thou art!
To haue thy hand, thus bent against thy hart.

90

And here this famous fatall place, againe,
Is made the stage of blood; againe these streets,
Imbru'd with slaughter, cov'red with the slaine,
Witnes what desp'rat wrath with rancor meets.
But, Fortune now is in an other vaine;
Another side her turning fauour greets:
The King is againe recouered by the Queene. The King, heere lately lost, is now heere won;
Still sure t'vndoe the side that he was on.

91

The E. of Warwick with the D. of Norffolk, put to flight, and Sir Iohn Grey slaine on the Kings side. *VVarwicke*, with other *Genius* then his owne,
Had heere to doe: which made him see the face
Of sad misfortune, in the selfe same Towne,
Where prosp'rous winning, lately gaue him grace:
And *Marg'ret* heere, this Martiall Amazon,
Was, with the spirit of her selfe, in place:
Whose labors, Fortune, euen to pittie, stir;
And, being a woman, could but giue it her.

92

The reputation and incouragement
Of *VVakefield* glory, wakened them to this.
And this seemes now the full accompliſhment
Of all their trauell, all their combrances.
For, what can more disturbe this Gouernment,
When *Yorke* extinct, & *VVarwick* conquered, is?
Directing *Salsburie*, left without a head,
What rests there now, that all's not finished?

Thus,

93

Thus, for the ſicke, preſeruing Nature ſtriues
Againſt corruption, and the loathſome Graue;
When, out of Deaths colde hands, ſhe backe repriues
Th'almoſt confounded ſpirits, ſhe faine would ſaue:
And them cheeres vp, illightens, and reuiues;
Making faint Sickeneſſe, words of health to haue,
With lookes of life, as if the worſt were paſt;
When ſtrait comes diſſolution, and his laſt.

94

So fares it with this late reuiued Queene:
Whoſe Victories, thus fortunately wonne,
Haue but as onely lightning motions beene,
Before the ruine that enſu'd thereon.
For, now another ſpringing powre is ſeene;
Whereto, as to the new aryſing Sunne,
All turne their faces, leauing thoſe lowe rayes,
Of ſetting Fortune, which no Climer waighes.

95

Now is yong *March*, more than a Duke of *Yorke*.
For, youth, loue, grace and courage make him more.
All which, for Fortunes fauour, now do worke,
Who graceth freſheſt Actors euermore;
Making the firſt attempt, the chiefeſt worke
Of any mans deſignes, that ſtriues therefore.
" The after-ſeaſons are not ſo well bleſt.
" For, thoſe firſt ſpirits make their firſt actions beſt.

96

Now as the *Lybyan* Lion, when with paine
The wearie Hunter hath purſu'd his prey
From Rockes, to Brakes, from Thickets to the Plaine,
And at the point, thereon his hands to lay,
Hard-by his hopes, his eye vpon his gaine,
Out-ruſhing from his denne rapts all away:
So comes yong *March*, their endes to diſappoint,
Who now were growne ſo neere vnto the point.

97

The loue of theſe important ſoutherne parts,
Of *Eſſex*, *Surry*, *Middleſex*, *and Kent*,
The Queene had wholly loſt; as they whoſe hearts
Grew ill affected to her gouernment,
Vpon th'vnciuile and preſumptuous parts,
Play'd by the Northerne troupes, growne inſolent:
Whom, though ſhe could not gouerne otherwiſe,
Yet th'ill that's wrought for her, vpon her lies.

98

So wretched is this execrable Warre,
" This ciuile Sworde: wherein, though all wee ſee
" Be foul, and all things miſerable are;
" Yet moſt diſtreſſe-full is the victorie:
" Which is, not onely th'extream ruiner
" Of others; but, her owne calamity:
" Where, who obtains, what he would cannot do:
" Their powre hath part, who holpe him thereunto.

99

The Queene, after the battaile of S Albones, ſent to the Maior of London for certaine prouiſions: who willing to furniſh hir therewithall, the Commons of the Citie ſtayed the ſame, and would not permit the carts to paſs. Whereupon, the L. Mayor ſent to excuſe himſelfe, and to appeaſe the diſpleaſure of the Queene.

The Citty, whoſe good-will they moſt deſire,
(Yet thereunto durſt not commit their ſtate)
Sends them not thoſe prouiſions they require;
Which ſeem'd reſtrained by the peoples hate:
Yet *Marches* help farre off, and neere this fire
(To winne them time) forc't them to mediate
A reconcilement: which, well entertain'd,
Was fairely now growen-on, and neerely gain'd:

100

When, with a thouſand tongs, ſwift-wing'd Fame coms,
And tells of *Marches* gallant Victories:
Who, what withſtands, ſubdues; all ouercomes;
Making his way through fierceſt enemies;
As hauing now to caſt, in greater Summes,
The Reckning of his hopes, that mainly riſe.
His fathers death, giues more life vnto wrath:
And vexed valour, greater courage hath.

And

101

And now, as for his laſt, his lab'ring worth
Works on the coaſt which on faire *Seuerne* lyes:
Whereto his Father (paſſing to the North)
Sent him, to leuie other freſh ſupplies:
But, hearing now what *Wakefield* had brought forth;
Imploring ayde againſt theſe iniuries,
Obtains from *Gloſter*, *Worſter*, *Shrewsburie*,
Important powres, to worke his remedie.

102

Which he, againſt *Pembrooke* and *Ormond*, bends; *Iaſper E. of Pembrok, and Iames Butler E. of Ormond & Wiltſhire.*
Whom *Margaret* (now vpon her victory)
With all ſpeed poſſible from *Wakefield* ſends;
With hope to haue ſurpris'd him ſuddenly.
Wherin, though ſhe all meanes, all wit extends,
To th'vtmoſt reach of wary policie;
Yet nothing her avayles: no plots ſucceed,
T'avert thoſe miſchiefes which the heauens decreed.

103

For, neere the Croſſe ally'd vnto his name, *The battell of Mortimers croſs wher Owen Teuther, father to the E. of Pembrooke, who had married K Hen. mother was taken & beheaded.*
He croſſt thoſe mighty forces of his foes;
And with a ſpirit, orday'nd for deeds of fame,
Their eager-fighting Army ouer-throwes:
Making all cleer behind, from whence he came;
Bearing-downe, wholly, what before him roſe;
Like to an all-confounding Torrent ſeemes:
And was made more, by *Warwicks* mighty ſtreames.

104

With th'inundation of which Greatneſſe, he *The E. of Warw. after his ouerthrow at S. Alb. retires with all the forces hee could make, and ioines with the yong D. of York; who comming to London, and receiued with all ioie, a great Councell*
(Hauing no bounds of powre to keepe him backe)
Marcht to the Citie: at whoſe entrance free,
No ſignes of ioy, nor no applaudings lacke.
Whoſe neere approach, when this ſad Queene did ſee,
(T'auoyde theſe rocks of her neere threatning wrack)
With her griev'd troupes North-ward ſhe hence departs;
And leaues, to Youth and Fortune, theſe South-parts.

105

Glory, with admiration, entring now,
Opened that easie doore to his intent,
As that there needes not long time to allow
The Right he had vnto the Gouernement;
Nor *Henries* iniuries to disauow,
Against his oath, and th'Act of Parlement.
"For, heere the speediest way he takes t'accord
Difference in law, that pleades it with the Sword.

was presently called of the L. L. spirituall and temporall: where King Henry was adiudged insufficient for the Gouernment of the Realme, and to be depriued of all regall authoritie; & the D. of Yorke elected for K. and after proclaymed by the name of Edward the 4. the 4 of March, 1460. at the age of 18. And so Hen. 6. after he had raigned 38. yeares 8. moneths, was deposed.

106

Gath'red to see his mustred Companies,
Stoode all the flocking troopes of *London* streets;
When *Faulconbridge*, with gentle feeling, tries
How strong the pulse of their affection beates;
And (reckning vp the grieuous miseries,
And desolation, which the Country threats)
Askt them, whom they would haue to be their King,
To leade those troopes, and State in forme to bring.

107

Whereto, with such an vniuersall showt,
The Earle of *March*, the multitude replyes,
As the rebounding Eccho streight through-out
(From Towre to Towre reuerberated) flyes
To th'eares of those great Lords, who sate about
The consultation for this enterprise.
Whose care is sav'd, which most they stood vpon:
For, what they counsell how too doe, is done.

108

And nothing now, but to confirme him king,
Remaines (which must not long remaine) to do.
The present heate doth strait dispatch the thing,
With all those solemne rites that long thereto:
So that, what *Yorke*, with all his trauayling,
Force and intrusion, could not get vnto,
Is now thus freely layd vpon his sonne;
Who must make faire, what fowlly was begunne.

Whose

109

Whoſe end, attayn'd, had it here made an end
Of foule deſtruction, and had ſtay'd the bloud
Which *Towton*, *Exham*, *Tewkſbury* did ſpend
With deſp'rate hands, and deeper wounds withſtood;
And that none other Crowne, brought to contend
With that of his, had made his ſeeme leſſe good;
How had this long-afflicted Land been bleſt!
Our ſighes had ended, and my *Muſe* had reſt.

110

Which now (but little paſt halfe her long way)
Stands trembling at the horrors that ſucceed;
Weary with theſe embroylements, faine would ſtay
Her farther courſe, vnwilling to proceed:
And, faine to ſee that glorious holy-day
Of Vnion, which this diſcord reagreed;
Knowes not as yet, what to reſolue vpon;
Whether to leaue-off here, or elſe go-on.

The end of the ſeauenth Booke.

THE EIGHTTH BOOKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

King Edward, *Powre againſt King* Henry *led;*
And hath at Towton-field the victory.
From whence, King Henry *into Scotland fled:*
Where he attempts his States recouery;
Steales into England; is diſcouered;
Brought Priſoner to the Towre diſgracefully.
And Edward, *whiles great* Warwick *doth aſſay*
A Match in France, marries the Lady Grey.

1

ONyet, ſad Verſe: though thoſe bright ſtarres, from (whence
Thou hadſt thy light, are ſet for euermore;
And that theſe times do not like grace diſpenſe
To our indeuours, as thoſe did before:
Yet on; ſince She, whoſe beames do reincenſe
This ſacred fire, ſeemes as reſeru'd in ſtore
To raiſe this Worke, and here to haue my laſt;
Who had the firſt of all my labours paſt.

On

2

On (with her bleſſed fauour) and relate,
With what new bloud-ſhed, this new choſen Lord
Made his firſt entry to th'afflicted State,
Paſt his firſt Act of publique, with the ſword,
Ingor'd his new-worne Crowne, and how he gat
Poſſeſſion of affliction, and reſtor'd
His Right vnto a Royall miſerie;
Maintained with as bloudy dignitie.

Edward beeing proclaimed, and acknowledged for King, preſently ſets forward towards the North, to encounter with K. Hen. 6. who in York-ſhire had aſſembled a puiſſant armie, of neere 60000. men, and at a place called Towton, about 4. miles from Yorke, both their powers met: where was fought the greateſt battaile our ſtories mention, in all theſe ciuill wars. Where both the Armies conſiſted of aboue a 100000. men, & all of our own nation.

3

Shew, how our great Pharſalian Field was fought
At *Towton* in the North; the greateſt day
Of ruine, that diſſenſion euer brought
Vnto this Kingdom: where, two Crownes did ſway
The worke of ſlaughter; two Kings Cauſes wrought
Deſtruction to our People, by the waie
Of their affections, and their loyalties;
As if one, for theſe ills, could not ſuffiſe.

4

Where *Lancaſter* and that couragious ſide
(That noble conſtant Part) came furniſhed
With ſuch a Powre, as might haue terrifi'd
And ouer-run the earth; had they been led
The way of glory, where they might haue tri'd
For th'Empire of all *Europe*, as thoſe did
The Macedonian led into the Eaſt;
Their number being double, at the leaſt.

5

And where braue *Yorke* comes as compleatly mand,
With courage, valour, and with equall might;
Prepar'd to trie with a reſolued hand,
The metall of his Crown, and of his Right:
Attended with his fatall fier-brand
Of Warre, *Warwicke*; that blazing ſtarre of fight,
The Comet of deſtruction, that portends
Confuſion, and diſtreſſe, what way he tends.

What

6

What rage, what madneſs, *England*, do we ſee?
That this braue people, in ſuch multitude
Run to confound themſelues, and all to be
Thus mad for *Lords*, and for meere Seruitude.
What might haue been, if (Roman-like, and free)
Theſe gallant Spirits had nobler ends purſu'd,
And ſtrayn'd to points of glory and renowme,
For good of the Republique and their owne?

7

But, here no *Cato* with a Senate ſtood
For Common-wealth: nor here were any ſought
T'emancipate the State, for publique good;
But onely, headlong, for their faction wrought.
Here, euery man runs-on to ſpend his bloud,
To get but what he had already got.
For, whether *Pompey*, or a *Cæſar* wonne,
Their ſtate was euer ſure to be all one.

8

And, firſt, before theſe fatall Armies met,
Had forward *Warwicke* lay'd the paſſage free,
At *Ferry Brigges*: where the Lord *Clifford* (ſet
With an aduentrous gallant companie
To guard that ſtreight, *Yorkes* farther march to let)
Began the Scene to this great Tragedie;
Made the firſt entrance on the Stage of blood:
Which now, ſet wide for wounds, all open ſtood.

The L. Clifford ſlaine at Ferry Briggs.

9

When, *Edward* to exhort his men began,
With words, whereto both ſpirit and Maieſtie
His pers'nage gave; for-that he was a man
(Beſides a King) whoſe Crowne ſate gracefully.
Com'n is the day, ſayd he, wherin who can
Obtaine the beſt, is Beſt: this day muſt try
Who hath the wrong, and whence our ills haue beene:
And tis our ſwords muſt make vs honeſt men.

For

10

For though our Cauſe, by God and men allow'd,
Hath in it honor, right, and honeſtie:
Yet all, as nothing, is to be avow'd,
Vnleſs withall, we haue the victorie.
For, Iuſtice is (we ſee) a virtue prou d,
And leanes to powre, and leaues weake miſerie.
And therefore, ſeeing the caſe we now ſtand in,
We muſt reſolue either to dy or winne.

11

So that if any here doth finde his heart
To fayle him, for this noble worke, or ſtands
Irreſolute this day; let him depart,
And leaue his Armes behind, for worthier hands.
I knowe, enow will ſtay to doo their part,
Here to redeeme themſelues, wiues, children, landes,
And haue the glory that thereby ſhall riſe,
To free their Country from theſe miſeries.

12

But here, what needed wordes to blowe the fire
In flame already, and inkindled ſo
As when it was proclaym'd, they might retire
Who found vnwillingnes to vnder-goe
That ventrous worke; they all did ſo conſpire
To ſtand out Fortune, that not one would goe,
To beare away a hand from bloud; not one
Defraud the Field of th'euill might be done.

13

The E. of Warwicke, before the Battayle began, with his own hands killed his horſe.

Where *VVarwicke* too (producing, in their ſight,
An argument, whereby he did conclude
There was no hope of ſafetie, but by fight)
Doth ſacrifize his horſe, to Fortitude:
And thereby did the leaſt conceipt of flight,
Or any ſuccour, by eſcape, exclude;
"Se'ing, in the ſtreight of a neceſsitie,
"The meanes to win, is t'haue no meanes to flye.

It

14

It was vpon the twi-light of that day
(That peacefull day) when the Religious beare
The Oliue-branches as they go to pray,
(And we, in lieu, the blooming Palme vſe here)
When both the Armies, ready in array
For th'early ſacrifize of blood, appeare
Prepar'd for miſchiefe, ere they had full light
To ſee to doo it, and to doo it right.

15

Th'aduantage of the time, and of the winde
(Which, both, with *Yorke* ſeeme as retayn'd in pay)
Braue *Faulconbridge* takes hold-on, and aſsign'd
The Archers their flight-ſhafts to ſhoote away:
Which, th'aduerſe ſide (with fleet and dimneſſe, blinde,
Miſtaken in the diſtance of the way)
Anſwere with their ſheafe-arrowes; that came ſhort
Of their intended ayme, and did no hurt.

William Neuile, L. Faulconbridge, after created E. of Kent.

16

But, gath'red by th'on-marching Enemy,
Returned were, like clowdes of ſteele; which powre
Deſtruction downe, and did new-night the ſky;
As if the Day had fayl'd to keepe his howre.
Whereat, the ranged horſe breake-out, deny
Obedience to the Riders, ſcorne their powre,
Diſrank the troupes, ſet all in diſarray,
To make th'Aſſaylant owner of the day.

17

Thus, thou peculiar Ingine of our Land
(Weapon of Conqueſt, Maiſter of the Field)
Renowmed Boaw (that mad'ſt this Crowne command
The towres of *Fraunce*, and all their powres to yeeld)
Art made at home to haue th'eſpeciall hand
In our diſſenſions, by thy worke vp-held:
Thou firſt didſt conquer vs; then rays'd our skill
To vanquiſh others; here our ſelues to ſpill.

And

18

And now how com'ſt thou to be out of date,
And all neglected leav'ſt vs, and art gone?
And with thee, th'ancient ſtrength, the manly ſtate
Of valor, and of worth, that glory wonne?
Or elſe ſtay'ſt thou, till new-priz'd ſhot abate?
(That neuer ſhall affect what thou haſt don)
And oneiy but attend'ſt ſome bleſſed Raigne,
When thou and Virtue ſhalt be grac't againe.

19

But, this ſharp tempeſt draue *Northumberland*,
(Who led the vant-guard of king *Henries* ſide)
With eger heat ioine battaile, out of hand;
And this diſorder, with their ſwords to hide.
Where, twice fiue howres, theſe furious armies ſtand;
And Fortunes Ballance weigh'd on neither ſide;
Nor either did but equall bloud-ſhed gayne,
Till *Henries* chiefeſt leaders all were ſlaine.

In this battaile of Towton on K. Hen. ſide, were ſlaine Hen Percy E. of North. the EE. of Shrewsbury and Deuonſhire. Iohn L. Clifford, the LL. Bewmond, Neuile, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Grey, Dacres, Fitz-hugh, Molineux, Beckingham: Knights, the 2. baſe ſons of Hen. Holland D. of Exceſter, Richard Percie, Geruaſe Clifton, Andrew Trollop. &c. The whole number ſlaine were accompted, by ſome, 33000. by others, 35091.

20

Then, lo, thoſe ſpirits, which from theſe heads deriue
Their motions, gaue off working; and, in haſte,
Turne all their backs to Death, and mainely ſtriue
Who from themſelues ſhall run-away moſt faſt.
The after-flyers on the former driue:
And they againe, by the purſuers chac't,
Make bridges of their fellowes backs, to paſs
The Brooks and Riuers, where-as danger was.

21

Witnes O cleare-ſtream'd *Cock*: within whoſe banks,
So many thouſand, crawling, helpleſs lay,
With wounds and wearineſſe; who, in their rankes,
Had valiantly behav'd themſelues that daie:
And might haue had more honour, and more thankes
By ſtanding to their worke, and by their ſtay.
" But men, at once, life ſeeme to loue and loath;
" Running to loſe it, and to ſaue it both.

Vnhappy

22

Vnhappy *Henrie*, from a little Hill,
Plac't not far off (whence he might view the fight)
Had all th'intire full proſpect of this ill,
With all the ſcattered ſlaughter, in his ſight:
Saw how the victor rag'd, and ſpoil'd at wil,
And left not off when all was in his might:
Saw, with how great adoo himſelfe was wonne;
And with what ſtore of blood Kings are vndone.

23

We are not worth ſo much, nor I, nor he,
As hath beene ſpent for vs, by you this day,
Deare people, ſaid he: therefore, O, agree,
And leaue off miſchiefe, and your malice ſtay.
Stay, *Edward*, ſtay. They muſt a People bee,
When we ſhall not be Kings: and it is they,
Who make vs with their miſeries. Spare them,
For whom thou thus doſt ſeeke a Diadem.

24

For me, I could be pleaſ'd t'haue nought to doe
With Fortune; and content, my ſelfe were ill,
So *England* might be well; and that t'vndoe
Me, might ſuffice the ſword, without more ill.
And yet perhaps, theſe men, that cleaue vnto
The parts of Princes, with ſuch eger will,
Haue likewiſe their owne ends, of gaine or hate,
In theſe our ſtrifes, and nouriſh this debate.

25

Thus ſtood he (drawing lines of his diſcourſe)
In contemplation; when, more needfully,
It did import him to deuiſe a courſe,
How he might ſhift for his recouery:
And had beene taken had not ſome by force,
Reſcu'd, and drawne him off, more ſpeedilie;
And brought him vnto *Yorke*, in all maine poſte:
Where he firſt told his Queen, the daie was loſt.

Queen Margaret with her ſonn were in the City of Yorke, expecting the euent of this Battaile.

25

Who, as compos'd of that firme temp'rature
Which could not bend to baſe complaynts, nor wayle
As weakenes doth (fore-knowing how t'indure)
Fayl'd not her ſelfe, though Fortune did her fayle;
But, rather caſts-about how to procure
Meanes to reſerue her part, and to preuaile
Of that poore time, left her to ſaue her owne;
As one though ouer-come, not ouer-throwne:

26

Now, when ſhe had of fatall *Lancaſter*
Seene all the pillars cruſht and ruined,
That vnder-ſet it; all that followed her
Of thoſe heroicke perſonages, dead,
Saue onely *Sommerſet*, and *Exceſter*
(Who from this laſt deſtruction hardly fled)
And ſaw all loſt, and nothing in her might,
But onely that which muſt be ſav'd by flight:

27

Now, when there was no North left, of their owne,
To draw vnto; no ſide, to gather head;
No people to be rays'd, t'an emptie Crowne;
Nor yet the ground their owne, whereon they tread.
When yet your faith (worthy of all renowne)
Conſtant *Northumbrians*, firme continued:
And, though you could not render ſuccors fit
Vnto your Sov'raigne, you would ſaue him yet;

28

And be (as few men, in this world, are) true
Vnto affliction, and to miſerie:
And would not baſely purchace and renew
Your peace, and ſafetie, by diſloyaltie:
But wrought, that though the Victor did purſue,
With greedy care and egre induſtrie,
To haue ſurpriz'd him; yet was all in vaine,
Till he recouered *Berwicke*, with his Traine.

Where

29

Where now, he was at ſome more vacancie
To vnderſtand, and ſee himſelfe vndone:
Which, in this ſodaine-comming miſery,
He had no leaſure to conſider-on.
And now ſurueies he that poore company,
Attending on himſelfe, his wife, and ſonne;
Sees how that all the State, which ſerv'd his Crowne,
Was ſhut within the walls of one ſmall towne:

30

Beholds there, what a poore diſtreſſed thing,
A King without a people was; and whence
The glory of that Mightineſſe doth ſpring,
That ouer-ſpreds (with ſuch a reuerence)
This vnder-world: whence comes this furniſhing
And all this ſplendor of Magnificence:
He ſees, what chayre ſo-euer Monarch ſate
Vpon, on Earth, the People was the State.

31

And yet, although he did contayne no more
Then what he ſaw; yet ſaw a peece ſo ſmall
Could not containe him. What he was before,
Made him vncapable of any wall,
To yeeld him ſuccour now: he muſt haue more,
Then onely this ſmall Holde, or none at all.
And therefore, this (ſe'ing it auayl'd him not,
Nor could he keepe) he renders to the Scot;

32

As th' Earneſt, to confirme and ratifie
The league betweene them two, newly begun.
Whereof to make more ſure and faſter tye,
He promiſt, too, th'alliance of his ſonne:
And all that might ſecure their amity,
With willingneſſe, on either ſide was done.
And heere they practiſe, all they can deuiſe,
To turne reuenge vpon their Enemyes.

Hen. 6 deliuers the towne of Berwicke to the K. of Scot.

33

Thus, *England*, didſt thou ſee the mightieſt King
Thou euer hadſt (in Power and Maieſty
Of State, and of Dominions; gouerning
A moſt magnificent Nobility;
With an aduent'rous people, flouriſhing
In all the glories of felicitie)
Chac't from his kingdom, forc't to ſeeke redreſſe
In parts remote, diſtreſt and ſuccourleſſe.

34

Now *Bullingbrook*, theſe miſeries, heere ſhowne,
Doo much vnlode thy ſinne; make thy ill, good.
For, if thou did didſt by wrong, attaine the Crowne,
T'was without cryes; it coſt but little bloud:
But, *Yorke*, by his attempt hath ouer-throwne
All the beſt glorie wherein *England* ſtood;
And did his ſtate by her vndooing winne:
And was, though white without, yet red within.

35

And thus he hath it: and is now to deale
For th' intertaining and continuance
Of mens affections; and to ſeeke to heale
Thoſe foul corruptions, which the maintenance
Of ſo long wars bred in the Common-weale.
He muſt remunerate, prefer, aduance,
His chiefeſt friendes; and proſecute, with might,
The aduerſe part; doo wrong, to doo men right:

36

Whil'ſt Martiall *Margaret*, with her hopefull Sonne,
Is trauailing in *France* to purchaſe ayde;
And plots, and toiles, and nothing leaues vndone;
Though all in vaine. For, being thus ouer-lay'd
By Fortune and the Time, all that is done
Is out out of ſeaſon. For ſhe muſt haue ſtay'd
Till that firſt heate of mens affections (which
They beare new Kings) were laid, and not ſo much.

When

37

When they ſhould finde, that they had gayn'd no more,
Then th'Aſſe, by changing of his Maiſters, did;
(Who ſtill muſt labour as he vs'd before)
And thoſe expectancies came fruſtrated,
Which they had ſet vpon th' imagin'd ſcore,
Of their accounts; and had conſidered,
How that it did but little benefite
The Doues; To change the Falcon, for the Kite.

38

And yet braue Queene, for three yeares of his Raigne,
Thou gau'ſt him little breathing time of reſt;
But ſtill his miſeries didſt entertaine
With new attempts, and new aſſaults addreſt:
And, at thy now-returne from *France* againe,
(Suppli'd with forces) once more gathered ſt
An Army for the Field, and brought'ſt, to warre,
The ſcattered parts of broken *Lancaſter*.

Queene Margaret, furniſhed with a great power of Scots and French, to the number of 20000, with her husband entred into Northumberland, took the Caſtle of Bambrough and after came forward to the Biſhoprick of Durham. Wher Hen. Bewfort D. of Somerſet who had lately beene reconciled to K. Ed. 4. ioined with them, and alſo brought thither with him Sir Ralph Percie, a man of great courage & worth: who were taken in the battaile of Exham, and executed in An. 3. Ed. 4. 1464.

39

And once againe, at *Exham*, ledſt them on
With Scots, and French t'another bloody day;
And there beheldſt thy ſelfe againe vndone,
With all that Reſt, whereon thy fortunes lay.
Where, *Somerſet* (late to King *Edward* gone,
And got his pardon) hauing ſcap't away,
With noble *Percie*, came to bring their blood
Vnto thy ſide, whereto they firſt had ſtood.

40

Where, the Lords, *Molines*, *Roſſe*, and *Hungerford*,
With many elſe of noble Families,
Extinguiſht were; and many that daies ſword
Cut-off their names, in their poſterities.
Where fled, againe, their luckleſſe followed Lord;
And is ſo neere purſu'd by th' enemies,
As th'Enſigne of his Crowne was ſeiz'd vpon,
For him who had before his Kingdome wonne;

41

And ſhortly after, too, his perſon gat.
For, he, now wearied with his long exile,
And miſeries abrode, grew paſſionate,
With longing to returne t' his natiue ſoyle.
And ſe'ing he could not do the ſame, in State;
He ſeekes, diſguiſ'd in faſhion, to beguile
The world a time, and ſteale the libertie
And ſight of his deare Country, priuately:

42

King Hen. was taken in Lancaſhire, and brought to London, with his legs bound to the Stirops, hauing, in his company, onlie Doctor Manning, Deane of Windzor, with another Diuine: who were taken with him and committed to the Tower.

As if there were, for a purſued King,
A couert left on earth, wherein to hide;
When Powre and Iealouſie are trauailing,
And lay to catch affliction, on each ſide.
Miſfortune ſerues, we ſee, for euery thing.
And ſoon he comes, God knows, to be deſcry'd:
And *Edward* hath the booty he deſir'd:
For whoſe eſtabliſhment, all things conſpir'd.

43

Yet, long it was not, ere a fire began
To take, in th' inwardſt Cloſet, where he lay'd
The treaſure of his chiefeſt truſt; and ran
From thence, through al his State, before it ſtaid.
For, be'ing a King, who his whole fortunes wan
With others handes, muſt many leaue vnpay'd:
And could not fill vp that vaſt greedineſſe
Of Expectation, which is bottomleſſe:

44

K. Ed. 4. ſate on the Kings Bench, in open Court, 3 daies together, in Michaelmas Terme An. 2. of his raigne, to vnderſtand how his Lawes were executed.

Though he did all the beſt that in him lay
(As a moſt actiue Prince) to ſatiſfie
The int'reſt of their trauayles, and deſray
The bands contracted twixt his ſoueraignty
And the Republick: ſeeking to allay
All greeuances; reorder equity;
Reform the Barres, that Iuſtice did abuſe;
Lay eaſie on the State, as new Kings vſe.

45

As he, who, hauing found great Treasury,
The first yeare offers, with most gratefull cheere,
A sheepe of gold, to *Iunoes* deity;
And next, of siluer, for the second yeare;
The third, of brasse; and then, neglectiuely,
Nothing at all: So those respects, which were
Borne of a present feeling, mov'd him most;
But soon were with their times and motiues lost.

46

And, what his bounty could not recompense,
He payes with honors, and with dignities.
And (more to angle the beneuolence,
And catch the loue of men, with curtesies)
He oft would make his dignity dispense
With his too lowe familiarities;
Descending, from his Sphere of Maiesty,
Beneath himselfe, very submissiuely.

47

And when he had dispos'd, in some good traine,
His home affaires; he counsells how t'aduance
His forraine correspondence, with the chaine
Of some alliance that might countenance
His Greatnesse, and his quiet intertaine.
Which was thought fittest with some match, of *France*;
To hold that King deme, from subayding such
Who else could not subsist, nor hope so much.

The Earle of Warwicke was sent into France to treat of a mariage between King Edward and the Ladie Bona, daughter to Loyse D. of Sauoy, and sister to the La. Carlote Queene of France: which was there agreed vpon; and Monsieur Damp Martin with others appointed to be sent into Eng. for the full accomplishing thereof.

48

Nor was it now a time to haue contrast
With any forrain mighty Potentate;
But keep the outer doores of each side fast,
Hauing so much to doo within his State.
And, therevpon, was *Warwicke* (by whose cast
All must be wrought) imploy'd to mediate
A present Marriage, to be had betweene
Him, and the sister of the yong French Queene.

49

Which was not long, nor hard to bring to paſſe
Where like reſpects met in a point alike.
So that the ſame as euen concluded was,
And all as done; Lady and friends all like:
When Loue, the Lord of Kings (by whom muſt paſſe
This Act of our Affections) tooke diſlike
That he was not made priuy thereunto;
And therfore, in his wrath, would all vndoe.

But in the meantime, (the firſt of May) the K. maried the La. Elizabeth Grey, daughter to the Dutcheſs of Bedford, late wife to Sir Iohn Grey ſlaine at S. Albones on King Henries part.

50

For, whiles this youthfull Prince, at his diſport
In *Grafton* woods, retyr'd from publick care,
Attending how his ſute in *France* did ſorte
(Whereon his cogitations onely were)
He comes, at home, ſurpris'd in other ſort;
A neerer fire inflam'd his paſſions heere;
An Engliſh Beautie, with more worth indu'd
Then *France* could yeeld, his royall heart ſubdu'd.

51

A wofull widdow, whom his quarrell had
(As it had many moe) made deſolate,
Came to his Court, in mournfull habit clad,
To ſue for Iuſtice, to relieue her ſtate.
And entring as a ſuppliant all ſad;
With gracefull ſorrow, and a comely gate
She paſt the Preſence: where, all eyes were caſt
On her more ſtately preſence, as ſhe paſt.

52

Her lookes, not let-abrode (but carefully
Kept in, reſtraind) held their reſeruedneſſe:
Obſeruing none but her owne dignity,
And his, to whom ſhe did her ſelfe addreſſe.
And, drawing neere his royall Maieſty,
A bluſh of reuerence, not baſhfulneſſe,
Lightned her louely cheeks, and downe ſhe kneeles;
Giues her Petition, for the wrongs ſhe feeles.

53

And, in deliv'ring it, lifts vp her eyes
(The mouingſt Mediatours ſhee could bring)
And ſtrait withdrawes them, in ſubmiſſiue wiſe;
Not fixing them directly on the King:
Who, mov'd with her ſweet faſhion, bade her riſe,
With gentle language full of comforting;
Read her requeſt: but thought not what he read.
The lines, hee view'd, her eyes had figured.

54

Then paus'd a while, and mus'd; as if he weigh'd
The ſubſtance of her ſute. The which, God wote,
Was not the thing he mus'd. And, hauing ſtay'd,
Seem'd to read on againe; but yet reades not:
And ſtill a ſtealing ſide-caſt looke conuai'd
On her ſweet face; as if he had forgot
To be elſe-where, then where he did behold:
And thought not what he did; but what he would.

55

But, leaſt his ſodaine paſſion might haue, there,
More witneſſes then he would wiſh to haue;
He tooke vp his deſires, which poſting were
Beyond their ſtages; and this anſwere gaue:
Madam, we will our ſelfe take time to heare
Your Cauſe at large: wherein we wil you haue
No other reference, but repaire to vs:
Who will accommodate this buſineſſe.

56

She, that expected preſent remedie
(Hearing this dilatory anſwer) thought,
The King found ſcruple in the equitie
Of her requeſt; and thereupon he ſought
To put her to delayes of Court, whereby
She might be tyr'd, and in the end get nought.
And that, which her opinion made more ſtrong,
Was that he ſtudied, and was mute, ſo long.

Which

57

Which forc't from her theſe wordes: My Lord,
Let not my being a *Lancaſtrian* bred
Without mine owne election, diſafford
Me right, or make my Cauſe diſfigured;
Since I am now the ſubiect of your ſword:
Which God hath (with your Right) eſtabliſhed,
To doo vs right: and let not what wee were,
Be now the cauſe to hurt vs as we are.

58

Ladie, miſtake me not: neuer did I
Make war with women, nor vs'd womens war,
Reuenge; but proſecuted honeſtly
My Right, not Men. My quarrels ended are,
With my obtayning of the victorie.
And (Lady) knowe, your Cauſe moues me thus far,
As you ſhall finde, ſayd hee, I doo deſire
To doo you greater right then you require.

59

With this, they part; both, with their thoughts full (charg'd:
She, of her ſute in hand; and he of her:
Wherein, he ſpends that night, and quite diſcharg'd
All other cogitations; to confer,
Firſt, how he might haue her eſtate inlarg'd:
Then, in what ſort her ſeruice to prefer
Vnto his new exſpected Wife and Queene:
Then, how to maske his loue, from being ſeene.

60

For, yet, Luſt was not growne to that degree
To haue no limits; but that ſhame kept-in
The greateſt Greatnes, from this being free
To hold their Wantonneſs to be no ſinne.
For, though Kings cannot ouer-maiſtred bee,
They will be ouer-lookt, and ſeene within:
And, though they could their weakneſſes make ſure;
Yet crymes, though ſafe, can neuer be ſecure.

Sometimes,

61

Sometimes, he thinks it better to prouide
A place retyr'd, and haue her from the Court:
And then, with what pretentions he might hide
His priuat comming, and his oft resort:
Then, by his Queene, if it should be espi'd,
How he might cleare with her, and stop report.
And thus consumes the night: and if hee slept,
He slept those thoughts that with these passions kept.

62

The morning being com'n (and glad he was
That it was com'n) after so long a night
He thought would haue no morning (time did passe
So slowe, and his desires ran-on so light)
A messenger with speed dispatched was,
Of speciall trust, this Lady to inuite
To come t' his presence; though before the time
That Ladies rise: who rarely rise betime.

63

Yet soone shee hastes: and yet that soone seem'd long,
To him whose longing went so swift a pase:
And frets, that such attyring should belong
To that which yeelds it selfe sufficient grace;
Consid'ring how these ornaments may wrong
The set of beautie: which, we see, doth grace
Th' attire it weares, and is not grac't thereby;
As be'ing that onely, which doth take the eye.

64

But now, be'ing com'n, that quarrell of delay
Streight ended was: her presence satisfies
All, what Expectance had layd out for stay:
And he beheld more sweetnesse in her eyes,
And saw her more then she was yesterday:
A cheerlines did with her hopes arise,
That lamped cleerer then it did before,
And made her spirit, and his affections, more,

When

65

When, thoſe who were about him, preſently
Voyded the roome, and left him to confer
Alone with his faire Suter priuatly
(As they who to his courſes conſcious were)
And he began: Madame, the remedie
Which you (in your Petition) ſue-for here,
Shall be allow'd to th'vtmoſt that you craue,
With th'expedition you would wiſh to haue.

66

And here I haue another ſute to you:
Which if you pleaſe to grant, wee both ſhall now
Reſt equally content. Wherewith, there grew
That ſodaine alteration in her brow,
As all were ouer-caſt; and ſo with-drew
That freedome from her lookes (leaſt they ſhould 'low
More then her heart might meane) as they reflect
A narrower and a carefuller aſpect.

67

That when he ſaw this barrier of diſlike
Thus inter-ſet, to keepe his forwardnes
Backe from preſumptiue preſſing; it did ſtrike
That reuerence, as it ſtaide him to expreſſe
His farther will. And ſhe replies: 'Tis like,
When Kings to ſubiects ſue, they meane no leſs
Then to command; nor muſt they be withſtood;
For-that good Kings will ſeeke but what is good.

68

And, in that faire reſpect, your Maieſtie,
According to your will, both muſt and may
Command my ſeruice; who moſt reuerently
Your royall pleaſure euer ſhall obay.
With which word, *pleaſure* (though it doubtfully
In that hard faſtneſſe of condition lay,
Vnder the locke of goodneſſe) he was caſt
In hope, he might obtaine the ſame at laſt.

And

69

And thus reioynes; My pleaſure only ſhall
Be, Madame, for your good; pleaſe it but you
To make it ſo. And, here to tell you all,
I loue you; and therein I tell you true.
What honour may by Kings affections fall,
Muſt light vpon your fortunes, as your due.
And though *France* ſhall a Wife, for faſhion, bring:
You muſt be th'onely miſtreſs of the King.

70

Streight might you ſee, how Scorne, and Feare, & Shame
(All intermixt in one aſpect) returne
The meſſage of her thoughts, before words came.
And firſt, within her brow, in ſtate ſate Scorne;
Shame in her Cheekes; where alſo Feare became
An In-mate too; and both appeare, by turne:
Bluſhes did paleneſs, paleneſs bluſhes chace;
As ſcorning, fearing, ſhaming ſuch diſgrace.

71

She ſcornes to be addeem'd ſo worthleſſe-baſe
As to bee mov'd to ſuch an infamie.
She ſhames to thinke, that ought, within her face,
Should breed th'opinion of immodeſtie.
Shee feares the fatall daunger of the place,
Her loneneſs, and the powre of Maieſtie:
And ſo (confus'd) in feare, in ſhame, in ſcorne,
This Anſwere to his Motion doth returne:

72

My ſov'raigne Lord, it grieues me that you deeme,
Becauſe I in this ſort for Iuſtice ſue,
I would the ſame with mine owne wrong redeeme,
And by diſhonour reobtaine my due:
No: I would hate that right, which ſhould but ſeeme
To be beholding to a wanton view
Or motiue of my perſon, not my Cauſe;
That craues but right, from Iuſtice, and your lawes.

And

73

And knowe, great Monarch, that I more doo waigh
My Diſtaffe with mine honour, then I doo
The mightieſt Scepter, King did euer ſway
Vpon the earth, or Nations bow'd vnto.
I owe ſubiection; which I humbly pay,
With all the outward ſeruice I can doo:
But, Sov'raigne, in the region of my hart
I raigne ſole Queene; no King can force a part.

74

Here; Feare a little interpos'd a touch,
To warne her violence to temporize
With Powre, and State: and ſhe concludes her ſpeach,
With crauing pardon in more humble wiſe;
Yet, in proud humble wiſe: which ſhew'd, how much
She did her honor aboue Greatnes priſe.
And ſo, being full of what ſhe did conceiue,
Deſires to be diſmiſt, and takes her leaue.

75

Here, *Mary Pembrooke* (by whoſe generous brow,
And noble graces, I delineat
Theſe ſhapes of others virtues) could I ſhowe
In what a deſperat and confus'd eſtate
She left this diſappointed King; and how
Loue and Ambition in their glory ſate,
And tyranniz'd on his diuided hart,
Warring each other with a powrefull part.

76

How firſt, Loue vnderneath his Colours brought
The ſtrength of all her gracefull worthineſſe;
And ſets them in th'aduantage of his thought,
Vpon the ſide of Youth and Wantonneſſe:
Then how Ambition, that for glory wrought,
Comes with his State, his Crowne, and Powrfulnes,
And plants her on the ſide of prouidence,
To beat vnfit Affections off from thence.

But,

77

But, I muſt ouer-goe theſe paſſages;
And haſten on my way, to ouer-take
Mine endes, in ſad and grauer buſineſſes;
Wherof I ſhall to you relation make:
And yet my zeale here forc't mee thus t'expreſſe
Elizabeth, for our *Elizaes* ſake;
Who grac't the *Muſes* (which her Times became):
For, they who giue them comfort, muſt haue fame.

78

And I muſt tell you now, when this great fight
Of counter-paſſions had beene throughly try'd,
How in the ende the victorie did light
Vpon Loues forces, as the ſtronger ſide;
And beat downe thoſe reſpects of benefite,
Of honor, greatnes, ſtrength, and all beſide;
And neuer graunted reſt vnto his ſtrife,
Till mariage rites had her confirm'd his wife.

79

Which, that place, where he ſaw her firſt, ſaw donne,
Ere he remov'd his foot: for, Loue is ſtil
In haſte, and (as a Lord, that rules alone)
Admittes no Counſeller, in good nor ill.
For, He and Kings gladly giue eare to none,
But ſuch as ſmooth their wayes, and ſooth their will.
And who will not deſire to giue his voyce
(Be what it will) to prayſe a Princes choyce?

80

Which was (indeed) in virtue, beautie, grace,
And all but fortune, worthy of his bed:
And in that too, had hee but liv'd the ſpace
T'haue ſeene her plentious iſſue fully bred;
That they might haue collated ſtrength and grace
On her weake ſide; which (ſcornd and maliced)
Lay-open vndefenc't, apt to b'vndon
By proud vſurping Powre, when he was gon.

But

81

But now, when fame of this home-choſen Match
Arriu'd in *France* (for there it did arriue,
Ere they could heere attend to make diſpatch
T'impart the ſame to *Warwick*, or contriue
Some colour that in any ſort might fetch
Him fayrely off, and no diſhonor giue)
It ſo much ſtird the humors in thoſe parts,
As marr'd the whole complexion of their hearts.

82

The *French* King ſcornes ſuch an indignity.
VVarwick diſdaines imployment in this caſe.
The *Queene* (inrag'd) with extreame vehemency,
Stormes at her ſiſters and her owne diſgrace.
The Lady *Bona* takes moſt tenderly
To be ſo mockt, with hope of ſuch a Place:
And all blame *Warwick*, and his fraud condem;
Whil'ſt he himſelf, deceiu'd, ſuffers with them:

83

And could not (by all meanes might be deuiz'd)
Vntaſte them of this violent diſguſt;
But that they ſtill held, ſomething lay diſguis'd
Vnder this treaty. So that now he muſt
Bring home his reputation cauteris'd
With th'idle marke of ſeruing others luſt
In friuolous imployments, or be ſent
Out of the way to colour ſome intent.

84

" Which, to himſelfe, made him, with griefe inueigh
" Againſt diſtemp'red kings: who often are
" Ill warrants for their owne affaires; and waigh
" Their luſts, more then their dignity, by far;
" And what a miſerie they haue that ſway
" Their great deſignes; what danger, and what care;
" And often muſt be forc't, be'ing at their becks,
" To crack their reputation, or their necks.

How

85

" How their high fauours like as fig-trees are,
" That growe vpon the sides of rocks; where they
" Who reach their fruit, aduenture must so far
" As t' hazard their deep down-fall and decay.
" Their grace, not fixt; but, as a blazing star
" Burnes out the present matter, and away:
" And how the world could too wel witnesse beare,
" That both their loues and hates like dangerous were.

86

Thus he complaynes, and makes his home-retire;
All disappointed of his purposes.
For, hoping, by this Match, to hold intire
That Lady, with her great alliances;
And haue the King more firm to his desire,
By managing of both their bus'nesses;
He, by this Match (thus made without his mean)
Comes barr'd from al those tying int'rests cleane.

87

For, well he knew, that all his seruice past
Was past; and would not be a future tye
To hold him in, vnlesse that he could cast
To introduce some neere necessity
Of his imployment, that were like to last,
And shut-out all other concurrency.
Without which, nor his Greatnes, nor his Wits,
Could ward him from the Kings vnconstant fits.

88

Which more perplext him, and in neerer sort,
Then what *France* might by his ambassage ghesse,
Or *England* deeme. But, being arriu'd at Cort,
He drawes a Trauerse 'twixt his greeuances;
Lookes like the time: his eye made not report
Of what he felt within: nor was he lesse
Then vsually he was, in euery part;
Wore a cleere face, vpon a clowdy hart:

89

Congratulates the Queene; commends the King
For his rare choice; proteſting her to be
Far beyond all, the world beſide could bring
To fit his liking; and that he did ſee
The Lady *Bona* was a peeuiſh thing,
Sullayne, and proud; and would in no degree
Haue pleaſ'd his humor, or in any ſort
Haue ſatisfi'd the Ladies of this Cort.

90

And, after hauing finiſht all the rite
Of complement and interuiſiting;
He humbly craues diſmiſſion that he might
Retyre a while, t' attend the managing
And ſetting of his country-buſ'neſſe right;
Whereby the better to attend the King:
From whom he parts; and neuer ſeem'd more deere,
More grac't, nor yet himſelfe of fre'er cheere.

91

Firſt, *VVarwick*-Caſtle (that had ſeldome knowne
The Maiſter there) he viſits; and from thence
Goes t'other goodly Mannours of his owne.
Where, ſeene with ioy, with loue, with reuerence;
(King of him ſelfe,) he findes that there is ſhow'n
The vſe of life, the true magnificence,
T'inioy his Greatneſſe: which, at Corte, in vaine
Men toyle-for, and yet neuer doo attaine.

92

Which, his religious Confeſſor (who beſt
Could caſt, with what a violent acceſſe,
This feuer of Ambition did moleſt
His ſtill-ſick minde) takes hold-on; to addreſſe
(Vpon th'aduantage of this little reſt)
Some lenitiues, t'allay the firyneſſe
Of this diſeaſe; which (as a maladie,
Seiz'd in the Spirits) hath ſeldom remedy.

And

93

" And thus ſets on him: See, my Lord, how heere
" Th'eternall Prouidence of God hath brought
" You to the Shore of ſafetie (out of feare)
" From all the waues of miſery, that wrought
" To ouer-whelm you; and hath ſet you cleare,
" Where you would bee; with hauing (which you ſought
" Through all theſe hazards of diſtreſſe) a King
" Of your owne making and eſtabliſhing.

94

" And now, my Lord, I truſt you will ſit downe,
" And reſt you, after all this paſſed thrall,
" And be your ſelfe (a Prince within your owne)
" Without aduent'ring any more at all
" Your ſtate in others Bottomes; hauing knowne
" The dangers that on mighty Actors fall;
" Since, in the foot of your accompts, your gaynes
" Come-ſhort to make euen reck'ning with your paines.

95

" Inioy now what you wrought-for, in this ſort
" (If great-mens Endes be to enioy their Endes)
" And knowe, the happieſt powre, the greateſt port,
" Is onely that which on it ſelfe depends.
" Heere haue you State inough to be a Cort
" Vnto your ſelfe; here, where the world attends
" On you, not you on it, obſerued ſole:
" You, elſe-where but a part, are heere the whole.

96

" Th'aduantages of Princes, are (we ſee)
" But things conceiu'd imaginarily.
" For, euery ſtate of fortune, in degree,
" Some image hath of principalitie:
" Which they inioy more naturall and free,
" Then can great Powers, chain'd with obſervancie,
" And with the fetters of reſpect ſtill ty'd;
" Being eaſier far to follow then to guide.

97

" And what are Corts, but Camps of miſery?
" That doo beſiege mens ſtates, and ſtill are preſt
" T'aſſaile, prevent, complot, and fortifie;
" In hope t'attaine, in feare to be ſuppreſt:
" Where, all with ſhewes, and with apparancie,
" Men ſeeme, as if for ſtratagems addreſt:
" Where, Fortune, as the Woolfe, doth ſtill prefer
" The fowleſt of the traine that followes her.

98

" And where, fayre hopes are lay'd (as ambuſhments)
" To intercept your life, and to betray
" Your liberty to ſuch intanglements,
" As you ſhal neuer-more get cleare away:
" Where, both th' ingagement of your owne intents,
" And others recknings, and accounts, ſhall lay
" Such waights vpon you, as you ſhal not part,
" Vnleſſe you breake your credit, or your heart.

99

" Beſides: as exiles, euer from your homes
" You liue perpetuall in diſturbancy;
" Contending, thruſting, ſhuffling for your roomes
" Of eaſe or honor, with impatiency:
" Building your fortunes, vpon others tombes,
" For other then your owne poſterity.
" You ſee, Corts few aduance; many vndoo:
" And thoſe they do aduance, they ruine too.

100

" And therefore now, my Lord, ſince you are heere,
" Where you may haue your reſt with dignitie;
" Worke that you may continue ſo: and cleare
" Your ſelfe, from out theſe ſtreights of miſery.
" Hold your eſtate and life, as things more deare
" Then to be throwne at an vncertainty.
" Tis time, that you and *England* haue a calme;
" And time, the Oliue ſtood aboue the Palme.

Thus

101

Thus the good Father, with an humble thought
(Bred in a Cellularie lowe retyre)
According to his quiet humor, ſought
T'auert him from his turbulent deſire;
" When the great Earle began: Father, I note
" What you with zeale aduiſe, with loue require:
" And I muſt thanke you, for this care you haue,
" And for thoſe good aduertiſements you gaue.

102

" And truely, Father, could I but get free
" (Without being rent) and hold my dignities;
" That Sheep-cot, which in yonder vale you ſee
" (Beſet with Groues, and thoſe ſweet Springs hard-by)
" I rather would my Palace wiſh to bee,
" Then any roofe, of proudeſt Maieſtie:
" But, that I cannot dooe; I haue my part:
" And I muſt liue, in one houſe, with my hart.

103

" I knowe, that I am fixt vnto a Sphere
" That is ordayn'd to moue. It is the place,
" My fate appoints me; and the region where
" I muſt, what-euer happens, there, imbrace.
" Diſturbance, trauaile, labor, hope and feare,
" Are of that Clime, ingendred in that place.
" And action beſt, I ſee, becomes the Beſt.
" The Starres, that haue moſt glorie, haue no reſt.

104

" Beſides: it were a Cowards part, to fly
" Now from my Holde, that haue held out ſo well;
" It being the Station of my life, where I
" Am ſet to ſerue, and ſtand as Sentinell:
" And muſt, of force, make good the place, or dy,
" When Fate and Fortune (thoſe great States) compell.
" And then, we Lords in ſuch caſe euer are,
" As peace can cut our throats aſwell as war.

105

" And hath her griefes, and her incombrances:
" And doth with idle reſt, deforme vs more
" Then any *Magha* can, or ſorcereſſe,
" With baſely waſting all the Martiall ſtore
" Of heat and ſpirit (which graceth Manlineſſe)
" And makes vs ſtill falſe images adore:
" Beſides profuſion of our faculties,
" In groſſe dull glutt'ny, vap'rous gourmandiſe.

106

" And therefore ſince I am the man I am,
" I muſt not giue a foote, leaſt I giue all.
" Nor is this Bird within my breaſt ſo tame,
" As to be fed at hand, and mockt with-all.
" I rather would my ſtate were out of frame,
" Then my renowne ſhould come to get a fall.
" No, no: th' vngratefull boy ſhall neuer think,
" That I, who him inlarg'd to powre, will ſhrink.

107

" What is our life, without our dignitie?
" Which oft, we ſee, comes leſſe by liuing long.
" Who euer was there worth the memorie,
" And eminent indeed, but ſtill dy'd young?
" As if worth had agreed with deſtinie,
" That time, which rightes them, ſhould not doo thē wrong.
" Beſides; Old-age doth giue, by too long ſpace,
" Our ſoules as many wrinkles as our face.

108

" And as for my inheritance and ſtate
" (What euer happen) I wil ſo prouide
" That Law ſhall, with what ſtrength it hath, collate
" The ſame on mine, and thoſe to mine ally'd:
" Although I knowe, ſhe ſerues a preſent State,
" And can vndoo againe what ſhee hath ty'd.
" But, that we leaue to him, who poynts-out heyres:
" And howſoeuer, yet the world is theirs.

Where,

109

" Where, they muſt worke it out; as borne to run
" Thoſe Fortunes, which as mightie Families
" (As euer they could be) before haue donne.
" Nor ſhall they gaine, by mine indignities,
" Who may without my courſes be vndonne.
" And who-ſo makes his State, and life, his tyes
" To doo vnworthily, is borne a ſlaue:
" And let him with that brand go to his Graue.

110

Here, would the reuerent Father haue reply'd,
That it were far more Magnanimitie,
T'indure, then to reſiſt: that we are ty'd
As well to beare the inconueniencie
And ſtraynes of Kings and States; as to abide
Vntimely raynes, tempeſts, ſterilitie,
And other ills of Nature that befall:
Which we, of force, muſt be content withall:

111

But that a ſpeedy meſſenger was ſent
To ſhewe, the D. of *Clarence* was hard-by.
And, thereupon, *VVarwicke* breakes-off, and went
(With all his traine attending formally)
To intertaine him, with fit complement;
As, glad of ſuch an opportunitie
To worke vpon, for thoſe high purpoſes
He had conceiv'd in diſcontentednes.

The ende of the eighth Booke.

Faults escaped.

Page.	Line.	Faults.	Corrections.
40.	24.	all	call
61.	9.	This	Tis
204.	14.	our	one.

A LETTER FROM *Octauia* to *Marcus Antonius.*

LONDN.
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1623.

To the right Honourable and moſt vertuous Lady, the Lady MARGARET *Counteſſe of Cumberland.*

ALthough the meaner ſort (whoſe thoughts are
As in another Region, farre below (plac'd
the ſphere of greatneſſe) cannot rightly taſte
What touch it hath, nor right her paſſions know:
Yet haue I here aduentur'd to beſtow
Words vpon griefe, as my griefes comprehend,
And made this great afflicted Lady ſhow,
Out of my feelings, what ſhe might haue pend.
And here the ſame, I bring forth, to attend
Vpon thy reuerent name, to liue with thee
Moſt vertuous Lady, that vouchſaf'ſt to lend
Eare to my notes, and comfort vnto mee,
That one day may thine owne faire vertues ſpread,
B'ing Secretary now but to the dead.

The Argument.

Vpon the ſecond agreement (the firſt being broken through iealouſie of a diſproportion of eminencie) betweene the Triumuiri Octauius Cæſar, Marcus Antonius, & Lepidus: Octauia *the ſiſter of* Octauius Cæſar, *was maried to* Antonius, *as a lincke to combine that which were yet, the greateſt ſtrength Nature, or any power of neareſt reſpect could long hold together, who made but the inſtrument of others ends, and deliuered vp as an Oſtage, to ſerue the opportunity of aduantages, met not with that integrity ſhe brought: but as highly preferred to affliction, encountred with all the grienances that beate vpon the miſery of greatneſſe, expoſed to ſtand betwixt the diuerſe tending humours of vnquiet parties. For* Antonie *hauing yet vpon him the fetters of Ægypt, layd on by the power of a moſt incomparable beauty, could admit no new Lawes into the ſtate of his affection, or diſpoſe of himſelfe, being not himſelfe, but as hauing his heart turned Eaſtward, whither the poynt of his deſires were directed, toucht with the ſtrongeſt allurements that ambition, and a licentious ſouereignty could draw a man vnto: could not truly deſcend to the priuate loue of a ciuill nurtred Matron, whoſe entertainment bounded with modeſty and the nature of her education, knew not to clothe her affections in any other colours, then the plaine habit of truth: wherein ſhe euer ſuted all her actions, and vſed all her beſt ornaments of Honeſtie,*

to winne the good liking of him that held her, but as a Curtaine, drawne betweene him and Octauius, *to ſhadow his other purpoſes withall: which the ſharpe ſight of an equally iealous ambition could ſoone pierce into, and as eaſily looke thorow, and ouer bloud and nature, as he to abuſe it: and therefore, to preuent his aſpiring, he armes his forces, either to reduce* Antonie *to the ranke of his eſtate, or elſe to diſranke him out of ſtate and all. When* Octauia *by the imployment of* Antonie *(as being not yet ready to put his fortune to her tryall) throwes her ſelfe, great with childe, and as big with ſorrow, into the trauell of a moſt labourſome reconciliation: taking her iourney from the fartheſt part of Greece, to finde* Octauius, *with whom her care and teares were ſo good agents, that they effected their Commiſſion beyond all expectation: and for that time quite diſarmed their wrath, which yet long could not hold ſo. For* Antonius *falling into the relapſe of his former diſeaſe, watching his opportunity, got ouer againe into Egypt, where he ſo forgot himſelfe, that hee quite put off his owne nature, and wholly became a prey to his pleaſures, as if he had wound himſelfe out of the reſpect of Countrey, blond and alliance, which gaue to* Octauia *the cauſe of much affliction, and to mee, the Argument of this Letter.*

A Let-

A Letter ſent from *Octauia* to her husband *Marcus Antonius* into Ægypt.

1

TO thee (yet deere) though moſt diſloyall Lord,
Whom impious loue keeps in a barbarous land
Thy wronged wife *Octauia* ſendeth word
Of th'vnkind wounds receiued by thy hand,
Great *Antony*, O let thine eyes afford
But to permit thy heart to vnderſtand
The hurt thou doſt, and doe but reade her teares,
That ſtill is thine though thou wilt not be hers.

2

Although perhaps, theſe my complaints may come
Whilſt thou in th'armes of that inceſtuous Queene,
The ſtaine of Ægypt, and the ſhame of Rome
Shalt dallying ſit, and bluſh to haue them ſeene:
Whilſt proud diſdainfull ſhe, geſſing from whome
The meſſage came, and what the cauſe hath beene,
will ſcorning ſay, Faith this comes from your Deere,
Now Sir you muſt be ſhent for ſtaying heere.

3

From her indeede it comes, delitious Dame,
(Thou royall Concubine and Queene of luſt)
Whoſe armes yet pure, whoſe breaſts are voyde of blame,
And whoſe moſt lawfull flame proues thine vniuſt:
Tis ſhe that ſends the meſſage of thy ſhame,
And his vntruth that hath betraid her truſt:
Pardon, deare Lord, from her theſe ſorrowes are,
Whoſe bed brings neither infamie nor warre.

4

And therefore heare her words, that too too much
Hath heard the wrongs committed by thy ſhame,
Although at firſt my truſt in thee was ſuch,
As it held out againſt the ſtrongeſt fame:
My heart would neuer let in once a touch
Of leaſt beleefe, till all confirm'd the ſame:
That I was almoſt laſt that would belieue,
Becauſe I knew me firſt that moſt muſt grieue.

5

How oft haue poore abuſed I tooke part
With Falſhood, onely for to make thee true?
How oft haue I argued againſt my heart,
Not ſuffering it to know that which it knew?
And for I would not haue thee what thou art,
I made my ſelfe, vnto my ſelfe vntrue:
So much my loue labour'd againſt my ſinne,
To ſhut out feare which yet kept feare within.

6

For I could neuer thinke th'aſpiring mind
Of worthy and victorious *Anthonie*,
Could be by ſuch a Syren ſo declind,
As to be traind a prey to Luxury:
I could not thinke my Lord would be ſ'vnkind,
As to deſpiſe his Children, *Rome* and me:
But O how ſoone are they deceiu'd that truſt,
And more their ſhame that will be ſo vniuſt.

7

But now that certaine fame hath open laid
Thy new relapſe, and ſtrange reuolt from me,
Truth hath quite beaten all my hopes away,
And made the paſſage of my ſorrowes free,
For now poore heart, there's nothing in the way
Remaines to ſtand betwixt Deſpaire and thee:
All is throwne downe, there comes no ſuccours new,
It is moſt true, my Lord is moſt vntrue.

8

And now I may with ſhame inough pull in
The colours I aduanced in his grace,
For that ſubduing powre, that him did win,
Hath loſt me too, the honour of my face:
Yet why ſhould I, be aring no part of ſinne,
Beare ſuch a mighty part of his diſgrace?
Yes, though it be not mine, it is of mine:
And his renowne being clips'd, mine cannot ſhine.

9

Which makes me, as I doe, hide from the eye
Of the miſiudging vulgar that will deeme,
That ſure there was in me ſome reaſon why
Which made thee thus, my bed to diſeſteeme:
So that alas, poore vndeſeruing I,
A cauſe of thy vncleane deſerts ſhall ſeeme,
Though luſt takes neuer ioy in what is due,
But ſtill leaues knowne delights to ſeeke out new.

10

And yet my brother *Caſar* laboured,
To haue me leaue thy houſe, and liue more free,
But God forbid *Octauia* ſhould be led,
To leaue to liue in thine, though left by thee,
The pledges here of thy forſaken bed,
Are ſtill the obiects that remember me
What *Antony* was once, although falſe now,
And is my Lord, thoug he neglect his vow.

11

Theſe walles that here doe keepe me out of ſight,
Shall keepe me all vnſpotted vnto thee,
And teſtifie that I will doe thee right,
Ile neuer ſtaine thy houſe, though thou ſhame me:
The now ſad Chamber of my once delight,
Shall be the Temple of my pietie,
Sacred vnto the faith I reuerence,
Where I will pay my teares for thy offence.

12

Although my youth, thy abſence, and this wrong
Might draw my bloud to forfeit vnto ſhame,
Nor neede I fruſtrate my delights ſo long,
That haue ſuch meanes to carry ſo the ſame,
Since that the face of greatneſſe is ſo ſtrong,
As it diſſolues ſuſpect, and beares out blame,
Hauing all ſecret helpes that long thereto,
That ſeldome wants there aught, but will to do.

13

Which yet to doe, ere luſt this heart ſhall frame,
Earth ſwallow me aliue, Hell rap me hence:
Shll I, becauſe diſpis'd, contemne my ſhame,
And adde diſgrace to others impudence?
What can my powre, but giue more powre to fame?
Greatneſſe muſt make it great incontinence:
Chambers are falſe, the bed and all will tell,
No doore keepes in their ſhame that doe not well.

14

Hath greatneſſe aught peculiar elſe alone,
But to ſtand faire and bright aboue the baſe?
What doth diuide the Cottage from the Throne,
If vice ſhall lay both leuell with diſgrace?
For if vncleanneſſe make them but all one,
What priuiledge hath Honour by his place?
What though our ſinnes goe braue and better clad,
They are as thoſe in ragges, as baſe, as bad.

15

I know not how, but wrongfully I know
Hath vndiſcerning cuſtome plac'd our kind
Vnder deſert, and ſet vs farre below
The reputation to ours ſexe aſſign'd:
Charging our wrong reputed weakneſſe, how
We are vnconſtant, fickle, falſe, vnkinde:
And though our life with thouſand proofes ſhewes no,
Yet ſince ſtrength ſaies it, weakeneſſe muſt be ſo.

16

Vnequall partage to b'allow'd no ſhare
Of power to doe of lifes beſt benefit:
But ſtand, as if we interdicted were
Of vertue, action, liberty and might:
Muſt you haue all, and not vouchſafe to ſpare
Our weakneſſe any int'reſt of delight?
Is there no portion left for vs at all,
But ſufferance, ſorrow, ignorance and thrall?

17

Thrice happy you, in whom it is no fault,
To know, to ſpeake, to doe, and to be wiſe:
Whoſe words haue credit, and whoſe deedes, though naught,
Muſt yet be made to ſeeme farre otherwiſe:
You can be onely heard, whilſt we are taught
To hold our peace, and not to exerciſe
The powers of our beſt parts, becauſe your parts
Haue with our freedome robb'd vs of our harts.

18

We, in this priſon of our ſelues confin'd,
Muſt here ſhut vp with our owne paſſions liue
Turn'd in vpon vs, and denied to find
The vent of outward meanes that might relieue:
That they alone muſt take vp all our mind:
And no roome left vs, but to thinke and grieue,
Yet oft our narrowed thoughts looke more direct
Then your looſe wiſedomes born with wild neglect.

19

For, ſhould we to (as God forbid we ſhould)
Carry no better hand on our deſires
Then your ſtrength doth, what int'reſt could
Our wronged patience pay you for your hires?
What mixture of ſtrange generations would
Succeede the fortunes of vncertaine Sires?
What foule confuſion in your bloud and race
To your immortall ſhame and our diſgrace?

What?

20

What? are there barres for vs, no bounds for you?
Muſt Leuitie ſtand ſure, though Firmeneſſe fall?
And are you priuiledg'd to be vntrue,
And we no grant to be diſpens'd withall?
Muſt we inuiolable keepe your due,
Both to your loue, and to your falſhood thrall?
Whilſt you haue ſtretch't your luſt vpon your will,
As if your ſtrength were licenc'd to doe ill.

21

O if you be more ſtrong, then be more iuſt
Cleere this ſuſpition, make not the world to doubt,
Whether in ſtrong or weake be better truſt,
If frailty or elſe valour be more ſtout:
And if we haue ſhut in our hearts from luſt,
Let not your bad example let them out,
Thinke that there is like feeling in our bloud,
If you will haue vs good, be you then good.

22

Is it, that loue doth take no true delight
In what it hath, but ſtill in what it would,
Which drawes you on to doe vs this vnright,
Whilſt feare in vs, of looſing what we hold,
Keepes vs in ſtill to you, that ſet vs light,
So that, what you vnties, doth vs infolde?
Then Loue, tis thou that doſt confound vs ſo,
To make our truth the occaſion of our wo.

23

Diſtreſſed woman kind, that either muſt
For louing looſe your loues, or get neglect:
Whilſt wantons are more car'd for then the iuſt,
And falſhood cheriſht, Faith without reſpect:
Better ſhe fares in whom is leſſe truſt,
And more is lou'd that is in more ſuſpect.
Which (pardon me) ſhewes no great ſtrength of mind
To be moſt theirs, that vſe you moſt vnkind.

24

Yet well it fits for that ſinne euer muſt
Be tortur'd with the racke of his owne frame,
For he that holdes no faith, ſhall find no truſt,
But ſowing wrong, is ſure to reape the ſame:
How can he looke to haue his meaſure iuſt,
That fils deceit, and reckons not of ſhame,
And being not pleas'd with what he hath in lot,
Shall euer pine for that which he hath not?

25

Yet if thou couldſt not loue, thou mightſt haue ſem'd
Though to haue ſeem'd, had likewiſe beene vniuſt:
Yet ſo much are leane ſhewes of vs eſteem'd,
That oft they feede, though not ſuffice our truſt:
Becauſe our nature grieueth to be deem'd
To be ſo wrong'd, although we be, and muſt,
And it's ſome eaſe yet to be kindly vs'd
In outward ſhew, though ſecretly abus'd.

26

But woe to her that both in ſhew deſpis'd
And in effect diſgrac'd, and left forlorne,
For whom no comforts are to be deuis'd,
Nor no new hopes can euermore be borne:
O *Antony*, could it not haue ſuffiz'd
That I was thine, but muſt be made her ſcorne
That enuies all her bloud, and doth deuide
Thee from thy ſelfe, onely to ſerue her pride?

27

What fault haue I committed that ſhould make
So great diſlike of me and of my loue?
Or doth thy fault but an occaſion take
For to diſlike what moſt doth it reproue?
Becauſe the conſcience gladly would miſtake
Her owne miſdeeds which ſhe would faine remoue;
And they that are vnwilling to amend,
Will take offence, becauſe they will offend.

28

Or hauing runne beyond all pardon quite,
They flie and ioyne with ſinne as wholly his,
Making it now their ſide, their part, their right,
And to turne backe, would ſhew t'haue done amiſſe:
For now they thinke, not to be oppoſite
To what obraides their fault, were wickedneſſe:
So much doth folly thruſt them into blame,
That euen to leaue off ſhame, they count it ſhame.

29

Which doe not thou, deere Lord, for I doe not
Purſue thy fault, but ſue for thy returne
Backe to thy ſelfe, whom thou haſt both forgot
With me, poore me, that doth not ſpight, but mourne
And if thou couldſt as well amend thy blot
As I forgiue, theſe plaints had beene forborne:
And thou ſhouldſt be the ſame vnto my hart
Which once thou were, not that which now thou art.

30

Though deepe doth fit the hard recouering ſmart
Of that laſt wound (which God grant be the laſt)
And more doth touch that tender feeling part
Of my ſad ſoule, then all th'vnkindneſſe paſt:
And *Antony*, I appeale to thine owne hart,
(If th'heart which once was thine thou yet ſtill haſt)
To iudge if euer woman that did liue
Had iuſter cauſe, then wretched I, to grieue.

31

For co.ming vnto *Athens*, as I did,
Weary and weake with toyle, and all diſtreſt,
After I had with ſorrow compaſſed
A hard conſent, to grant me that requeſt:
And how my trauell was conſidered,
And all my care and coſt, thy ſelfe knowes beſt:
That wouldſt not moue one foote from luſt for me,
That had left all was deere to come to thee.

For

32

For firſt what great adoe had I to win
M'offended brother *Cæſars* backward will?
And praid, and wept, and cride to ſtay the ſinne
Of ciuill rancor riſing twixt you ſtill:
For in what caſe ſhall wretched I be in,
Set twixt both, to ſhare with both your ill?
My bloud ſaid I with either of you goes,
Who euer win, I ſhall be ſure to loſe.

33

For what ſhame ſhould ſuch mighty perſons get,
For two weake womens cauſe to diſagree?
Nay, what ſhall I that ſhall be deem'd to ſet
Th'inkindled fire, ſeeming inflam'd for me?
O if I be the motiue of this heate,
Let theſe vnguilty hands the quenchers be,
And let me trudge to mediate an accord
The agent twixt my brother and my Lord,

34

With prayers, vowes and teares, with vrging hard
I wrung from him a ſlender grant at laſt,
And with the rich prouiſions I prepar'd
For thy (intended Parthian warre) made haſte,
Weighing not how my poore weake body far'd,
But all the tedious difficulties paſt:
And came to *Athens*; whence I *Niger* ſent,
To ſhew thee of my comming and intent.

35

Whereof, when he had made relation,
I was commanded to approach no neare;
Then ſent I backe, to know what ſhould be done
With th'horſe, and men, and money I had there:
Whereat perhaps when ſome remorſe begun
To touch thy ſoule, to thinke yet what we were,
Th'inchantreſſe ſtrait ſtept twixt thy heart and thee,
And intercepts all thoughts that came of mee.

36

She armes her teares, the ingins of deceit
And all her batterie, to oppoſe my loue,
And bring thy comming grace to a retreit,
The powre of all her ſubtilty to proue:
Now pale and faint ſhe languiſhes, and ſtrait
Seemes in a ſound, vnable more to moue:
Whilſt her inſtructed fellowes ply thine eares
With forged paſſions, mixt with fained teares.

37

Hard-hearted Lord, ſay they, how canſt thou ſee
This mighty Queene, a creature ſo diuine
Lie thus diſtreſt, and languiſhing for thee,
And onely wretched, but for being thine?
Whilſt baſe *Octauia* muſt intitled be
Thy wife, and ſhe eſteem'd thy Concubine:
Aduance thy heart, raiſe it vnto his right,
And let a Scepter baſer paſſions quit.

38

Thus they aſſaile thy natures weakeſt ſide,
And worke vpon th'aduantage of thy minde,
Knowing where iudgement ſtood leaſt fortified,
And how t'incounter folly in her kinde:
But yet the while, O what doſt thou abide,
Who in thy ſelfe ſuch wraſtling thoughts doſt finde?
In what confuſed caſe is thy ſoule in,
Rackt betwixt pitty, ſorrow, ſhame and ſin?

39

I cannot tell, but ſure I dare beleeue
My trauels needs muſt ſome compaſſion moue:
For no ſuch locke to bloud could Nature giue
To ſhut out Pitty, thoug it ſhut out Loue:
Conſcience muſt leaue a little way to grieue
To let in horror comming to reproue,
The guilt of thine offence that caus'd the ſame,
For deepeſt wounds the hand of our owne ſhame.

40

Neuer haue vniuſt pleaſures beene compleete,
Inioyes intire,but ſtill feare kept the dore,
And held backe ſomething from that full of ſweete,
To interſowre vnſure delights the more:
For neuer did all circumſtances meete
With thoſe deſires which were conceiu'd before,
Some thing muſt ſtill be left to checke our ſinne,
And giue a touch of what ſhould not haue bin.

41

Wretched Mankinde,wherfore hath nature made
The lawfull vndelightfull,th'vniuſt ſhame?
As if our pleaſure onely were forbade,
But to giue fire to luſt, t'adde greater flame:
Or elſe, but as ordained more to lade
Our heart with paſſions to confound the ſame,
Which thought it be, yet adde not worſe to ill,
Do,as the beſt men do, bound thine owne will.

42

Redeeme thy ſelfe,and now at length make peace
With thy diuided heart oppreſt with toile:
Breake vp this warre,this breſt diſſention ceaſe,
Thy paſſions to thy paſſions reconcile:
I do not onely ſeeke my good t'increaſe,
But thine owne eaſe,and liberty: the while
Thee in the circuit of thy ſelfe confine,
And be thine owne,and then thou wilt be mine.

43

I know my pittied loue,doth aggrauate
Enuy and Wrath for theſe wrongs offered:
And that my ſuffrings adde with my eſtate,
Coales in thy boſome,hatred on thy head:
Yet is not that,my fault,but,my hard fate,
Who rather wiſh to haue beene vnpitied
Of all but thee,then that my loue ſhould be
Hurtfull to him that is ſo deere to me.

44

Cannot the buſie world let me alone,
To beare alone the burthen of my griefe,
But they muſt intermeddle with my mone,
And ſeeke t'offend me with vnſought reliefe?
Whilſt my afflictions labour to moue none
But onely thee: muſt Pitty play the thiefe,
To ſteale ſo many hearts to hurt my hart,
And moue a part againſt my deereſt part?

45

Yet all this ſhall not preiudice my Lord,
If yet he will but make returne at laſt,
His ſight ſhall raze out of the ſad record
Of my inrowled griefe all that is paſt:
And I will not ſo much as once afford
Place for a thought to thinke I was diſgrac'd:
And pitty ſhall bring backe againe with me
Th'offended harts that haue forſaken thee.

46

And therefore come deere Lord, leſt longer ſtay
Do arme againſt thee all the powres of ſpight,
And thou be made at laſt the wofull pray
Of full inkindled wrath, and ruin'd quite:
But what preſaging thought of bloud doth ſtay
My trembling hand, and doth my ſoule affright?
What horror do I ſee, prepar'd t'attend
The'euent of this? what end vnleſſe thou end?

47

With what ſtrange formes and ſhadowes ominous
Did my laſt ſleepe, my grieu'd ſoule intertaine?
I dreamt, yee O, dreames are but friuolous,
And yet Ile tell it, and God grant it vaine.
A ſea horſe. Me thought a mighty *Hippopotamus*
From *Nilus* floating, thruſts into the maine,
Vpon whoſe backe, a wanton Mermaide ſate,
As if ſhe rul'd his courſe, and fleer'd his fate.

With

48

With whom t'incounter, forth another makes,
Alike in kind, of ſtrength and powre as good:
At whoſe ingrappling, *Neptunes* mantle takes
A purple colour, dyde with ſtreames of bloud,
Whereat this looker on amaz'd, forſakes
Her Champion there, who yet the better ſtood:
But ſe'ing her gone, ſtrait after her he hies,
As if his heart and ſtrength lay in her eyes.

49

On followes Wrath vpon Diſgrace and Feare,
Whereof th'euent forſooke me with the night,
But my wak'd cares, gaue me, theſe ſhadowes were
Drawne but from darkeneſſe to inſtruſt the light,
Theſe ſecret figures, natures meſſage beare
Of comming woes, were thy deſciphered right,
But if as cloudes of ſleepe thou ſhalt them take,
Yet credite Wrath and Spight that are awake.

50

Preuent, great ſpirit, the tempeſts that begin,
If Luſt and thy Ambition haue left way
But to looke out, and haue not ſhut all in,
To ſtop thy iudgement from a true ſuruay
Of thy eſtate, and let my hart within
Conſider in what danger thou doſt lay
Thy life and mine, to leane the good thou haſt,
To follow hopes with ſhadowes ouercaſt.

51

Come, come away from wrong, from craft, from toile,
Poſſeſſe thine owne with right, with trueth, with peace:
Breake from theſe ſnares, thy iudgment vnbeguile,
Free thine owne torment, and my griefe releaſe.
But whither am I carried all this while
Beyond my ſcope, and know not when to ceaſe?
Words ſtill with my increaſing ſorrowes grow:
I know t'haue ſaid too much, but not enow.

Wherefore no more, but onely I commend
To thee the hart that's thine, and ſo I end. *Finis.*

A FVNERALL POEME.

Vpon the Death of the late noble *Earle of Deuonſhire.*

NOW that the hand of death hath laid thee there
Where neither greatneſſe, pompe, nor grace, we ſee
Nor any differences of earth and where
No vaile is drawne betwixt thy ſelfe and thee.
Now *Deuonſhire* that thou art but a name
And all the reſt of thee beſides is gone,
When men conceiue thee not but by the fame
Of what thy vertue, and thy worth haue done.
Now ſhal my verſe which thou in life didſt grace,
(And which was no diſgrace for thee to do)
Not leaue thee in the graue, that ougly place
That few regard, or haue reſpect vnto,
Where all attendance, and obſeruance ends,
Where all the Sunſhine of our fauour ſets,
Where what was ill, no countenance defends.
And what was good, th'vnthankfull world forgets.
Here ſhalt thou haue the ſeruice of my pen
(The tongue of my beſt thoughts) and in this caſe
I cannot be ſuppoſde to flatter, when
I ſpeake behinde thy backe not to thy face:
Men neuer ſooth the dead but where they do
Find liuing tyes, to hold them therevnto.

And I ſtand cleere from any other chaine
Then of my loue which freeborne, draws free breath
The benefit thou gau'ſt me to ſuſtaine
My humble life, I looſe it by thy death.
Nor was it ſuch, as it could lay on me
Any exaction of reſpect ſo ſtrong,
As t'inforce m'obſeruance, beyond thee,
Or make my conſcience differ from my tongue
For I haue learnt it is the property
For free men to ſpeake truth, for ſlaues to lye.
And therefore I ſincerely will report
Firſt how thy parts were faire conuaid within
How that braue minde was built and in what ſort
All thy contexture of thy heart hath beene,
Which was ſo nobly fram'd ſo well compos'd
As vertue neuer had a fraier ſeate
Nor could be better lodg'd nor more repos'd,
Then in that goodly frame, where all things ſweete,
And all things quiet, held a peacefull reſt,
Where paſſion did no ſuddaine tumults raiſe
That might diſturbe her, nor was euer breſt
Contain'd ſo much, and made ſo little noyſe
That by thy ſilent modeſtie is found
The emptieſt veſſells make the greateſt ſound.
For thou ſo well diſcernd'ſt thy ſelfe, had ſtread
Man and his breath ſo well, as made thee force
The leſſe to ſpeake, as being ordain'd to ſpread
Thy ſelfe in action, rather than diſcourſe,
Though thou hadſt made a generall Suruey
Of all the beſt of mens beſt knowledges,
And knew as much as euer learning knew,
Yet did it make thee traſt thy ſelfe the leſſe,
And leſſe preſume and yet when being mou'd
In priuate talke to ſpeake, thou didſt bewray
How fully fraught thou wert within, and prou'd
That thou didſt know what euer wit could ſay

Which

Which ſhew'd thou hadſt not bookes as many haue
For oſtentation, but for vſe and that
Thy bounteous memory was ſuch, as gaue
A large reuenue of the good, it gat.
Witneſſe ſo many volumes whereto thou
Haſt ſet thy notes vnder the learned hand,
And markt them with that print as will ſhew how
The point of thy conceiuing thoughts did ſtand
That none would thinke if all thy life had beene,
Turn'd into leiſure, thou couldſt haue attain'd
So much of time, to haue perus'd and ſeene,
So many volumes that ſo much contain'd.
Which furniture may not be deem'd leaſt rare
A mongſt thoſe ornaments that ſweetly dight
Thy ſolitary *Wanſteed*, where thy care
Had gathered all what heart or eyes delight.
And whereas many others haue, we ſee
All things within their houſes worth the ſight,
Except themſelues that furniture of thee.
And of thy preſence, gaue the beſt delight.
With ſuch a ſeaſon, ſuch a temprature
Wert thou compos'd, as made ſweetnes one.
And held the tenor of thy life ſtill ſure.
In conſort with thy ſelfe in perfect tone
And neuer man had heart more truely ſeru'd
Vnder the regiment of his owne care
And was more at command, and more obſeru'd
The colours of that modeſty he bare
Then that of thine in whom men neuer found
That any ſhew, or ſpeech obſcene, could tell
Of any veine thou hadſt that was vnſound
Or motion of thy powers, that turn'd not well.
And this was thy prouiſion laid within,
Thus wert thou to thy ſelfe, and now remaines.
VVhat to the world thou outwardly haſt beene,
VVhat the dimenſion of that ſide containes,

The Library at Wanſteed.

Which likewiſe was ſo goodly and ſo large
As ſhewes that thou wert borne t'adorne the dayes,
Wherein thou liu'ſt,and alſo to diſcharge
Thoſe parts which Englands and thy fame ſhould raiſe,
Although in peace,thou ſeem'dſt to be all peace
Yet being in warre,thou wert all warre,and there
As in thy ſpheere thy ſpirits did neuer ceaſe
To moue with indefagitable care
And nothing ſeem'd more to arride thy heart
Nor more inlarge thee into iollity,
Then when thou ſaweſt thy ſelfe in armour girt
Or any act of armes like to be nye.
The *Belgique* warre firſt tride thy martiall ſpirit,
And what thou wert and what thou wouldſt be found
And markt thee there according to thy merit
With honors ſtampe,a deepe and noble wound.
And that ſame place that rent from mortall men
Immortall *Sidney*,glory of the field
And glory of the Muſes,and their pen
(VVho equall bare the *Caduce* and the *Shield*)
Had likewiſe bin thy laſt,had not the fate
Of *England* then reſeru'd thy worthy blood,
Vnto the preſeruation of a State
That much concern'd her honour and her good,
And thence return'd thee to inioy the blis
Or grace and fauour in *Elizaes* ſight
(That miracle of women who by this
Made thee be held according to thy right
Which faire and happy bleſſing thou mightſt well
Haue farre more rais'd had not thine enemy
Retired priuacy,made thee to ſell
Thy greatnes for thy quite,and deny
To meet faire Fortune,when ſhe came to thee,
For neuer man did his preferment fly,
And had it in that emminent degree,
As thou,as if it ſought thy modeſty.

For

For that which many, whom ambition toyles
And tortures with their hopes, hardly attaine
With all their thruſts, & ſhouldring, plots, and wiles
VVas eaſily made thine without thy paine.
And without any priuate malicing
Or publique greeuance, euery good man ioy'd
That vertue could come cleere to any thing
And faire deſerts to be ſo fairely pay'd
Thoſe benefits that were beſtow'd on thee
VVhere not like fortunes fauours, they could ſee
Eliza's cleere eied iudgement is renown'd
For making choice of thy ability:
But it will euerlaſtingly rebound
Vnto the glory and benignity
Of *Britaines* mighty Monarch, that thou wert
By him aduanced for thy great deſert,
It being the fairer worke of maieſty
With fauour to reward, than to employ.
Although thy ſeruices, were ſuch as they
Might aske their grace themſelues: yet do we ſee
That to ſucceſſe, deſert hath not a way
But vnder Princes that moſt gracious be,
For without thy great valour we had loſt
The deareſt purchaſe euer *England* made,
And made with ſuch profuſe exceeding coſt
Of bloud and charge, to keepe and to inuade:
As communation paid a deerer price
For ſuch a peece of earth, and yet well paid
And well aduentur'd for with great aduice
And happily to our dominions laid
Without which out-let, *England* thou haſt bin
From all the reſt of th'earth ſhut out and pent
Vnto thy ſelfe, and forſt to keepe within,
Inuiron'd round with others gouernment.
Where now by this, thy large imperiall Crowne
Stands boundleſſe in the Weſt, and hath a way

For

For noble times, left to make all thine owne
That lyes beyond it and force all t'obay.
And this important peece like t'haue beene rent
From off thy ſtate, did then ſo tickle ſtand,
As that no ioynture of the gouernment,
But ſhooke, no ligament, no band
Of order and obedience, but were then
Looſe and in tottering, when the charge
Thereof was laid on *Montioy*, and that other men
Chokt by example ſought to put it off.
And he out of his natiue modeſty
(As being no vndertaker) labours too
To haue auoided that which his ability
And Englands *Genius* would haue him to do
Alleadging how it was a charge vnfit
For him to vndergo, ſeeing ſuch a one
As had more power and meanes t'accompliſh it
Then he could haue had there ſo little done.
VVhoſe ill ſucceſſe (conſidering his great worth,
Was ſuch as could that miſchiefe be withſtood,
It had beene wrought) did in it ſelfe bring forth
Diſcouragement that he ſhould do leſſe good,
The ſtate replide, it was not lookt he ſhould
Reſtore it wholy to it ſelfe againe
But only now if poſſible he could
In any faſhion but the ſame retaine
So that it did not fall a ſunder quite
Being thus diſhiuered in a deſperate plight.
With courage on he goes doth exiquute
Which counſell, and returnes with victory
But in what noble faſhion he did ſute
This action with what wit and induſtry,
Is not to be diſgracde in this ſmall carde,
It askes a ſpacious Mappe of more regarde.
Here is no roome to tell with what ſtrange ſpeed
And ſecrecy he vſed to preuent

The enemies deſignes, nor with what heed
He marcht before report, where what he ment
Fame neuer knew her ſelfe till it was done
His drifts and Rumor ſeldome being all one,
Nor will this place conueniency afford
To ſhew how he, when diſmall winter ſtormes
Keepes peace, and makes Mars ſheath his ſword
Toyles him abroad, and noble act performes,
Nor how by maſtring difficulties ſo
In times vnſuall, and by paſſage hard
He brauely came to diſappoint his foe,
And many times ſurpris'd him vnprepared.
Yet let me touch one point of that great Act,
That famous ſiege, the Maſter-worke of all
Where no diſtreſſe nor difficulties lackt
T'afflict his weary tyred Campe with all.
That when inclos'd by powerfull enemies
One either ſide, with feeble troupes he lay
Intrencht in myre, in colde, in miſeries,
Kept waking with Alarumes night, and day.
There were, who did aduiſe him, to withdraw
His army to ſome place of ſafe defence,
From the apparent perill which they ſaw
Was to confound them, or to force them thence.
For now the Spaniard hath poſſeſt three ports
The moſt important of this Ile ſay they,
And ſooner freſh ſupplyments, Spaine tranſports
To them then England can to vs conuay
The Reble is in heart, and now is ioyn'd
With ſome of them already, and doth ſtand
Here ouer vs, with chiefeſt ſtrength combin'd
Of all the deſperate forces of the land
And how vpon theſe diſadvantages
Your doubtfull troupes will fight your *Honour ges*
Th'vn'a inted *Montioy* here to anſwers this.
My worthy friends, the charge of this great ſtate

And

And kingdome to my faith committed is
And I muſt all I can ingeniate
To anſwere for the ſame, and render it
Vpon as faire a reckning as I may,
But if from hence I ſhall once ſtirre my feete,
The kingdome is vndone, and loſt this day
All will fly thither where they find is hart
And feare ſhal haue none ſtand to take his part.
And how ſhall we anſwere our Country then
At our returne, nay anſwere our owne fame?
Which howſoeuer we haue done like men
Will be imbranded with the marke of blame.
And ſince we here are come vnto the point
For which we toild ſo much and ſtaid ſo long,
Let vs not now our trauailes diſappoint
Of th'honour which doth thereunto belong.
We cannot ſpend our blood more worthily
Then in ſo faire a cauſe and if we fall
We fall with glory, and our worth thereby
Shalbe renowned, and held deare of all.
And for my part I count the field to be
The honourableſt bed to die vpon,
And here your eies this day either ſee
My body laid, or els this action done.
The Lord the chiefe and ſoueraigne Generall
Of Hoſts, makes weake to ſtand, the ſtrong to fall.
With which braue reſolution he ſo warm'd
Their ſhaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble worke, which they perform'd
As gallantly as euer men haue done.
Of which tis better nothing now to ſay,
Then ſay too little: For there reſts behind
A Trophey to b'erected, that will ſtay
To all poſterities, and keepe in minde
That glorious act which did a kingdome ſaue,
Kept the Crowne whole and made the peace we haue
And now I will omit to ſhew therefore,
His management of publike buſineſſes:

Which oft are vnder fortunes conduct more
Then ours, and tell his priuate carriages,
VVhich on his owne diſcretion did relie,
VVherewith his ſpirit was furniſht happely,
Milde, affable, and eaſie of acceſſe
He was, but with a due reſeruednes:
So that the paſſage to his fauours lay
Not common to all commers, nor yet was
So narrow, but it gaue a gentle way
To ſuch as fitly might or ought to paſſe:
Nor ſold he ſmoke, nor tooke he vp to day
Commodities of mens attendances,
And of their hopes, to pay them with delay,
And intertaine them with faire promiſes.
But as a man that lou'd no great commerce
With buſineſſe, and with noiſe, he euer flies
That Maze of many waies, which might diſperſe
Him, into other mens vncertainties.
And with a quiet calme ſincerity
H'effects his vndertakings really.
His tongue and heart did not turne-backes, but went
One way, and kept one courſe with what he ment
He vſ'd no maske at all, but euer ware
His honeſt inclination open fac'd,
The frienſhips that he vou'd, moſt conſtant were,
And with great iudgment, and diſcretion plac'd.
And *Deuonſhire* thy faith hath her reward,
Thy nobleſt friends do not forſake thee now,
After thy death, but beare a kind regard,
Vnto thine honour in the Graue, and ſhow,
That worthineſſe, which merits to remaine,
Among th'examples of integrity,
Whereby themſelues no doubt ſhall alſo gaine,
A like regard vnto their memory,
Now muttering enuy, what canſt thou produce
To darken the bright luſter of ſuch parts,
Caſt thy pure ſtone, exempt from all abuſe.
Say what defects could weigh downe theſe deſerts;

Summon

And kingdome to my faith committed is
And I muſt all I can ingeniate
To anſwere for the ſame, and render it
Vpon as faire a reckning as I may,
But if from hence I ſhall once ſtirre my feete,
The kingdome is vndone, and loſt this day
All will fly thither where they find is hart
And feare ſhal haue none ſtand to take his part.
And how ſhall we anſwere our Country then
At our returne, nay anſwere our owne fame?
Which howſoeuer we haue done like men
Will be imbranded with the marke of blame.
And ſince we here are come vnto the point
For which we toild ſo much and ſtaid ſo long,
Let vs not now our trauailes diſappoint
Of th'honour which doth thereunto belong.
We cannot ſpend our blood more worthily
Then in ſo faire a cauſe and if we fall
We fall with glory, and our worth thereby
Shalbe renowned, and held deare of all.
And for my part I count the field to be
The honourableſt bed to die vpon,
And here your eies this day either ſee
My body laid, or els this action done.
The Lord the chiefe and ſoueraigne Generall
Of Hoſts, makes weake to ſtand, the ſtrong to fall.
With which braue reſolution he ſo warm'd
Their ſhaking courage, as they all in one
Set to that noble worke, which they perform'd
As gallantly as euer men haue done.
Of which tis better nothing now to ſay,
Then ſay too little: For there reſts behind
A Trophey to b'erected, that will ſtay
To all poſterities, and keepe in minde
That glorious act which did a kingdome ſaue,
Kept the Crowne whole and made the peace we haue
And now I will omit to ſhew therefore,
His management of publike buſineſſes:

VVhich

Which oft are vnder fortunes conduct more
Then ours, and tell his priuate carriages,
VVhich on his owne diſcretion did relie,
VVherewith his ſpirit was furniſht happely,
Milde, affable, and eaſie of acceſſe
He was, but with a due reſeruednes:
So that the paſſage to his fauours lay
Not common to all commers, nor yet was
So narrow, but it gaue a gentle way
To ſuch as fitly might or ought to paſſe:
Nor ſold he ſmoke, nor tooke he vp to day
Commodities of mens attendances,
And of their hopes, to pay them with delay,
And intertaine them with faire promiſes.
But as a man that lou'd no great commerce
With buſineſſe, and with noiſe, he euer flies
That Maze of many waies, which might diſperſe
Him, into other mens vncertainties.
And with a quiet calme ſincerity
H'effects his vndertakings really.
His tongue and heart did not turne-backes, but went
One way, and kept one courſe with what he ment
He vſ'd no maske at all, but euer ware
His honeſt inclination open fac'd,
The frienſhips that he vou'd, moſt conſtant were,
And with great iudgment, and diſcretion plac'd.
And *Deuonſhire* thy faith hath her reward,
Thy nobleſt friends do not forſake thee now,
After thy death, but beare a kind regard,
Vnto thine honour in the Graue, and ſhow,
That worthineſſe, which merits to remaine,
Among th'examples of integrity,
Whereby themſelues no doubt ſhall alſo gaine,
A like regard vnto their memory,
Now muttering enuy, what canſt thou produce
To darken the bright luſter of ſuch parts,
Caſt thy pure ſtone, exempt from all abuſe.
Say what defects could weigh downe theſe deſerts;

Summon

Summon detraction, to obiect the worſt
That may be told, and vtter all it can.
It cannot find a blemiſh to b'inforſt,
Againſt him, other, then he was a man:
And built of fleſh and blood, and did liue here
Within the region of infirmity,
VVhere all perfections neuer did appeare,
To meet in any one ſo really,
But that his frailty euer did bewray,
Vnto the world, that he was ſet in clay.
And *gratitude*, and *charity* I know,
Will keepe no note, nor memory will haue
Of ought, but of his worthy vertues now
Which ſtill will liue the reſt lies in his Graue.
Seeing only ſuch ſtand euer baſe and low.
That ſtrike the dead, or mutter vnder-hand:
And as dogges bark at thoſe they do not know.
So they at ſuch they do not vnderſtand.
The worthier ſort, who know we do not liue
With perfect men, will neuer s'vnkind,
They will the right to the diſceaſed giue,
Knowing themſelues muſt likewiſe leaue behind,
Thoſe that will cenſure them. And they know how,
The Lyon being dead euen Hares inſult.
And will not vrge an imperfection now,
When as he hath no party to conſult,
Nor tongue, nor aduocate, to ſhew his minde:
They rather will lament the loſſe they finde,
By ſuch a noble member of that worth,
And know how rare the world ſuch men brings forth.
But let it now ſufficient be, that I,
The laſt Scene of his act of life bewray,
Which giues th'applauſe to all, doth glorifie
The worke. For t'is the euening crownes the day.
This action of our death eſpecially
Shewes all a man. Here only is he found.
With what munition he did fortifie
His heart, how good his furniture hath bin

And this did he performe in gallant wiſe:
In this did he confirme his worthineſſe.
For on the morrow after the ſurpriſe
That ſicknes made on him with fierce acceſſe.
He told his faithfull friend whom he held deere
(And whoſe great worth was worthy ſo to be)
How that he knew thoſe hot diſeaſes were
Of that contagious force, as he did ſee
That men were ouer-tumbled ſudainly,
And therefore did deſire to ſet a courſe
And order t'his affaires as ſpeedily,
As might be, ere his ſicknes ſhould grow worſe
And as for death, ſaid he, I do not wey
I am reſolu'd and ready in this caſe.
It cannot come t'affright me any way,
Let it looke neuer with ſo grim a face:
And I will meete it ſmiling for I know,
How vaine a thing all this worlds glory is.
And herein did he keepe his word. Did ſhow
Indeede as he had promiſed in this.
For ſickneſſe neuer heard him grone at all,
Nor with a ſigh conſent to ſhew his paine,
Which howſoeuer being tirannicall,
He ſweetly made it looke, and did retaine
A louely countenance of his being well,
And ſo would euer make his tongue to tell.
Although the feruour of extremity,
Which often doth throw thoſe defences downe,
VVhich in our health, wallin infirmity,
Might open lay more then we would haue knowne:
Yet did no idle word in him bewray
Any one peece of nature ill ſet in,
Thoſe lightneſſes that any thing will ſay
Could ſay no ill of what they knew within,
Such a ſure locke of ſilent modeſty
VVas ſet in life vpon that noble heart
As that no anguiſh, nor extremity
Could open it t'impaire that worthy part.

For

For hauing dedicated ſtill the ſame
Vnto deuotion, and to ſacred skill,
That furniſh perfect held, that bleſſed flame
Continued to the laſt in feruour ſtill
And when his ſpirit and tongue, no longer could
Do any certaine ſeruices beſide,
Euen at the point of parting, they vnfold
VVith feruent zeale how only he relide
Vpon the merits of the precious death
Of his redeemer, and with rapt deſires
H'appeales to grace, his ſoule deliuereth
Vnto the hand of mercy and expires.
Thus did that worthy, who moſt vertuouſly
And mildly liu'd, moſt ſweete, and mildly dy.
And thus great Patrone of my muſe haue I
Paid thee my vowes and fairely cleer'd the accounts
VVhich in my loue I owe thy memory.
And let me ſay that herein there amounts
Something vnto thy fortune, that thou haſt
This monument of thee perhaps may laſt.
Which doth not t'euery mighty man befall,
For loe how many when they die, die all
And this doth argue too, thy great deſerts
For honour neuer brought vnworthineſſe
Further then to the graue and there it parts
And leaues mens greatnes to forgetfulnes.
And we do ſee that nettles, thiſtles brakes
(The pooreſt workes of nature) tread vpon
The proudeſt frames that mans inuention makes,
To hold his memory when he is gone.
But *Deuonſhire* thou haſt another Tombe
Made by thy vertues in a ſafer roome.

SAMVEL DANIELL.

FINIS.

A PANEGYRIKE *Congratulatorie*,

Deliuered to the Kings moſt excellent Maieſtie, at *Burleigh Harrington* in *Rutland-ſhire*.

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

Alſo certaine Epiſtles, with a defence of Ryme heretofore written, and now Publiſhed by the Author.

Carmen amat, quisquis Carmine digna gerit.

LONDON.
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1623.

A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE to the Kings moſt excellent *Maieſtie*.

1

LOe here the glory of a greater day
Then *England* euer heretofore could ſee
In all her daies! When ſhe did moſt diſplay
The enſignes of her pow'r, or when as ſhe
Did ſpread her ſelfe the moſt, and moſt did ſway
Her ſtate abroade, yet could ſhe neuer be
Thus bleſt at home, nor euer come to grow
To be intire in her full Orbe till now.

2

And now ſhe is, and now in peace therefore
Shake hands with Vnion, O thou mighty State,
Now thou art all *Great-Britaine* and no more,
No Scot, no Engliſh now, nor no debate;
No borders but the Ocean and the ſhore;
No wall of *Adrian* ſerues to ſeparate
Our mutuall loue, nor our obedience,
Being Subiects all to one imperiall Prince.

3

What heretofore could neuer yet be wrought
By all the ſwords of pow'r, by bloud, by fire,
By ruine and diſtruction; here is brought to paſſe
With peace, with loue, with ioy, deſire:
Our former bleſſed vnion hath begot
A greater vnion that is more intire,
And makes vs more our ſelues, ſets vs at one
With Nature that ordain'd vs to be one.

4

Glory of men, this haſt thou brought to vs,
And yet haſt brought vs more then this by farre;
Religion comes with thee, peace, righteouſneſſe,
Iudgement and iuſtice, which more glorious are
Then all thy Kingdomes; and art more by this
Then Lord and Sou'raigne, more then Emperor
Ouer the hearts of men that let thee in
To more then all the pow'rs on earth can win.

5

God makes thee King of our eſtates, but we
Doe make thee King of our affection,
King of our loue, a paſſion borne more free,
And moſt vnſubiect to dominion:
And know, that *England* which in that degree
Can loue with ſuch a true deuotion,
Thoſe that are leſſe then Kings; to thee muſt bring
More loue, who art ſo much more then a King.

6

And King of this great Nation, populous,
Stout, valiant, pow'rfull both by Sea and Land,
Attemptiue, able, worthy, generous,
Which ioyfully embraces thy command;
A people tractable, obſequious,
Apt to be faſhion'd by thy glorious hand
To any forme of honor, t'any way
Of high attempts, thy vertues ſhall aſſay.

7

A people ſo inur'd to peace, ſo wrought
To a ſucceſſiue courſe of quietneſſe,
As th'haue forgot (and O, b'it ſtill forgot)
The nature of their ancient ſtubbornneſſe:
Time altred hath the forme, the meanes, and brought
The State to that proportion'd euenneſſe,
As 'tis not like againe 'twill euer come
(Being vs'd abroad) to draw the ſword at home.

This

8

This people, this great State, theſe hearts adore
Thy Scepter now, and now turne all to thee,
Touch't with as pow'rfull zeale, and if not more,
(And yet O more, how could there euer be
Then vnto her, whom yet we doe deplore
Amidſt our ioy!) And giue vs leaue if we
Reioyce and mourne, that cannot without wrong
So ſoone forget her, we enioy'd ſo long.

9

Which likewiſe makes for thee, that yet we holde
True after death, and bring not this reſpect
To a new Prince for hating of the olde;
Or from deſire of change, or from neglect;
Whereby, O mighty Soueraigne, thou art tolde
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From ſuch a faith, that doth not haſte to runne
Before their time to an ariſing Sunne.

10

And let my humble *Muſe*, whom ſhe did grace,
Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead,
That no vile tongue may ſpot her with diſgrace,
Nor that her fame become disfigured:
O let her reſt in peace, that rul'd in peace;
Let not her honour be diſquieted
Now after death: but let the Graue incloſe
All but her good, and that it cannot cloſe.

11

It addes much to thy glory and our grace,
That this continued current of our loue
Runnes thus to thee, all with ſo ſwift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we doe remoue
Not as in motion put from out our place,
But in one courſe, and doe not ſeeme to moue,
But in more ioy then euer heretofore,
And well we may, ſince thou wilt make vs more.

12.

Our loue we ſee concurres with Gods great loue,
Who onely made thy way, thy paſſage plaine,
Leuell'd the world for thee, did all remoue,
That might the ſhew but of a let retaine:
Vnbarr'd the *North*, humbled the *South*, did moue
The hearts of all, the right to entertaine,
Held other ſtates embroil'd, whoſe enuie might
Haue foſtred factions to impugne thy right:

13

And all for thee, that we the more might praiſe
The glory of his powre, and reuerence thine,
Whom he hath rais'd to glorifie our dayes,
And make this Empire of the *North* to ſhine
Againſt all th'impious workings, all th'aſſayes
Of vile diſnatur'd Vipers, whoſe deſigne
Was to embroile the State, t'obſcure the light,
And that cleere brightneſſe of thy ſacred right.

14

To whoſe reproch, ſince th'iſſue and ſucceſſe
Doth a ſufficient marke of ſhame returne,
Let no Pen elſe blazon their ouglineſſe:
Be it enough, that God and men doe ſcorne
Their proiects, cenſures, vaine pretendences:
Let not our children, that are yet vnborne,
find there were any offred to conteſt,
Or make a doubt to haue our Kingdome bleſt,

15

Burie that queſtion in th'eternall graue
Of darkneſſe, neuer to be ſeene againe:
Suffice we haue thee whom we ought to haue,
And t'whom all good men knew did appertaine
Th'inheritance of thy ſacred birth-right gaue,
That needed n'other ſuffrages t'ordaine
What onely was thy due, nor no decree
To be made know'n, ſince none was known but thee.

Witneſſe

16

Witneſſe the ioy, the vniuerſall cheere,
The ſpeede, the eaſe, the will, the forwardneſſe
Of all this great and ſpacious State, how deere
It held thy title and thy worthineſſe:
Haſte could not poſt ſo ſpeedy any where,
But Fame ſeem'd there before in readineſſe,
To tell our hopes, and to proclaime thy name;
O greater then our hopes, more then thy fame!

17

What a returne of comfort doſt thou bring
Now at this freſh returning of our bloud,
Thus meeting with the opening of the Spring,
To make our ſpirits likewiſe to imbud!
What a new ſeaſon of incouraging
Biginnes t'inlength the dayes diſpos'd to good!
What apprehenſion of recouerie
Of greater ſtrength, of more abilitie!

18

The pulſe of *England* neuer more did beat
So ſtrong as now: nor euer were our harts
Let out to hopes ſo ſpacious and ſo great
As now they are: nor euer in all parts
Did we thus freely ſo comfortable heat,
As now the glory of thy worth imparts:
The whole compleɛtion of the Common-wealth,
So weake before, hop'd neuer for more health.

19

Could'ſt thou but ſee from *Douer* to the Mount,
From *Totnes*, to the *Orcades*, what ioy,
What cheere, what triumphs, and what deere account
Is held of thy renowne this bleſſed day,
A day which we and ours muſt euer count
Our ſolemne feſtiuall, as well we may.
And though men thus court Kings ſtill which are new,
Yet doe they more, where they find more is due.

20

They feare the humours of a future Prince,
Who either loſt a good or felt a bad,
But thou haſt cheer'd vs of this feare long ſince,
We know thee more, then by report we had:
We haue an euerlaſting euidence
vnder thy hand, that now we need not dread
Thou wilt be otherwiſe in thy deſignes
Then there thou art in thoſe iudiciall lines.

21

It is the greateſt glory vpon earth
To be a King, but yet much more to giue
The inſtitution with the happy birth
Vnto a King, and teach him how to liue
VVe haue, by thee, far more then thine owne worth,
That doth encourage, ſtrengthen and relieue
Our hopes in the ſucceſſion of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewiſe will be good.

22

VVe haue an earneſt, that doth euen tie
Thy Scepter to thy word, and binds thy Crowne
(That els no band can binde) to ratifie
what thy religious hand hath there ſet downe,
VVherein thy all commanding Soueraignтie
Stands ſubiect to thy Pen and thy renowne,
There we behold thee King of thine owne hart,
And ſee what we muſt be, and what thou art.

23

There great *Exemplare, Prototipe*, of Kings,
VVe finde the good ſhall dwell within thy Court;
Plaine zeale and truth, free from baſe flatterings,
Shall there be entertain'd, and haue reſort;
Honeſt diſcretion, that no cunning brings,
But counſels that lie right, and that import,
Is there receiu'd, with thoſe whoſe care attends
Thee and the State more then their priuate ends.

There

24

There grace and fauour ſhall not be diſpos'd,
But by proportion, euen and vpright;
There are no mightie Mountaines interpos'd
Betweene thy beames and vs, t'imbarre thy light;
There Maieſty liues not as if inclos'd
Or made a prey t'a priuate benefit:
The hand of Pow'r deales there her owne reward,
And thereby reapes the whole of mens regard.

25

There is no way to get vp to reſpect,
But onely by the way of worthineſſe;
All paſſages that may ſeeme indirect
Are ſtopt vp now, and there is no acceſſe
By groſſe corruption, bribes cannot effect
For th'vndeſeruing any offices;
Th'aſcent is cleane, and he that doth aſcend
Muſt haue his meanes as cleane as is his end.

26

The deeds of worth and laudable deſarts
Shall not now paſſe thorow the ſtraight report
Of an imbaſing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humours ſhall comport:
The Prince himſelfe now heares, ſees, knowes what parts
Honor and Vertue acts, and in what ſort:
And thereto giues his grace accordingly,
And cheeres vp other to the like thereby.

27

Nor ſhall we now haue vſe of flatterie,
For he knowes falſhood farre more ſubtill is
Then truth, baſeneſſe then libertie,
Freare then loue, t'inuent theſe flouriſhes:
And Adulation now is ſpent ſo nie
As that it hath no colours to expreſſe
That which it would, that now we muſt be faine
T'vnlearne that Arte, and labour to be plaine.

For

28

For where there is no eare to be abus'd
None will be found that dare t'informe a wrong:
The inſolent deprauer ſtands confus'd:
The impious Atheiſt ſeemes to want a tongue,
Transform'd into the faſhion that is vs'd.
All ſtriue t'appeare like thoſe they liue among,
And all will ſeeme compos'd by that ſame ſquare
By which they ſee the beſt and greateſt are.

29

Such pow'r hath thy example and reſpect,
As that without a ſword, without debate
Without a noiſe (or feeling in effect)
Thou wilt diſpoſe, change, forme, accommodate
Thy Kingdome, people, rule, and all effect
Without the leaſt conuulſion of the State;
That this great paſſage and mutation will
Not ſeeme a change, but onely of our ill.

30

We ſhall continue and remaine all one,
In Law, in Iuſtice, and in Magiſtrate:
Thou wilt not alter the foundation
Thy Anceſtors haue laid of this Eſtate,
Nor grieue thy Land with innouation,
Nor take from vs more then thou wilt collate;
Knowing that courſe is beſt to be obſeru'd,
Whereby a State hath longeſt beene preſeru'd.

31

A King of *England* now moſt graciouſlie,
Remits the iniuries that haue beene done
T'a King of Scots, and makes his clemencie
To checke them more then his correction
Th'annointed bloud that ſtain'd moſt ſhamefully
This ill ſeduced State, he lookes thereon
With th'eye of griefe, not wrath, t'auenge the ſame,
Since th'Authors are extinct that caus'd that ſhame.

Thus

32

Thus mightie riuers quietly doe glide,
And doe not by their rage their powers profeſſe,
But by their mightie workings, when in pride
Small *Torrents* roare more lowd, and worke much leſſe:
Peace, greatneſſe beſt becomes: calme power doth guide
With a farre more imperious ſtatelineſſe,
Then all the ſwords of violence can doe,
And eaſier gaines thoſe ends ſhe tends vnto.

33

Then *England* thou haſt reaſon thus to cheare,
Reaſon to ioy and triumph in this wiſe,
When thou ſhalt gaine ſo much, and haue no feare
To loſe ought els but thy deformities,
When thus thou ſhalt haue health and be ſet cleare
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By ſuch a hand that beſt knowes how to cure,
And where moſt lie thoſe griefes thou doſt endure.

34

When thou ſhalt ſee there is another grace
Then to be rich; another dignitie
Then money; other meanes for place
Then gold; wealth ſhall not now make honeſtie;
When thou ſhalt ſee the eſtimation baſe
Of that which moſt afflicts our miſerie:
Without the which, elſe could'ſt thou neuer ſee
Our wayes laid right, nor men themſelues to bee.

35

By which improuement we ſhall gaine much more
Then by *Peru* or all diſcoueries:
For this way to imbaſe, is to inſtore
The treaſure of the Land, and make it riſe.
This is the onely key t'vnlocke the dore,
To let out plenty, that it may ſuffice:
For more then all this Ile, for more increaſe
Of ſubiects then by thee, there can increaſe,

This

36

This ſhall make roome and place enough for all,
Which otherwiſe would not ſuffice a few,
And by proportion Geometricall
Shall ſo diſpoſe to all what ſhall be due,
As that without corruption, wrangling, brawle,
Intruſion, wreſting, and by meanes vndue.
Deſert ſhall haue her charge, and but one charge,
As hauing but one body to diſcharge.

37

Whereby the all in-cheering Maieſtie
Shall come to ſhine at full in all her parts,
And ſpread her beames of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like deſarts:
For thus to checke, imbaſe and vilifie
Th'eſteeme of wealth, will faſhion ſo our hearts
To worthy ends, as that we ſhall by much
More labour to be good then to be rich.

38

This will make peace with *Law*, reſtore the *Bar*,
T'her ancient ſilence, where contention now
Makes ſo confus'd a noiſe, this will debar
The foſtring of debate, and ouerthrow
That ougly Monſter, that foule rauener,
Extortion, which ſo hideouſly did grow,
By making prey vpon our miſery,
And waſting it againe as wickedly.

39

The ſtrange examples of impou'riſhments,
Of ſacriledge, exaction and of waſte,
Shall not be made, nor held as preſidents
For times to come, but end with th'ages paſt:
When as the State ſhall yeeld more ſuppliments
(Being well imploy'd) then Kings can well exhauſt;
This golden Meadow lying ready ſtill
Then to be mow'd, when their occaſions will.

40

Fauour, like pitie, in the hearts of men
Haue the firſt touches euer violent:
But ſoone againe it comes to languiſh, when
The motiue of that humour ſhall be ſpent:
But being ſtill fed with that which firſt hath been
The cauſe thereof, it holdes ſtill permanent,
And is kept in by courſe, by forme, by kinde,
And time begets more ties that ſtill more binde.

41

The broken frame of this diſioynted State,
Being by the bliſſe of thy great Grandfather
Henry the ſeuenth, reſtor'd to an eſtate
More ſound then euer, and more ſtedfaſter,
Owes all it hath to him, and in that rate
Stands bond to thee that art his ſucceſſer:
For without him it had not beene begunne,
And without thee we had beene now vndone.

42

He, of a priuate man, became a King,
Hauing indur'd the weight of tyrannie
Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, and knew the thing
That good men wiſh for in their miſerie
Vnder ill Kings, ſaw what it was to bring
Order and forme to the recouerie
Of an vnruly State; conceiu'd what cure
Would kill the cauſe of this diſtemp'rature.

43

Then, borne a King, haſt in thy State endur'd
The ſowre affronts of priuate diſcontent
With ſubiects broiles; and euer beene enur'd
To this great myſterie of gouernment:
Whereby thy Princely wiſdome hath allur'd
A State to peace, left to thee turbulent,
And brought vs an addition to the frame
Of this great worke, ſquar'd fitly to the ſame.

And

44

And both you (by the all-working Prouidence,
That faſhions out of dangers, toyles, debates,
Thoſe whom it hath ordained to commence
The firſt, and great eſtabliſhments of States)
Came when your aide, your powers experience
(Which out of iudgement beſt accommodates
Theſe ioynts of rule) was more then moſt deſir'd,
And when the times of neede the moſt requir'd.

45

And as he laid the modell of this frame,
By which was built ſo ſtrong a worke of State,
As all the powers of changes in the ſame,
All that exceſſe of a diſordinate
And luſtfull Prince, nor all that after came,
Nor child, nor ſtranger, nor yet womens fate,
Could once diſioynt the conplements, whereby
It held together in iuſt Symetry.

46

So thou likewiſe art come as fore-ordaind,
To reinforce the ſame more really,
Which oftentimes hath but beene entertain'd
By the onely ſtile and name of Maieſty;
And by no other counſells oft attain'd
Thoſe ends of her inoy'd tranquility,
Then by this forme, and by the incumbrances
Of neighbour States that gaue it a ſucceſſe.

47

That hadſt thou had no title (as thou haſt
The onely right, and none hath els a right)
We yet muſt now haue bin inforc'd t'haue caſt
Our ſelues into thy armes, to ſet all right,
And to auert confuſion, bloudſhed, waſte,
That otherwiſe vpon vs needes muſt light:
None but a King, and no King els beſide
Could now haue ſau'd this State from being deſtroid'.

Thus

48

Thus hath the hundred yeeres brought backe againe
The ſacred bloud lent to adorne the *North*,
And here return'd it with a greater gaine,
And greater glory then we ſent it forth.
Thus doth th'all-working Prouidence retaine,
And keepe for great effects the ſeede of worth,
And ſo doth point the ſtops of time thereby,
In periods of vncertaine certainty.

49

Margaret of *Richmond* (glorious Grandmother
Vnto that other precious *Margaret*,
From whence th'Almighty worker did transfer
This branch of peace, as from a roote well ſet)
Thou Mother, Author, Plotter, Counſeller
Of vnion, that didſt both conceiue, beget
And bring forth happineſſe to this great State,
To make it thus intirely fortunate.

50

O couldſt thou now but view this faire ſucceſſe,
This great effect of thy religious worke,
And ſee therein how God hath pleas'd to bleſſe
Thy charitable counſels and to worke
Still greater good out of the bleſſedneſſe
Of this conioyned *Lancaſter* and *Yorke*:
Which all conioyn'd within, and thoſe ſhut out
Whom nature and their birth had ſet without.

51

How much haſt thou bound all poſterities
In this great worke to reuerence thy name!
And with thee, that religious, faithfull, wiſe
And learned *Mourton*, who contriu'd the ſame,
And firſt aduis'd, and did ſo well aduiſe
As that the good ſucceſſe that thereof came
Shew'd well, that holy hands, cleane thoughts, cleere harts
Are onely fit to act ſuch glorious parts.

But

52

But *Muſe*, theſe deare remembances muſt be
In their conuenient places regiſtred,
When thou ſhalt bring ſterne diſcord to agree,
And bloudy warre into a quiet bed:
Which worke muſt now be finiſhed by thee,
That long hath laine vndone, as deſtined
Vnto the glory of theſe dayes: for which
Thy vowes and Verſe haue laboured ſo much.

53

Thou euer haſt oppoſed all thy might
Againſt contention, furie, pride and wrong,
Perſwading ſtill to hold the courſe of right;
And peace hath beene the burden of thy ſong:
And now thy ſelfe ſhalt haue the benefit
Of quietneſſe, which thou haſt wanted long;
And now ſhalt haue calme peace, and vnion
With thine owne warres, and now thou muſt go on.

54

Onely the ioy of this ſo deare a thing
Made me looke backe vnto the cauſe, whence came
This ſo great good, this bleſſing of a King,
When our eſtate ſo much requir'd the ſame:
When we had need of pow'r for the well ordering
Of our affaires, need of a ſpirit to frame
The world to good, to grace and worthineſſe,
Out of this humour of luxurioufneſſe.

55

And brings vs backe vnto our ſelues againe
Vnto our ancient natiue modeſtie,
From out theſe forren ſinnes we entertaine,
Theſe lotheſome ſurfets, ougly gluttonie,
From this vnmanly and this idle vaine
Of wanton and ſuperfluous brauery.
The wracke of Gentry, ſpoyle of Nobleneſſe,
And ſquare vs by thy temp'rate ſoberneſſe.

When

55

When Abſtinence is faſhion'd by the Time,
It is no rare thing to be abſtinent,
But then it is, when th'age full fraught with crime
Lies proſtrate vnto all miſgouernment.
And who is not licencious in the prime
And heate of youth, nor then incontinent
When out of might he may, he neuer will;
No power can tempt him to that taſte of ill.

57

Then what are we t'expect from ſuch a hand
That doth this ſterne of faire example guide?
Who will not now ſhame to haue no command
Ouer his luſts? Who would be ſeene t'abide
Vnfaithfull to his vowes, to infringe the band
Of a moſt ſacred knot which God hath tide?
Who would now ſeeme to be diſhonoured
With th'vncleane touch of an vnlawfull bed?

58

What a great checke will this chaſte Court be now
To wanton Courts debauſht with luxury;
Where we no other Miſtreſſes ſhall know
But her to whom we owe our loyalty?
Chaſte Mother of our Princes, whence do grow
Thoſe righteous iſſues, which ſhall glorifie
And comfort many Nations with their worth,
To her perpetuall grace that brought them forth.

59

We ſhall not feare to haue our wiues diſtain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperiall luſt, that being vnrain'd,
Will hardly be reſiſted any where.
He will not be betrai'd with eaſe, nor train'd
With idle reſt, in ſoft delights to weare
His time of life: but knowes whereto he tends,
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

60

And that this mighty worke of vnion now
Begun with glory, muſt with grace run on,
And be ſo cloſ'd, as all the ioynts may grow
Together firme in due proportion:
A worke of power and Iudgement, that muſt ſhow
All parts of wiſedome and diſcretion
That man can ſhew, that no cloud may impaire
This day of hope, whoſe morning ſhewes ſo faire.

61

He hath a mighty burden to ſuſtaine,
Whoſe fortune doth ſucceed a gracious Prince,
Or where mens expectations entertaine
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence:
But yet he vndergoes a greater paine,
A more laborious worke, who muſt commence
The great foundation of a gouernment,
And lay the frame of Order and Content.

62

Eſpecially where mens deſires do runne
A greedy courſe of eminency, game,
And priuate hopes, weighing not what is done
For the Republicke, ſo themſelues may gaine
Their ends, and where few care who be vndone,
So they be made, whil'ſt all do entertaine
The preſent motions that this paſſage brings
With th'infancy of change, vnder new kings.

63

So that the weight of all ſeemes to relie
Wholly vpon thine owne diſcretion,
Thy iudgement now muſt only rectifie
This frame of pow'r thy glory ſtands vpon
From thee muſt come, that thy poſterity
May ioy this peace, and hold this vnion:
For whil'ſt all worke for their owne benefit,
Thy only worke muſt keepe vs all vpright,

For,

64

For, did not now thy full maturity
Of yeeres and wiſdome, that diſcerne what ſhowes,
What arte and colours may deceiue the eye,
Secure our truſt that that cleere iudgement knowes
Vpon what grounds depend thy Maieſty,
And whence the glory of thy greatneſſe growes,
We might diſtruſt leſt that a ſide might part
Thee from thy ſelfe, and ſo ſurprize thy heart.

65

Since th'art but one, and that againſt thy breſt
Are laid all th'ingins both of skill and wit,
And all th'aſſaults of cunning are addreſt
With ſtratagems of Art to enter it,
To make a prey of grace, and to inueſt
Their pow'rs within thy loue, that they might ſit
And ſtir that way which their affection tends,
Reſpecting but themſelues and their owne ends.

66

And ſee'ng how difficult a thing it is
To rule, and what ſtrength this requir'd to ſtand
Againſt all th'interplac'd reſpondences
Of combinations, ſet to keepe the hand
And eye of power from out the Prouinces
That Auarice may draw to her command,
Which, to keepe hers, ſhe others vowes to ſpare,
That they againe to her might vſe like care.

67

But God, that rais'd thee vp to act this part,
Hath giuen thee all thoſe powers of worthines,
Fit for ſo great a worke, and fram'd thy heart
Diſcernable of all apparences;
Taught thee to know the world, and this great Art
Of ord'ring man, *Knowledge of Knowledges*,
That from thee men might reckon how this State
Became reſtor'd, and was made fortunate.

68

That thou the first, with vs, in name, might'st be
The first in course, to fashion vs a new,
VVherein the times hath offred that to thee,
VVhich seldome other Princes could accrue:
Thou hast th'aduantage only to be free
T'imploy thy fauours where they shall be due,
And to dispose thy grace in generall,
And like to *Ioue*, to be alike to all.

69

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
But t'all thy people vniuersally,
And not to them, but for their loue alone,
Which they account is placed worthily:
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, whereon
They rest, nor they faile in their loyalty;
Since no Prince comes deceiued in his trust,
But he that first deceiues, and proues vniust.

70

Then since we are in this so faire a way
Of Restauration, Greatnesse and Command,
Curs'd be he that causes the least stay
In this faire worke, or interrupts thy hand;
And curs'd he that offers to betray
Thy graces or thy goodnesse to withstand,
Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race
Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

71

And he that shall by wicked Offices
Be th'author of the least disturbancy,
Or seeke t'auert thy godly purposes,
Be euer held the scorne of infamy:
And let men but consider their successe
Who Princes loues abus'd presumptuously,
They shall perceiue their ends do still relate,
That sure God loues them not whom men do hate.

And

72

Aud it is iuſt, that they who make a prey
Of Princes fauours, in the end againe
Be made a prey to Princes, and repay
The ſpoiles of miſery with greater gaine;
Whoſe ſacrifices euer do allay
The wrath of men, conceiu'd in their diſdaine:
For that their hatred proſecuteth ſtill,
More than ill Princes, thoſe that make them ill.

73

But both thy iudgement and eſtate doth free
Thee from theſe powers of feare and flattery
The conquerours of Kings, by whom we ſee
Are wrought the acts of all impiety:
Thou art ſo ſet, as th'haſt no cauſe to be
Iealous, or dreadfull of diſloyalty;
The pedeſtall whereon the greatneſſe ſtands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

TO
Sr. THOMAS EGERTON
Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great *ſeale of England.*

WEll hath the pow'rfull hand of Maieſty,
Thy worthines, and *Englands* hap beſide,
Set thee in th'aidfull'ſt roome of dignity,
As th'*Iſthmus*, theſe two Oceans to diuide,
Of *Rigor* and confus'd *Vncerteinty*,
To keepe out th'entercourſe of wrong and pride,
That they ingulph not vp vnſuccoured right
By the extreme current of licencious might.

Now when we ſee the moſt combining band,
The ſtrongeſt faſtning of ſociety,
Law, whereon all this frame of men doth ſtand,
Remaine concuſſed with vncerteinty,
And ſeeme to foſter rather than withſtand
Contention, and embrace obſcurity,
Only t'afflict, and not to faſhion vs,
Making her cure farre worſe than the diſeaſe;

As if ſhe had made couenant with Wrong,
To part the prey made on our weakneſſes,
And ſuffred Falſhood to be arm'd as ſtrong
Vnto the combate, as is Righteouſneſſe,
Or ſuted her, as if ſhe did belong
Vnto our paſſions, and did euen profeſſe
Contention, as her only myſtery,
Which ſhe reſtraines not, but doth multiply.

Was ſhe the ſame ſh'is now in ages paſt?
Or was ſhe leſſe when ſhe was vſed leſſe:
And growes as malice growes, and ſo comes caſt
Iuſt to the forme of our vnquietneſſe?
Or made more ſlow, the more that ſtrife runs faſt
Staying t'vndo vs ere ſhe will redreſſe?
That th'ill ſhe checks ſeemes ſuffred to be ill,
When it yeelds greater gaine than goodnes will.

Muſt there be ſtill ſome diſcord mixt among
The Harmony of men, whoſe mood accords
Beſt with Contention, tun'd t'a note of wrong,
That when warre failes, peace muſt make warre with words,
And b'arm'd vnto deſtruction euen as ſtrong,
As were in ages paſt our ciuill ſwords;
Making as deepe, although vnbleeding wounds,
That when as fury failes, wiſdome confounds.

If it be wiſdome, and not cunning, this
Which ſo imbroiles the ſtate of truth with brawles,
And wraps it vp in ſtrange confuſedneſſe,
As if it liu'd immur'd within the walls
Of hideous termes, fram'd out of barbarouſneſſe
And forren cuſtomes, the memorialls
Of our ſubiection, and could neuer be
Deliu'red but by wrangling ſubtilty.

Whereas it dwells free in the open plaine,
Vncurious, Gentle, eaſie of acceſſe.
Certaine vnto it ſelfe, of equall vaine,
One face, one colour, one aſſuredneſſe:
It's falſhood that is intricate and vaine,
And needes theſe labyrinths of ſubtleneſſe:
For where the cunningſt cou'rings moſt appeare,
It argues ſtill that all is not ſincere.

Which thy cleere-ey'd experience well diſcries
Great *Keeper* of the ſtate of Equity,
Refuge of mercy, vpon whom relies
The ſuccour of oppreſſed miſery;
Altar of ſafegard, whereto affliction flies
From th'eager purſuit of ſeuerity;
Hauen of peace, that labour'ſt to withdraw
Iuſtice from out the tempeſts of the Law.

And ſet her in a calme and euen way,
Plaine, and directly leading to redreſſe,
Barring theſe counter-courſes of delay,
Theſe waſting dilatory proceſſes:
Ranging into their right and proper ray,
Errors, demurs, eſſoines, and trauerſes,
The heads of *Hydra* ſpringing out of death,
That giues this monſter, Malice, ſtill new breath.

That what was made for the vtility
And good of man, might not be turn'd t'his hurt,
To make him worſer by his remedy,
And caſt him downe, with what ſhould him ſupport:
Nor that the ſtate of Law might loſe thereby
The due reſpect, and reu'rence of her port;
And ſeeme a trap to catch our ignorance,
And to intangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations and our deeds
Vnto a like infinity ariſe,
As being a Science, that by nature breeds
Contention, ſtriefe, and ambiguities:
For altercation controuerſie feeds,
And in her agitation multiplies:
The field of *Cauill* lying all like wide,
Yeelds like aduantage vnto either ſide.

Which made the graue Caſtillian king deuiſe
A prohibition, that no Aduocate
Should be conuai'd to th'Indian Colonies,
Leſt their new ſetting, ſhaken with debate,
Might take but ſlender root, and ſo not riſe
To any perfect grow'th of firme eſtate:
For hauing not this skill, how to contend,
Th'vnnouriſht ſtriſe wold quickly make an end.

So likewiſe did th'Hungarian, when he ſaw
Theſe great Italian Bartoliſts, who were
Call'd in of purpoſe to explane the Law,
T'imbroile it more, and make it much leſſe cleere,
Caus'd them from out his kingdom to withdraw
With this infeſtious skill, ſome other-where:
Whoſe learning, rather let men farther out,
And opened wider paſſages of doubt.

Seeing euen Iniuſtice may be regulare,
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions, which in endleſſe motion are,
And th'ordinances which are alwayes fixt,
Ten thouſand lawes more can not reach ſo far,
But malice goes beyond, or liues immixt
So cloſe with goodneſſe, as it euer will
Corrupt, diſguiſe, or counterfet it ſtill.

And therefore did thoſe glorious Monarchs, (who
Diuide with God the ſtile of Maieſty
For being good, and had a care to do
The world right, and ſuccour honeſty)
Ordaine this ſanctuary, whereunto
Th'oppreſt might flie, this ſeat of Equity,
Whereon thy vertues ſit with faire renowne,
The greateſt grace and glory of the Gowne.

Which

Wh ich *Equity*, being the ſoule of law,
The life of iuſtice, and the ſpirit of right,
Dwell's not in written lines, or liues in awe
Of bookes, deafe powers, that haue nor eares nor ſight
But out of well-weigh'd circumſtance doth draw
The eſſence of a iudgement requiſit;
And is that Leſbian ſquare, that building fit,
Plies to the worke, not forc'th the worke to it.

Maintaining ſtill an equall paralell,
Iuſt with th'occaſions of humanity,
Making her iudgement euer liable
To the reſpect of peace and amity,
When ſurely *Law*, ſterne, and vnaffable,
Cares only but it ſelfe to ſatisfie:
And often innocencies ſcarſe defends,
As that which on no circumſtance depends.

But *Equity*, that beares an euen raine
Vpon the preſent courſes, holds in aw,
By giuing hand a little, and doth gaine
By a gentle relaxation of the law;
And yet inuiolable doth maintaine
The end whereto all conſtitutions draw,
Which is the well-fare of ſociety,
Conſiſting of an vpright policy:

Which firſt being by neceſſity compos'd,
Is by neceſſity maintain'd in beſt eſtate;
Where, when as iuſtice ſhall be ill diſpos'd,
It ſicknes the whole body of the State:
For if there be a paſſage once diſclos'd,
That Wrong may enter at the ſelfe-ſame gate
Which ſerues for Right, clad in a coate of Law,
What violent diſtempers may it draw:

And therefore do'ſt thou ſtand to keepe the way,
And ſtop the courſe that malice ſeekes to run,
And by thy prouident *Iniunctions* ſtay
This neuer ending Altercation;
Sending contention home, to the end men may
There make their peace whereas their ſtrife begun,
And free theſe peſtred ſtreets they vainely weare,
Whom both the ſtate, and theirs, do need elſewhere.

Leſt th'humor which doth thus predominate
Conuert vnto it ſelfe all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger than debate,
And come t'exceede th'affaires it vndertakes:
As if the only Science of the State
That tooke vp all our wits forgaine it makes;
Not for the good that thereby may be wrought,
Which is not good if it be dearely bought.

What ſhall we thinke when as ill cauſes ſhall
Inrich men more, and ſhall be more deſir'd
Than good, as farre more beneficiall?
Who then defends the good? Who will be hir'd
To entertaine a right, whoſe gaine is ſmall?
Vnleſſe the Aduocate that hath conſpir'd
To plead a wrong, be likewiſe made to runne
His Clients chance, and with him be vndone.

So did the wiſeſt nations euer ſtriue
To binde the hands of Iuſtice vp ſo hard,
That leſt ſhe falling to proue Lucratiue
Might baſely reach them out to take reward:
Ordaining her prouiſions fit to liue
Out of the publike, as a publike guard
That all preſerues, and all doth entertaine,
Whoſe end is only glory, and not gaine.

That

That eu'n the Scepter which might all command,
Seeing her s'vnpartiall, equall regular,
Was pleas'd to put it ſelfe into her hand,
Whereby they both grew more admired far.
And this is that great bleſſing of this land,
That both the Prince and people vſe one Barre,
The Prince, whoſe cauſe (as not to be withſtood)
Is neuer bad but where himſelfe is good.

This is that ballance which committed is
To thy moſt euen and religious hand,
Great Miniſter of Iuſtice, who by this
Shalt haue thy name ſtill gracious in this land:
This is that ſeale of pow'r which doth impreſſe
Thy acts of right, which ſhall for euer ſtand:
This is that traine of State, that pompouſly
Attends vpon thy reu'rent dignity.

All glory els beſides ends with our breath,
And mens reſpects ſcarſe brings vs to our graue:
But this of doing good, muſt out liue Death,
And haue a right out of the right it gaue:
Though th'act but few, th'example profiteth
Thouſands, that ſhall thereby a bleſſing haue.
The worlds reſpect growes not but on deſarts,
Pow'r may haue knees, but iuſtice hath our hearts.

TO THE LORD HENRIE HOWARD, one of his Maiesties *Priuy Councell.*

PRaiſe, if it be not choice, and layd aright,
Can yeeld no luſtre where it is beſtow'd,
Not any way can grace the giuers Art,
(Tho'it be a pleaſing colour to delight)
For that no ground whereon it can be ſhew'd
Will beare it well, but Vertue and Deſart.
And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy vttrance, and commend them right,
As that which decks you much, and giues you grace,
Yet your cleere iudgement beſt deſerueth it,
Which in your courſe hath carried you vpright,
And made you to diſcerne the trueſt face,
And beſt complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the loue of men;
And held you in the tract of honeſty,
Which euer in the end we ſee ſucceed,
Though oft it may haue interrupted beene
Both by the times and mens iniquity.
For ſure thoſe actions which do fairely runne
In the right line of honour, ſtill are thoſe
That get moſt cleane and ſafeſt to their end,
And paſſe the beſt without confuſion,
Either in thoſe that act or els diſpoſe,
Hauing the ſcope made cleere, whereto they tend.
When this by-path of cunning doth s'imbroile
And intricate the paſſage of affaires,
As that they ſeldome fairely can get out;
But coſt, with leſſe ſucceſſe, more care and toyle,

Whil'ſt doubt and the diſtruſted cauſe impaires
Their courage, who would els appeare more ſtout.
For though ſome hearts are blinded ſo, that they
Haue diuers doores whereby they may let out
Their wills abroad without diſturbancy,
Int'any courſe, and into eu'ry way
Of humor that affection turnes about;
Yet haue the beſt but one t'haue paſſage by.
And that ſo ſurely warded with the gard
Of conſcience and reſpect, as nothing muſt
Haue courſe that way, but with the certaine paſſe
Of a perſwaſiue right, which being compar'd
With their conceit, muſt thereto anſwere iuſt,
And ſo with due examination paſſe.
Which kind of men, rais'd of a better frame,
Are meere religious, conſtant and vpright,
And bring the ableſt hands for any effect,
And beſt beare vp the reputation, fame,
And good opinion, that the action's right
When th'vndertakers are without ſuſpect:
But when the body of an enterprize
Shall go one way, the face another way,
As if it did but mocke a weaker truſt,
The motion being monſtrous, can not riſe
To any good, but falls downe to bewray,
That all pretences ſerue for things vniuſt;
Eſpecially where th'action will allow
Apparency, or that it hath a courſe
Concentrike with the vniuerſall frame
Of men combin'd, whom it concerneth how
Theſe motions runne, and entertaine their force,
Hauing their being reſting on the ſame.
And be it, that the vulgar are but groſſe,
Yet are they capable of truth, and ſee,
And ſometimes geſſe the right, and do conceiue
The nature of that text that needs a gloſſe,
And wholy neuer can deluded be:

All

All may a few, few cannot all deceiue.
And theſe ſtrange diſproportions in the traine
And courſe of things doe euermore proceed
From th'ill-ſet diſpoſition of their mindes,
Who in their actions cannot but retaine
Th'incumbred formes which doe within them breed,
And which they cannot ſhew but in their kindes.
Whereas the wayes and counſels of the light
So ſort with valour and with manlineſſe,
As that they carry things aſſuredlie
Vndazling of their owne or others ſight:
There being a bleſſing that doth giue ſucceſſe
To worthineſſe and vnto conſtancie.
And though ſometimes th'euent may fall amiſſe,
Yet ſhall it ſtill haue honour for th'attempt,
When craft begins with feare and ends with ſhame,
And in the whole deſigne perplexed is;
Vertue, though luckleſſe, yet ſhall ſcape contempt,
And though it hath not hap, it ſhall haue fame.

E TO

TO
THE LADIE MARGARET
Counteſſe of Cumberland.

HE that of ſuch a height hath built his minde,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts ſo ſtrong,
As neither feare nor hope can ſhake the frame
Of his reſolued powr's, nor all the winde
Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong
His ſetled peace, or to diſturbe the ſame;
What a faire ſeate hath he, from whence he may
The boundleſſe waſtes and weilds of man ſurvay.

And with how free an eye doth he looke downe
Vpon theſe lower regions of turmoyle,
Where all the ſtormes of paſſions mainly beat
On fleſh and bloud, where honour, pow'r, renowne
Are onely gay affli&tions, golden toyle,
Where greatneſſe ſtands vpon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and onely great doth ſeeme
To little minds, who doe it ſo eſteeme.

He lookes vpon the mightieſt Monarchs warres
But onely as on ſtately robberies,
Where euermore the fortune that preuailes
Muſt be the right, the ill-ſu:ceeding marres
The faireſt and the beſt-fac't enterprize:
Great Pirat *Pompey* leſſer Pirats quailes,
Iuſtice, he ſees, as if ſeduced, ſtill
Conſpires with pow'r, whoſe cauſe muſt not be ill.

He ſees the face of *Right* t'appeare as manifolde
As are the paſſions of vncertaine man,
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To ſerue his ends and make his courſes holde:
He ſees, that let Deceit worke what it can,
Plot and contriue baſe wayes to high deſires,
That the all-guiding Prouidence doth yet
All diſappoint, and mocks this ſmoake of wit.

Nor is he mou'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of Tyrants threats, or with the ſurly brow
Of power, that proudly ſits on others crimes,
Charg'd with more crying ſinnes then thoſe he checks;
The ſtormes of ſad confuſion, that may grow
Vp in the preſent, for the comming times,
Appall not him, that hath no ſide at all
But of himſelfe, and knowes the worſt can fall.

Although his heart ſo neere allied to earth,
Cannot but pitty the perplexed State
Of troublous and diſtreſt mortalitie,
That thus make way vnto the ougly birth
Of their owne ſorrowes, and doe ſtill beget
Affliction vpon imbecillitie:
Yet ſeeing thus the courſe of things muſt runne,
He lookes thereon, not ſtrange; but as foredone.

And whilſt diſtraught Ambition compaſſes
And is incompaſt, whil'ſt as craft deceiues
And is deceiued, whil'ſt man doth ranſacke man,
And builds on bloud, and riſes by diſtreſſe,
And th'inheritance of deſolation leaues
To great expecting hopes, he lookes thereon
As from the ſhore of peace with vnwet eie,
And beares no venture in impietie.

Thus

Thus, Madam, fares that man that hath prepar'd
A reſt for his deſires, and ſees all things
Beneath him, and hath learn'd this booke of man,
Full of the notes of frailty, and compar'd
The beſt of glory with her ſufferings,
By whom I ſee you labour all you can
To plant your heart, and ſet your thoughts as neare
His glorious manſion as your pow'rs can beare.

Which, Madam, are ſo ſoundly faſhioned
By that cleere iudgement that hath carryed you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kinde,
As they can ſtand againſt the ſtrongeſt head
Paſſion can make, inur'd to any hue
The world can caſt, that cannot caſt that minde
Out of her forme of goodneſſe, that doth ſee
Both what the beſt and worſt of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatſoeuer here befalles
You in the region of your ſelfe remaine,
Where no vaine breath of th'impudent moleſts,
That hath ſecur'd within the braſen walles
Of a cleere conſcience, that without all ſtaine
Riſes in peace, in innocencie reſts,
Whilſt all what malice from without procures,
Shewes her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none reioyce more in reuenge
Then women vſe to doe, yet you well know,
That wrong is better checkt, by being contemn'd
Then being purſu'd leauing to him t'auenge
To whom it appertaines; wherein you ſhow
How worthily your cleereneſſe hath condemn'd
Baſe malediction, liuing in the darke,
That at the raies of goodneſſe ſtill doth barke.

Knowing the heart of man is ſet to be
The centre of this world, about the which
Theſe reuolutions of diſturbances
Still roule, where all th'aſpects of miſerie
Predominate, whoſe ſtrong effects are ſuch
As he muſt beare, being pow'rleſſe to redreſſe;
And that vnleſſe aboue himſelfe he can
Erect himſelfe, how poore a thing is man!

And how turmoyl'd they are, that leuell lie
With earth, and cannot lift themſelues from thence;
That neuer are at peace with their deſires,
But wotke beyond their yeeres, and euen denie
Dotage her reſt, and hardly will diſpence
With death: that when ability expires,
Deſire liues ſtill: ſo much delight they haue
To carry toyle and trauell to the graue.

Whoſe ends you ſee, and what can be the beſt
They reach unto, when they haue caſt the ſumme
And reckonings of their glory, and you know
This floting life hath but this Port of reſt,
A heart prepar'd, that feares no ill to come:
And that mans greatneſſe reſts but in his ſhow,
The beſt of all whoſe dayes conſumed are
Either in warre, or peace conceiuing warre.

This concord, Madame, of a well-tun'd minde
Hath beene ſo ſet, by that all-working hand
Of heauen, that though the world hath done his worſt
To put it out, by diſcords moſt vnkinde,
Yet doth it ſtill in perfect vnion ſtand
With God and man, nor euer will be forc't
From that moſt ſweet accord, but ſtill agree
Equall in Fortunes in equalitie.

And

And this note (Madame) of your worthineſſe
Remaines recorded in ſo many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right
In th'inheritance of Fame you muſt poſſeſſe,
You that haue built you by your great deſerts,
Out of ſmall meanes, a farre more exquiſit
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name
Then all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

S. D.

TO THE LADIE LVCIE *Counteſſe of Bedford.*

THough vertue be the ſame when low ſhe ſtands,
In th'humble ſhadowes of obſcuritie,
As when ſhe either ſweats in martiall bands,
Or ſits in Court clad with authoritie;
Yet, Madam, doth the ſtrictneſſe of her roome
Greatly detract from her abilitie:
For as in-wall'd within a liuing tombe,
Her hands and armes of action, labour not;
Her thoughts, as if abortiue from the wombe,
Come neuer borne, though happily begot.
But where ſhe hath mounted in open ſight
An eminent and ſpacious dwelling got.
Where ſhee may ſtirre at will, and vſe her might
There is ſhe more her ſelfe, and more her owne;
There in the faire attire of honor dight,
She ſits at eaſe and makes her glory knowne:
Applauſe attends her hands, her deeds haue grace,
Her worth new-borne is ſtrait as if full growne.
With ſuch a godly and reſpected face
Doth vertue looke, that's ſet to looke from hie,
And ſuch a faire aduantage by her place
Hath ſtate and greatneſſe to doe worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
With her, that grating you, comes grac't thereby:
And well was let into a houſe ſo ſweet,
So good, ſo faire; ſo faire ſo good a gueſt,
Who now remaines as bleſſed in her ſeat,
As you are with her reſidencie bleſt.

And this faire course of knowledge whereunto
Your ſtudies, learned Lady, are addreſt,
Is th'only certaine way that you can go
Vnto true glory, to true happineſſe:
All paſſages on earth beſides, are ſo
Incumbred with ſuch vaine diſturbances.
As ſtill we loſe our reſt in ſeeking it,
Being but deluded with apparances,
And no key had you elſe that was ſo fit
T'vnlocke that priſon of your ſex, as this,
To let you out of weakneſſe, and admit
Your powers into the freedome of that bliſſe
That ſets you there where you may ouer-ſee
This rowling world, and view it as it is,
And apprehend how th'outſides doe agree
With th'inward, being of the things we deeme
And hold in our ill-caſt accounts, to be
Of higheſt value and of beſt eſteeme;
Since all the good we haue reſts in the minde,
By whoſe proportions onely we redeeme
Our thoughts from out confuſion, and doe finde
The meaſure of our ſelues, and of our pow'rs;
And that all happineſſe remaines confinde
Within the Kingdome of this breaſt of ours:
Without whoſe boundes all that we looke on lies
In others iuriſdictions, others pow'rs,
Out of the circuit of our liberties.
All glory, honor, fame, applauſe, renowne,
Are not belonging to our royalties,
But t'others wils, wherein th'are onely growne:
And that vnleſſe we find vs all within,
We neuer can without vs be our owne:
Nor call it right our life that we liue in:
But a poſſeſſion held for others vſe,
That ſeeme to haue moſt int'reſt therein;
Which we doe ſo diſſeuer, part, traduce,

Let

Let out to cuſtome, faſhion, and to ſhew
As we enioy but onely the abuſe,
And haue no other deed at all to ſhew.
How oft are we conſtrained to appeare
With other countenance then that we owe,
And be our ſelues farre off, when we are neere!
How oft are we forc't on a cloudie hart
To ſet a ſhining face, and make it cleere,
Seeming content to put our ſelues apart,
To beare a part of others weakeneſſes!
As if we onely were compos'd by Art,
Not Nature, and did all our deeds addreſſe
T'opinion, not t'a conſcience, what is right:
As fram'd b'example, not aduiſedneſſe,
Into thoſe formes that entertaine our ſight.
And though books, Madam, cannot make this minde
Which we muſt bring apt to be ſet aright,
Yet doe they rectifie it in that kinde,
And touch it ſo, as that it turnes that way
Where iudgement lies: and though we cannot find
The certaine place of truth, yet doe they ſtay
And entertaine vs neere about the ſame,
And giue the ſoule the beſt delight that may
Encheere it moſt, and moſt our ſpirits inflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends:
And therefore in a courſe that beſt became
The cleereneſſe of your heart, and beſt commends
Your worthy pow'rs, you run the righteſt way
That is on earth, that can true glory giue,
By which when all conſumes, your fame ſhal liue.

TO THE LADIE ANNE *Clifford.*

VNto the tender youth of thoſe faire eies
The light of iudgement can ariſe but new,
And yong, the world appeares t'a yong conceit,
Whil'ſt thorow the vnacquainted faculties
The late inueſted ſoule doth rawly view
Thoſe obiects which on that diſcretion wait.
Yet you that ſuch a faire aduantage haue
Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t'out go,
And be before your yeeres can fairely gueſſe
What hue of life holdes ſureſt without ſtaine,
Hauing your well-wrought heart full furniſh't ſo
With all the images of worthineſſe,
As there is left no roome at all t'inueſt
Figures of other forme but ſanctitie:
Whilſt yet thoſe cleane-created thoughts, within
The Garden of your innocencies reſt,
Where are no motions of deformitie,
Nor any doore at all to let them in.
With ſo great care doth ſhe, that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorne
That better part, the manſion of your minde,
With all the richeſt furniture of worth,
To make y'as highly good as highly borne,
And ſet your vertues equall to your kinde.
She tels you how that honour onely is
A goodly garment put on faire deſarts,
Wherein the ſmalleſt ſtaine is greateſt ſeene,
And that it cannot grace vnworthineſſe;

But more apparant ſhewes defectiue parts,
How gay ſoeuer they are deckt therein.
She tels you too, how that it bounded is,
And kept incloſed with ſo many eies,
As that it cannot ſtray and breake abroad
Into the priuate wayes of careleſneſſe,
Nor euer may deſcend to vulgarize,
Or be below the ſphere of her abode.
But like to thoſe ſupernall bodies ſet
Within their Orbs, muſt keepe the certaine courſe
Of order, deſtin'd to their proper place,
Which onely doth their note of glory get.
Th'irregular apparances inforce
A ſhort reſpect, and periſh without grace:
Being Meteors ſeeming high, but yet low plac't
Blazing but while their dying matters laſt:
Nor can we take the iuſt height of the minde,
But by that order which her courſe doth ſhew,
And which ſuch ſplendor to her actions giues,
And thereby men her eminencie finde,
And thereby onely doe attaine to know
The Region, and the Orbe wherein ſhe liues.
For low in th'aire of groſſe vncertaintie
Confuſion onely rowles, order ſits hie.
And therefore ſince the deareſt things on earth,
This honour, Madam, hath his ſtately frame
From th'heau'nly order, which begets reſpect,
And that your Nature, vertue, happy birth,
Haue therein highly interplac'd your name,
You may not runne the leaſt courſe of neglect.
For where, not to obſerue, is to prophane
Your dignity; how carefull muſt you be
To be your ſelfe? And though you may to all
Shine faire aſpects, yet muſt the vertuous gaine
The beſt effects of your benignitie:
Nor muſt your common graces cauſe to fall

The price of your eſteeme t'a lower rate,
Then doth befit the pitch of your eſtate.
Nor may you build on your ſufficiencie,
For in our ſtrongeſt parts we are but weake;
Nor yet may ouermuch diſtruſt the ſame:
Leſt that you come to checke it ſo thereby,
As ſilence may become worſe then to ſpeake;
Though ſilence women neuer ill became.
And none we ſee were euer ouerthrowne
By others flattery more then by their owne.
For though we liue amongſt the tongues of praiſe,
And troopes of ſmoothing people that collaud
All that we doe, yet 'tis within our harts
Th'ambuſhment lies, that euermore betraies
Our iudgements, when our ſelues be come t'applaud
Our owne abilitie and our owne parts
So that we muſt not onely fence this fort
Of ours, againſt all others fraud, but moſt
Againſt our owne, whoſe danger is the moſt,
Becauſe we lie the neereſt to doe hurt,
And ſoon'ſt deceiue our ſelues, and ſoon'ſt are loſt
By our beſt pow'rs, that doe vs moſt tranſpord.
Such are your holy bounds, who muſt conuay
(If God ſo pleaſe) the honourable bloud
Of *Clifford*, and of *Ruſſell*, led aright
To many worthy ſtems, whoſe ofspring may
Looke backe with comfort, to haue had that good
To ſpring from ſuch a branch that grew s'vpright;
Since nothing cheeres the heart of greatneſſe more
Then th'Anceſtors faire glory gone before.

To

TO HENRY VVRIOTHESLY Earle of *Southamton.*

Non fert illustrius illa fœlicitas.

HE, who hath neuer warr'd with miſerie,
Nor euer tugg'd with Fortune and diſtreſſe,
Hath had n'occaſion nor no field to trie
The ſtrength and forces of his worthineſſe:
Thoſe parts of iudgement which felicitie
Keepes as conceal'd, affliction muſt expreſſe;
And onely men ſhew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities

The world had neuer taken ſo full note
Of what thou art, hadſt thou not beene vndone,
And onely thy affliction hath begot
More fame, then thy beſt fortunes could haue done;
For euer, by aduerſitie are wrought
The greateſt workes of admiration.
And all the faire examples of renowne
Out of diſtreſſe and miſerie are growne.

Mutius the fire, the tortures *Reguli*,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeale,
Exile renown'd, and grac'd *Rutilius*;
Impriſonment and poyſon did reuitale
The worth of *Socrates*; *Fabritius*
Pouertie did grace that Common-weale
More then all *Syllaes* riches got with ſtrife;
And *Catoes* death did vie with *Ceſars* life.

Not to b'vnhappy is vnhappyneſſe;
And miſery not t'haue knowne miſerie:
For the beſt way vnto diſcretion, is
The way that leades vs by aduerſitie.
And men are better ſhew'd what is amiſſe,
By th'expert finger of calamitie,
Then they can be with all that Fortune brings,
Who neuer ſhewes them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'ſt haue indur'd
With a repoſed cheere, wrong and diſgrace;
And with a heart and countenance aſſur'd
Haue lookt ſterne death and horror in the face!
How ſhould we know thy ſoule had beene ſecur'd
In honeſt counſels and in way vnbaſe!
Hadſt thou not ſtood to ſhew vs what thou wert:
By thy affliction, that diſcri'd thy heart.

It is not but the Tempeſt that doth ſhow
The Sea-mans cunning; but the field that tries
The Captaines courage: and we come to know
Beſt what men are, in their worſt ieoperdies:
For lo, how many haue we ſeene to grow
To high renowne from loweſt miſeries,
Out of the hands of death, and many a one
T'haue beene vndone, had they not beene vndone?

He that indures for what his conſcience knowes
Not to be ill, doth from a patience hie
Looke onely on the cauſe whereto he owes
Thoſe ſufferings, not on his miſerie:
The more h'endures, the more his glory growes,
Which neuer growes from imbecillitie:
Onely the beſt compos'd and worthieſt harts
God ſets to act the hardeſt and conſtant'ſt parts.

The paſſion of a diſtreſſed man, who being in a tempeſt on the Sea, and having in his Boate two Women, of whom, he loued the one that diſdained him, and ſcorned the other who affected him, was by cammandement from Neptune, *to caſt out one of them, to appeaſe the rage of the tempeſt, but which, was referred to his owne choice.*

MY vnkinde Loue, or ſhe that loues me deare,
Neptune will haue caſt forth to calme the Seas
One of theſe two, or all muſt periſh here:
And therefore now, which ſhall I ſaue of theſe?
Ah! doe I make a queſtion which to ſaue,
When my deſires ſhare but one onely part!
Who ſhould it be but ſhe to whom I haue
Reſign'd my life, and ſacrific'd my hart?
She, ſhe muſt liue, the tempeſts of whoſe brow
Confound me more then all theſe ſtormes can doo,
And but for whom I liue: And therefore how
Can any life be life, leſſe ſhe liue too?
For by that meanes I both may pacifie
The rigour of theſe waues, and her hard heart,
Who muſt ſaue him who would not let her die:
Nor can ſhe but reward ſo great deſert.
She cannot, but in mercy needes muſt giue
Comfort to him, by whom her ſelfe doth liue.

Pars altera.

BVt ſhall the bloud of her that loues me then
Be ſacrifiz'd to her diſdainefulneſſe
That ſcornes my loue? and ſhall I hope to win
Mercie from her, by being mercileſſe?
Will not her ſafety being thus attain'd,
Raiſe her proude heart t'a higher ſet of ſcorne,

When ſhe ſhall ſee my paſſions are diſdain'd
With bloud, although it were to ſerue her turne?
Since th'act of ill, though it fall good to vs,
Makes vs yet hate the doer of the ſame:
And though my hand ſhould haue preſeru'd her thus,
Yet being by cruell meanes, it is my ſhame,
Which ſhe will but aſcribe to my defects
And th'imperfections of my paſſions; which
She knowes the influence of her eyes effects,
And therein ioyes t'haue vanquiſht me ſo much.
And when deſert ſhall ſeeme t'exact reward,
It breedes a loathing in the heart of Grace,
That muſt worke free out of her owne regard,
And haue no dues t'obraid her to her face.
So ſhall I then haue bent againſt my ſoule
Both her diſdaine, and th'horror of that deed,
Which euer muſt my crueltie controule,
And checke the wrong that neuer can ſucceed.
And though it be requir'd that one muſt go,
By meſſage ſent me from the powrs Diuine,
Yet will I not redeeme my ſafety ſo,
Though life be in their hand, death is in mine.
And therefore ſince compaſſion cannot be
Cruell to either, *Neptune* take all three.

Reſumptio.

BVt that were to be cruell to all three,
Rebell to Nature, and the gods arreſt,
Whoſe ordinances muſt obſerued be;
Nor may our frailty with the heauens conteſt.
Why then that muſt be done that's leaſt vniuſt,
And my affections may not beare a part
With crueltie and wrong. But here I muſt
Be of a ſide, to goe againſt my hart,
And her diſdaine her due reward muſt haue:
She muſt be caſt away that would not ſaue.

S. D.

MVSOPHILVS:

Containing,

A GENERALL DEFENCE of Learning.

To the right VVorthy and Iudicious *Fauorer of Vertue, Maſter* Fulke Greuill.

I Doe not here vpon this hum'rous Stage,
Bring my transformed Verſe, apparelled
With others paſſions, or with others rage;
With loues, with wounds, with factions furniſhed:
But here preſent thee, onely modelled
In this poore frame, the forme of mine owne heart:
Where, to reuiue my ſefe, my Muſe is led
With motions of her owne, t'act her owne part,
Striuing to make her now contemned Art,
As farre t'her ſelfe as poſſibly ſhe can;
Leſt, ſeeming of no force, of no deſert,
She might repent the courſe that ſhe began;
And with theſe times of diſſolution, fall
From Goodneſſe, Vertue, Glory, Fame and all.

MVSOPHILVS

Containing,

A generall Defence of all Learning.

Philocosmus.

FOnd man *Musophilus*, that thus dost spend,
In an vngainefull Arte thy deerest dayes,
Tyring thy wits, and toyling, to no end,
But to attaine that idle smoake of Praise:
Now when this busie world cannot attend
Th'vntimely Musicke of neglected layes.
Other delights then these, other desires
This wiser profit-seeking Age requires.

Musophilus.

FRiend *Philocosmus*, I confesse indeede,
I loue this sacred Arte thou sett'st so light,
And though it neuer stand my life in steede,
It is enough, it giues my selfe delight,
The whiles my vnafflicted minde doth feede
On no vnholy thoughts for benefit.

Be it, that my vnſeaſonable Song
Come out of time, that fault is in the Time,
And I muſt not doe Vertue ſo much wrong,
As loue her aught the worſe for others crime:
And yet I finde ſome bleſſed ſpirits among,
That cheriſh me, and like, and grace my Rime.
Againe, that I doe more in Soule eſteeme,
Then all the gaine of duſt the world doth craue:
And, if I may attaine, but to redeeme
My name from Diſſolution and the Graue,
I ſhall haue done enough, and better deeme
T'haue liu'd to be, then to haue dide to haue.
Short-breath'd Mortalitie would yet extend
That ſpanne of life ſo farre forth as it may,
And robbe her Fate, ſeeke to beguile her end
Of ſome few lingring dayes of after ſtay,
That all this little All, might not deſcend
Into the darke a vniuerſall pray.
And giue our labours yet this poore delight,
That when our daies doe end, they are not done:
And though we die, we ſhall not periſh quite,
But liue two liues, where other haue but one.

Philoſophus.

SIlly deſires of ſelfe-abuſing man,
Striuing to gaine th'inheritance of Aire,
That hauing done the vttermoſt he can,
Leaues yet, perhaps, but beggarie to his heire:
All that great purchaſe of the breath he wan,
Feedes not his race, or makes his houſe more faire.
And what art thou the better, thus to leaue
A multitude of words to ſmall effect,
Which other times may ſcorne, and ſo deceiue
Thypromis'd name, of what thou doſt expect?

Beſides,

Beſides, ſome viperous Criticke may bereaue
Th'opinion of thy worth for ſome defect,
And get more reputation of his wit,
By, but controlling of ſome word or ſence,
Then thou ſhalt honour for contriuing it,
With all thy trauell, care and diligence,
Being Learning now enough to contradict,
And cenſure others with bold inſolence.
Beſides, ſo many ſo confuſedly ſing,
Whoſe diuerſe diſcords haue the Muſicke mar'd,
And in contempt that myſterie doth bring,
That he muſt ſing alowd that will be heard:
And the receiu'd opinion of the thing,
For ſome vnhallowed ſtring that vildely iar'd,
Hath ſo vnſeaſon'd now the eares of men,
That who doth touch the tenour of that vaine,
Is held but vaine, and his vnreckned pen
The title but of Leuitie doth gaine.
A poore light gaine, to recompence their toyle,
That thought to get Eternitie the while.
And therefore, leaue the left and out-worne courſe
Of vnregarded wayes, and labour how
To fit the times with what is moſt in force,
Be new with mens affections that are new:
Sriue not to runne an idle counter-courſe,
Out from the ſcent of humours, men allow.
For not diſcreetly to compoſe our partes
Vnto the frame of men (which we muſt be)
Is to put off our ſelues, and make our Artes
Rebels to Nature and Societie,
Whereby we come to burie our deſarts,
In th'obſcure graue of Singularitie.

Muſophilus.

DOe not prophane the worke of doing well,
Seduced man, that canſt not looke ſo hie
From out that miſt of earth, as thou canſt tell
The wayes of Right, which Vertue doth deſcrie,
That ouer-lookes the baſe contemptibly,
And low-laid follies of Mortalitie:
Nor mete out Truth and right-diſceruing Praiſe,
By that wrong meaſure of Confuſion,
The vulgar foote, that neuer takes his wayes
By Reaſon, but by Imitation,
Rowling on with the reſt, and neuer weighs
The courſe which he ſhould goe, but what is gone.
Well were it with Mankinde, if, what the moſt
Did like, were beſt, But Ignorance will liue
By others ſquare, as by example loſt:
And man to man muſt th'hand of Errour giue
That none can fall alone, at their owne coſt,
And all, becauſe men iudge not, but beleeue.
For what poore bounds haue they, whom but th'earth bounds,
What is their end whereto their care attaines,
When the thing got, relieues not, but confounds,
Hauing but trauell to ſucceede their paines?
What ioy hath he of liuing, that propounds
Affliction but his end, and Griefe his gaines?
Gath'ring, incroching, wreſting, ioyning to,
Deſtroying, building, decking, furniſhing,
Repayring, altring, and ſo much adoe,
To his ſoules toyle, and bodies trauelling:
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordaines to haue th'inheriting.
And his faire houſe rais'd hie in Enuies eie,
Whoſe Pillars rear'd (perhaps) on bloud and wrong,
The ſpoyles and pillage of Iniquitie,

Who

Who can aſſure it to continue long?
If Rage ſpar'd not the walles of Pietie,
Shall the prophaneſt pyles of ſinne keepe ſtrong?
How many proud aſpiring Pallaces
Haue we knowne, made the prey of wrath and pride,
Leuell'd with th'earth, left to forgetfulneſſe,
Whilſt titlers their pretendied rights decide,
Or ciuill tumults, or an orderleſſe
Order, pretending change of ſome ſtrong ſide?
Then where is that proud Title of thy name,
Written in yce of melting vanitie?
Where is thine heire left to poſſeſſe the ſame?
Perhaps, not ſo well as in beggarie.
Something may riſe to be beyond the ſhame
Of vile and vnregarded Pouertie.
Which I confeſſe, although I often ſtriue
To clothe in the beſt habit of my skill,
In all the faireſt colours I can giue:
Yet for all that, me thinkes ſhe lookes but ill,
I cannot brooke that face, which dead-aliue
Shewes a quicke body, but a buried will.
Yet oft we ſee the barres of this reſtraine
Holdes goodneſſe in, which looſe wealth would let flie,
And fruitleſſe riches barriner then waine,
Brings forth ſmall worth from idle Libertie:
Which when Diſorders ſhall againe make ſcant,
It muſt refetch her ſtate from Pouertie.
But yet in all this interchange of all,
Vertue we ſee, with her faire grace, ſtands faſt:
For what high races hath there come to fall,
With low diſgrace, quite vaniſhed and paſt,
Since *Chaucer* liu'd, who yet liues, and yet ſhall,
Though (which I grieue to ſay) but in his laſt.
Yet what a time hath he wreſted from Time,
And wonne vpon the mighty waſte of dayes,
Vnto th'immortall honour of our clime,

That

That by his meanes came firſt adorn'd with Bayes,
Vnto the ſacred Relickes of whoſe rime,
We yet are bound in zeale to offer praiſe?
And, could our lines, begotten in this age,
Obtaine but ſuch a bleſſed hand of yeares,
And ſcape the fury of that threatning rage,
Which in confuſed cloudes gaſtly appeares,
Who would not ſtraine his trauels to ingage,
When ſuch true g'ory ſhould ſucceede his cares?
But whereas he came planted in the Spring,
And had the Sunne, before him, of Reſpect:
We, ſet in th'Autumne, in the withering
And fullen ſeaſon of a cold defect,
Muſt taſte thoſe ſowre diſtaſts the times do bring
Vpon the fulneſſe of a cloy'd Neglect,
Although the ſtrouger conſtitutions ſhall
Weare out th'infection of diſtempred dayes,
And come with glory to out-liue this fall,
Recou'ring of another ſpringing of Praiſe,
Cleer'd from th'oppreſing humours whereuithall
The Idle multitude ſurcharge their laies.
Whenas (perhaps) the words thou ſcorneſt now
May liue, the ſpeaking picture of the minde,
The etxract of the ſoule, that laboured, how
To leaue the Image of herſelfe behinde,
Wherein Poſteritie, that loue to know
The iuſt proportion of our Spirits, may finde.
For theſe Lines are the veines, the arteries,
And vndecaying life-ſtrings of thoſe harts
That ſtill ſhall pant, and ſtill ſhall exercize
The motion, ſpirit and Nature both imparts,
And ſhall, with thoſe aliue ſo ſympathize,
As, nouriſht with their powers, inioy their parts.
O bleſſed Letters, that combine in one,
All Ages paſt, and make one liue with all:
By you, we doe conferre with who are gone,

And

And, the dead-liuing vnto Councell call:
By you, th'vnborne ſhall haue communion
Of what we feele, and what doth vs befall.
Soule of the world, Knowledge, without thee,
What hath the Earth, that truly glorious is?
Why ſhould our pride make ſuch a ſtirre to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To doe worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight?
And let th'vnnaturall and wayward Race,
Borne of one wombe with vs, but to our ſhame,
That neuer read t'obſerue, but to diſgrace,
Raiſe all the tempeſt of their powre, to blame
That puffe of folly neuer can deface,
The worke a happy *Genius* tooke to frame.
Yet why ſhould ciuill Learning ſeeke to wound
And mangle her owne members with deſpight?
Prodigious wits, that ſtudy to confound
The life of wit, to ſeeme to know aright,
As if themſelues had fortunately found
Some ſtand from off the earth beyond our ſight,
Whence, ouer-looking all as from aboue,
Their grace is not to worke, but to reproue.
But how came they plac'd in ſo high degree
Aboue the reach and compaſſe of the reſt?
Who hath admitted them onely to be
Free-denizons of skill, to iudge the beſt?
From whom the world as yet could neuer ſee
The warrant of their wit ſoundly expreſt.
T'acquaint our times with that perfection
Of high conceit, which onely they poſſeſſe,
That we might haue things exquiſitely done,
Meaſur'd with all their ſtrict obſeruances:
Such would (I know) ſcorne a Tranſlation,
Or bring but others labours to the Preſſe:
Yet, oft theſe monſter-breeding mountaines will
Bring forth ſmall Mice of great expected skill.

Pre-

Preſumption euer fulleſt of defects,
Failes, in the doing, to performe her part:
And I haue knowne proude words and poore effects,
Of ſuch indeede as doe condemne this Arte:
But let them reſt, it euer hath beene knowne,
They others vertues ſcorne, that doubt their owne.
And for the diuers diſagreeing cordes
Of inter-iangling Ignorance, that fill
The dainty eares, and leaue no roome for words,
The worthier mindes neglect, or pardon will:
Knowing the beſt he hath, he frankely foordes,
And ſcornes to be a niggard of his skill.
And that the rather, ſince this ſhort-liu'd race,
Being fatally the ſonnes but of one day,
That now with all their powre plie it apace,
To hold out with the greateſt might they may,
Againſt Confuſion, that hath all in chace,
To make of all, an vniuerſall pray.
For now great Nature hath laid downe at laſt
That mighty birth, wherewith ſo long ſhe went,
And ouer-went the times of ages paſt,
Here to lye in, vpon our ſoft content,
Where fruitfull ſhe, hath multiplyed ſo faſt,
That all ſhe hath, on theſe times ſeem'd to haue ſpent.
All that which might haue many ages grac'd,
Is borne in one, to make one cloy'd with all,
Where Plenty hath impreſt a deepe diſtaſt,
Of beſt and worſt, and all in generall:
That Goodneſſe ſeemes Goodneſſe to haue defac't,
And Vertue hath to Vertue giuen the fall.
For Emulation, that proude nurſe of Wit,
Scorning to ſtay below or come behinde,
Labours vpon that narrow top to ſit
Of ſole Perfection in the higheſt kinde:
Enuy and Wonder looking after it,
Thruſt likewiſe, on the ſelfeſame bliſſe to finde:

And

And ſo, long ſtriuing, till they can no more,
Doe ſtuffe the place, or others hopes ſhut out,
Who, doubting to ouertake thoſe gone before,
Giue vp their care, and caſt no more about:
And ſo in ſcorne, leaue all as fore poſſeſt,
And will be none, where they may not be beſt.
Eu'n like ſome empty Creeke, that long hath laine,
Left or neglected of the Riuer by,
Whoſe ſearching ſides, pleas'd with a wandring vaine,
Finding ſome little way that cloſe did lie,
Steale in at firſt, then other ſtreames againe
Second the firſt, then more then all ſupply,
Till all the mighty maine hath borne, at laſt,
The glory of his chiefeſt powre that way,
Plying this newfound pleaſant roome ſo faſt,
Till all be full, and all be at a ſtay:
And then about, and backe againe doth caſt,
Leauing that full to fall another way:
So fares this hum'rous world, that euermore
Rapt with the current of a preſent courſe,
Runnes into that which lay contemn'd before:
Then glutted, leaues the ſame, and falles t'a worſe:
Now Zeale holdes all, no life but to adore,
Then cold in ſpirit, and faith is of no force.
Strait, all that holy was, vnhollowed lies,
The ſcattred carcaſſes of ruin'd vowes:
Then Truth is falſe, and now hath Blindneſſe eies,
Then Zeale truſts all, now ſcarcely what it knowes:
That euermore, to fooliſh or to wiſe,
It fatall is to be ſeduc'd with ſhowes.
Sacred Religion, mother of Forme and Feare,
How gorgeouſly ſometimes doſt thou ſit deckt?
What pompous veſtures doe we make thee weare?
What ſtately piles we prodigall erect?
How ſweet perfum'd thou art, how ſhining cleare?
How ſolemnely obſeru'd, with what reſpect?

Another time, all plaine, all quite thread-bare,
Thou muſt haue all within, and nought without,
Sit poorely without light, diſrob'd, no care
Of outward grace, to amuze the poore deuout,
Powreleſſe, vnfollowed, ſcarcely men can ſpare
The neceſſary rites to ſet thee out.
Either Truth, Goodneſſe, Vertue are not ſtill
The ſelfeſame which they are, and alwayes one,
But alter to the proiect of our will,
Or we, our actions make them waite vpon,
Putting them in the liuery of our skill,
And caſt them off againe when we haue done.
You mightie Lords, that with reſpected grace
Doe at the ſterne of faire example ſtand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand,
Keepe a right courſe, beare vp from all diſgrace,
Obſerue the poynt of glory to our land:
Hold vp diſgraced knowledge from the ground,
Keepe Vertue in requeſt, giue Worth her due,
Let not Neglect with barbarous meanes confound
So faire a good, to bring in night anew.
Be not, O be not acceſſary found
Vnto her death, that muſt giue life to you.
Where will you haue your vertuous name ſafe laide?
In gorgeous Tombes, in ſacred Cels ſecure?
Doe you not ſee thoſe proſtrate heapes betraide
Your fathers bones, and could not keep them ſure?
And will you truſt deceitfull ſtones faire laide,
And thinke they will be to your honour truer?
No, no, vnſparing Time will proudly ſend
A warrant vnto Wrath, that with one frowne
Will all theſe mock'ries of Vaine-glory rend,
And make them, as before, vngrac'd, vnknowne,
Poore idle honours that can ill defend
Your memories that cannot keepe their owne.

And

And whereto ſerue that wondrous *Trophei* now,
That on the goodly Plaine neere *Wilton* ſtands?
That huge dumbe heape, that cannot tell vs how,
Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whoſe hands,
Nor for whoſe glory, it was ſet to ſhew
How much our pride mocks that of other lands?
Whereon, when as the gazing paſſenger
Hath greedy lookt with admiration,
And faine would know his birth, and what he were,
How there erected, and how long agone:
Enquires, and askes his fellow traueller,
What he hath heard, and his opinion:
And he knowes nothing. Then he turnes againe,
And lookes, and ſighs, and then admires afreſh,
And in himſelfe with ſorrow doth complaine
The miſery of darke Forgetfulneſſe:
Angry with Time that nothing ſhould remaine,
Our greateſt wonders wonder to expreſſe.
Then Ignorance, with fabulous diſcourſe,
Robbing faire Arte and Cunning of their right,
Tels, how thoſe ſtones, were by the Deuils force,
From *Affrike* brought to *Ireland* in a night,
And thence, to *Britannie*, by Magicke courſe,
From Gyants hands redeem'd by *Merlins* ſleight.
And then neere *Ambri* plac'd, in memorie
Of all thoſe noble Britons murthered there,
By *Hengiſt* and his Saxon trecherie,
Comming to parlee in peace at vnaware.
With this old Legend then Credulitie
Holdes her content, and cloſes vp her care:
But is Antiquitie ſo great a liar?
Or, doe her yonger ſonnes her age abuſe,
Seeing after-commers ſtill, ſo apt t'admire
The graue authoritie that ſhe doth vſe,
That reuerence and Reſpect dares not require
Proofe of her deedes, or once her words refuſe?

Yet wrong they did vs, to preſume ſo far,
Vpon our eaſie credit and delight:
For, once found falſe, they ſtrait became to mar
Our faith, and their owne reputation quite,
That now her truths hardly beleeued are:
And though ſh'auouch the right, ſhe ſcarce hath right.
And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That ſtands corrupted ſo with times deſpight,
And giu'ſt falſe euidence, againſt their fame
That ſet thee there, to teſtifie their right,
And art become a Traitour to their name
That truſted thee with all the beſt they might,
Thou ſhalt ſtand ſtill belide, and ſlaundered,
The onely gazing-ſtocke of Ignorance,
And by thy guile, the wiſe admoniſhed,
Shall neuer more deſire ſuch haepes t'aduance,
Nor truſt their liuing glory with the dead
That cannot ſpeake, but leaue their fame to Chance:
Conſidering in how ſmall a roome doe lie,
And yet lie ſafe, as freſh as if aliue,
All thoſe great worthies of antiquitie,
Which long foreliu'd thee, and ſhall long ſuruiue,
Who ſtronger tombes found for Eternitie,
Then could the powres of all the earth contriue.
Where they remaine theſe trifles to obraid
Out of the reach of Spoyle, and way of Rage,
Though Time with all his power of yeeres hath laid
Long batterie, back'd with vndermining Age,
Yet they make head, onely with their owne aide
And warre, with his all-conquering forces, wage.
Pleading the Heau'ns preſcription to be free,
And t'haue a grant, t'indure as long as hee.

Philo-

Philocoſmus.

BEholde how euery man, drawne with delight
Of what he doth, flatters him in his way,
Striuing to make his courſe ſeeme onely right
Doth his owne reſt, and his owne thoughts betray:
Imagination bringing brauely dight,
Her pleaſing Images in beſt aray,
With flattering glaſſes that muſt ſhew him faire,
And others foule: his skill and wit beſt,
Others ſeduc'd, deceiu'd and wrong in their:
His knowledge right, all ignorant the reſt,
Not ſeeing how theſe Minions in the aire
Preſent a face of things falſely expreſt,
And that the glimmering of theſe errours ſhowne,
Are but a light, to let him ſee his owne.
Alas poore Fame, in what a narrow roome,
As an incaged Parrot art thou pent
Here amongſt vs, where, euen as good be dombe
As ſpeake, and to be heard with no attent?
How can you promiſe of the time to come,
When as the preſent are ſo negligent?
Is this the walke of all your wide renowne,
This litle Point, this ſcarce diſcerned Ile,
Thruſt from the world, with whom our ſpeech vnknowne
Made neuer any traffike of our Stile.
And in this All, where all this care is ſhowne,
T'inchant your fame to laſt ſo long a while?
And for that happier tongues haue wonne ſo much,
Thinke you to make your barbarous language ſuch?
Poore narrow limits for ſo mightie paines,
That cannot promiſe any forraine vent:
And yet, if here, to all your wondrous vaines
Were generally knowne, it might content:
But lee, how many reades not, or diſdaines
The labour of the chiefe and excellent?

How many thouſands neuer heard the name
Of *Sidney*, or of *Spencer*, or their Bookes?
And yet braue fellowes, and preſume of Fame,
And ſeeme to beare downe all the world with lookes?
What then ſhall they expect of meaner frame,
On whoſe indeuours few or none ſcarce lookes?
Doe you not ſee theſe Pamphlets, Libels and Rymes,
Theſe ſtrange confuſed tumults of the minde,
Are growne to be the ſickneſſe of theſe times,
The great diſeaſe inflicted on mankinde?
Your Vertues by your Follies made your crimes,
Haue iſſue with your indiſcretion ioyn'd.
Schooles, Artes, Profeſſions, all in ſo great ſtore,
Paſſe the proportion of the preſent ſtate,
Where, being as great a number as before,
And fewer roomes them to accommodate:
It cannot be but they muſt throng the more,
And kick, and thruſt, and ſhoulder with Debate.
For when the greater wits cannot attaine
Th'expected good, which they account their right,
And yet perceiue others to reape that gaine
Of farre inferiour vertues in their ſight:
They preſent, with the ſharpe of Enuie, ſtraine
To wound them with reproches and deſpight:
And for theſe cannot haue as well as they,
They ſcorne their faith ſhould deigne to looke that way.
Hence, diſcontented Sects and Schiſmes ariſe,
Hence interwounding Controuerſies ſpring,
That feede the Simple, and offend the Wiſe,
Who know the conſequence of cauelling
Diſgrace, that theſe to others doe deuiſe:
Contempt and Scorne on all in th'end doth bring,
Like ſcolding wiues, reckning each others fault,
Make ſtanders-by imagine both are naught.
For when to theſe rare dainties, time admits
All commers, all complexions, all that will,

Where

Where none ſhould be let in but choiſeſt wits,
Whoſe milde diſcretion could comport with skill,
For when the place their humour neither fits,
Nor they the place, who can expect but ill?
For being vnapt for what they tooke in hand,
And for aught els whereto they ſhall b'addreſt,
They eu'n become th'incumbrance of the land,
As out of ranke, diſordring all the reſt:
This grace of theirs, to ſeeme to vnderſtand,
Marres all their grace, to doe, without their reſt.
Men finde, that action is another thing,
Then what they in diſcourſing papers reade:
The worlds affaires require in managing,
More Artes then thoſe wherein you Clerkes proceede,
Whilſt timorous Knowledge ſtands conſidering,
Audacious Ignorance hath done the deede,
For who knowes moſt, the more he knowes to doubt,
The leaſt diſcourſe is commonly moſt ſtout,
This ſweet inchaunting Knowledge turnes you cleene
Out from the fields of naturall delight,
And makes you hide, vnwilling to be ſeene
In th'open concourſe of a publike ſight:
This skill, wherewith you haue ſo cunning beene,
Vnfinues all your powres, vnmans you quite.
Publike ſocietie and commerce of men
Require another grace, another port:
This Eloquence, theſe Rymes, theſe Phraſes then,
Begot in ſhades, doe ſerue vs in no ſort,
Th'vnmateriall ſwelling of your Pen
Touch not the ſpirit that action doth import:
A manly ſtile, fitted to manly eares
Beſt grees with wit, not that which goes ſo gay,
And commonly the gawdy liu'ry weares
Of nice Corruptions, which the times doe ſway,
And waites on th'humour of his pulſe that beares
His paſſions ſet to ſuch a pleaſing kay:

Such dainties ſerue onely for ſtomackes weake,
For men doe fowleſt, when they fineſt ſpeake.
Yet doe I not diſlike that in ſome wiſe
Be ſung, the great heroicall deſerts,
Of braue renowned ſpirits, whoſe exerciſe
Of worthy deeds may call vp others hearts,
And ſerue a modell for poſterities,
To faſhion them fit for like glorious parts:
But ſo, that all our ſpirits may tend hereto,
To make it, not our grace, to ſay, but do.

Muſophilus.

MVch thou haſt ſaid, and willingly I heare,
As one that am not ſo poſſeſt with Loue
Of what I doe, but that I rather beare
An eare to learne, then a tongue to diſproue:
I know men muſt, as carried in their ſpheare,
According to their proper motions, moue.
And that courſe likes them beſt which they are on,
Yet Truth hath certaine bounds, but Falſhood none.
I doe confeſſe our limits are but ſmall,
Compar'd with all the whole vaſte earth beſide,
All which, againe rated to that great All,
Is likewiſe as a poynt, ſcarcely deſcride:
So that in theſe reſpects, we may this call,
A poynt but of a poynt, where we abide.
But if we ſhall deſcend from that high ſtand
Of ouer-looking Contemplation,
And caſt our thoughts, but to, and not beyond
This ſpacious circuit which we tread vpon,
We then may eſtimate our mighty land,
A world, within a world ſtanding alone.
Where, if our fame confind cannot get out,
What, ſhall we imagine it is pen'd,

That

That hath ſo great a world to walke about,
Whoſe bounds, with her reports haue both one end?
Why ſhall we not rather eſteeme her ſtout,
That farther then her owne ſcorne to extend?
Where being ſo large a roome, both to doe well,
And eke to heare th'applauſe of things well done,
That farther, if men ſhall our vertues tell,
We haue more mouthes, but not more merit won,
It doth not greater make that which is laudable,
The flame is bigger blowne, the fire all one.
And for the few that onely lend their eare,
That few, is all the world, which with a few
Doe euer liue, and moue, and worke, and ſtirre.
This is the heart doth feele and onely know
The reſt of all, that onely bodies beare,
Rowle vp and downe, and fill vp but the row.
And ſerues as others members, not their owne,
The inſtruments of thoſe that doe direct.
Then what diſgrace is this, not to be knowne
To thoſe know not to giue themſelues reſpect?
And though they ſwell with pompe of folly blowne,
They liue vngrac'd, and die but in Neglect.
And for my part, if onely one allow
The care my labouring ſpirits take in this,
He is to me a Theater large enow,
And his applauſe onely ſufficient is:
All my reſpect is bent but to his brow,
That is my All, and all I am, is his.
And if ſome worthy ſpirits be pleaſed too,
It ſhall more comfort breede, but not more will.
But what if none? It cannot yet vndoo
The loue I beare vnto this holy skill:
This is the thing that I was borne to doo,
This is my Scene, this part muſt I fulfill.
Let thoſe that know not breath, eſteeme of winde,
And ſet a vulgar ayre their ſeruile ſong,

Raring

Rating their goodneſſe by the praiſe they find,
Making their worth on others fits belong,
As Vertue were the hireling of the minde,
And could not liue if Fame had ne'r a tong.
Hath that all-knowing powre that holdes within
The goodly proſpectiue of all this frame,
(Where, whatſoeuer is, or what hath bin,
Reflects a certaine image of the ſame)
No inward pleaſures to delight her in,
But ſhe muſt gad to ſeeke an almes of Fame?
Muſt ſhe, like to a wanton Curtezan,
Open her breſts for ſhew, to winne her praiſe,
And blaze her faire bright beauty vnto man
As if ſhe were enamour'd of his wayes,
And knew not Weakeneſſe, nor could rightly ſcan
To what defects his hum'rous breath obayes?
She that can tell, how proud Ambition
Is but a Beggar, and hath nought at all,
But what is giu'n of meere Deuotion:
For which, how much it ſweats, how much it's thrall?
What toyle it takes, and yet, when all is done,
Th'endes in expectation neuer fall,
Shall ſhe ioyne hands with ſuch a ſeruile mate,
And proſtrate her faire body, to commit
Folly with earth, and to defile that ſtate
Of cleereneſſe, for ſo groſſe a benefit?
Hauing Reward dwelling within her gate,
And Glory of her owne to furniſh it:
Her ſelfe, a recompence ſufficient
Vnto her ſelfe, to giue her owne content.
I'ſt not enough, that ſhe hath rais'd ſo hie,
Thoſe that be hers, that they may ſit and ſee
The earth below them, and this All to lie
Vnder their view, taking the true degree
Of the iuſt height of ſwolne Mortalitie,
Right as it is, not as it ſeemes to be?

And vndeceiued with the Paralax
Of a miſtaking eye of paſſion, know,
By theſe mask'd outſides what the inward lackes,
Meas'ring man by himſelfe, not by his ſhow,
Wondering not at their rich and golden backes,
That haue poore mindes and little elſe to ſhew:
Nor taking that for them which well they ſee
Is not of them, but rather is their loade:
The lies of Fortune, wherewithall men be
Deemed within, when they be all abroade:
Whoſe ground, whoſe graſſe, whoſe earth haue cap and knee,
Which they ſuppoſe, is on themſelues beſtow'd.
And thinke like *Iſis* Aſſe, all Honours are
Giuen vnto them alone, the which are done
Vnto the painted Idoll which they beare,
That onely makes them to be gazed on:
For take away their packe, and ſhew them bare,
And ſee what beſt this Honour rides vpon.
Hath Knowledge lent to hers the priuy kay,
To let them in vnto the higheſt Stage
Of Cauſes, Secrets, Counſels, to ſurueay
The wits of men, their hearts, their colds, their rage,
That build, deſtroy, praiſe, hate, ſay and gainſay,
Beleeue and vnbeleeue, all in one age.
And ſhall we truſt goodneſſe as it proceedes
From that vnconſtant mouth, which with one breath
Will make it bad againe vnleſſe it feedes
The preſent humour that it fauoureth?
Shall we eſteeme and reckon how it heedes
Our workes, that his owne vowes vnhalloweth?
Then whereto ſerues it to haue bin inlarg'd
With this free manumiſſion of the mind,
If for all that, we ſtill continue charg'd
With thoſe diſcou'red errors which we finde?
As if our knowledge onely were diſcharg'd,
Yet we our ſelues ſtaid in a ſeruile kinde.

That

That Vertue muſt be out of countenance,
If this groſſe ſpirit, or that weake ſhallow braine
Or this nice wit, or that diſtemperance,
Neglect, diſtaſte, vncomprehend, diſdaine:
When ſuch ſicke eyes can neuer caſt a glance,
But through the colours of their proper ſtaine.
Though, I muſt needes confeſſe, the ſmall reſpect,
That theſe great-ſeeming beſt of men doe giue,
(Whoſe brow begets th'inferior ſorts neglect,)
Might moue the weake irreſolute to grieue:
But ſtronger, ſee how iuſtly this defect
Hath ouertooke the times wherein we liue:
That Learning needs muſt runne the common fate
Of all things elſe, thruſt on by her owne weight,
Comporting not her ſelfe in her eſtate
Vnder this burthen of a ſelfe conceit:
Our owne diſſentious hands opening the gate
Vnto Contempt, that on our quarrels waite,
Diſcou'red haue our inward gouernement,
And let in hard opinion to Diſgrace
The generall, for ſome weake impotent
That beare out their diſeaſe with a ſtolne face,
Who (ſilly ſoules) the more wit they haue ſpent,
The leſſe they ſhew'd, not bettring their bad caſe.
And ſee how ſoone this rowling world can take
Aduantage for her diſſolution,
Faine to get looſe from this withholding ſtake
Of ciuill Science and Diſcretion:
How glad it would runne wilde, that it might make
One formeleſſe forme of one confuſion?
Like tyrant *Ottomans* blindefolded ſtate,
Which muſt know nothing more, but to obay:
For this, ſeekes greedy Ignorance t'abate
Our number, order, liuing, forme and ſway:
For this, it practiſes to diſſipate
Th'vnſheltred troupes, till all be made away.

For

For, ſince our Fathers ſinnes pull'd firſt to ground
The pale of their diſſeuered dignitie,
And ouerthrew that holy reuerent bound
That parted learning and the Laiety,
And laid all flat in common, to confound
The honour and reſpect of Pietie:
It did ſo much in vile the eſtimate
Of th'opened and inuulgar'd myſteries,
Which now reduc'd vnto the baſeſt rate,
Muſt waite vpon the *Norman* ſubtilties,
Who (being mounted vp into their ſtate)
Doe beſt with wrangling rudeneſſe ſympathize.
And yet, though now ſet quite behinde the traine
Of vulgar ſway (and light of powre weigh'd light
Yet would this giddy innouation faine
Downe with it lower, to abaſe it quite:
And thoſe poore remnants that doe yet remaine
The ſpoyled markes of their diuided right:
They wholly would deface to leaue no face
Of reuerent Diſtinction and Degree,
As if they weigh'd no diffrence in this caſe,
Betwixt Religions Age and Infancie:
Where th'one muſt creepe, th'other ſtand with grace,
Leſt turn'd to a child it ouerturned be.
Though to pull backe th'on-running ſtate of things,
(Gath'ring corruption, as it gathers dayes)
Vnto the forme of their firſt orderings,
Is the beſt meanes that diſſolution ſtayes,
And to goe forward, backward, right, men brings.
T'obſerue the line from whence they tooke their w
Yet being once gone wide, and the right way
Not leuell to the times condition:
To alter courſe, may bring men more aſtray:
And leauing what was knowne to light on none,
Since eu'ry change the reuerence doth decay,
Of that which alway ſhould continue one.

For

For this is that cloſe kept *Palladium*
Which once remoou'd, brings ruine euermore:
This ſtir'd, makes men fore-ſetled, to become
Curious, to know what was beleeu'd before:
Whilſt Faith diſputes that vſed to be dombe,
And more men ſtriue to talke, then to adore.
For neuer head-ſtrong Reformation will
Reſt, till to th'extreame oppoſite it runne,
And ouer-runne the meane diſtruſted ſtill,
As being too neare of kinne, to that men ſhunne:
For good, and bad, and all, muſt be one ill,
When once there is another truth begunne.
So hard it is an euen hand to beare,
In temp'ring with ſuch maladies as theſe,
Leſt that our forward paſſions launce too neare,
And make the cure proue worſe then the diſeaſe:
For with the worſt we will not ſpare the beſt,
Becauſe it growes with that, which doth diſpleaſe:
And faults are eaſier lookt in, then redreſt:
Men running with ſuch eager violence,
At the firſt view of errours freſh in queſt,
As they, to rid an inconuenience,
Sticke not to raiſe a miſchiefe in the ſteed,
Which after mocks their weake improuidence:
And therefore doe make not your owne ſides bleed
To pricke at others: you that would amend
By pulling downe, and thinke you can proceed,
By going backe vnto the farther end,
Let ſtand that little Couert left behinde,
Whereon your ſuccours and reſpects depend.
And bring not downe the prizes of the minde,
With vnder-rating of your ſelues to baſe:
You that the mighties doores doe crooching find,
To ſell your ſelues to buy a little grace,
Or waite whole months to out-bid Symonie,
For that, which being got, is not your place:

For

For if it were, what needed you to buy
What was your due, your thirſting ſhewes your ſhift,
And little worth that ſeekes iniuriouſly
A worthier from his lawfull roome to lift?
We cannot ſay, that you were then preferd,
But that your money was, or ſome worſe gift.
O ſcattring gath'rers, that without regard
Of times to come, will to be made, vndo
As if you were the laſt of men, prepard
To bury in your graues all other to.
Dare you prophane that holy portion
Which neuer ſacrilegious hand durſt do?
Did forme-eſtabliſhing *Deuotion*,
To maintaine a reſpectiue reuerence
Extend her bountifull prouiſion,
With ſuch a charitable prouidence,
For your deforming hands to diſſipate,
And make Gods due, your impious expence?
No maruell then, though th'ouerpeſtred State
Want roome for goodneſſe, if our little hold
Be leſned vnto ſuch a narrow rate,
That Reuerence cannot ſit, ſit as it ſhould:
And yet what neede we thus for roomes complaine,
That ſhall not want voyde roomes if this courſe hold
And more then will be fill'd, for who will ſtraine
To get an empty title, to betray
His hopes, and trauell for an honour vaine,
And gaine a Port, without ſupport or ſtay?
What neede hath Enuy to maligne their ſtate,
That will themſelues, ſo kind, giue it away?
This makes indeede our number paſſe the rate
Of our prouiſions: which, if dealt aright,
Would yeeld ſufficient roome t'accommodate,
More then we haue in places requiſite.
The ill diſpoſing onely doth vs ſet
In diſaray, and out of order quite.

Whiles

Whiles other guifts then of the minde ſhall get
Vnder our colours, that which is our dues,
And to our trauels, neither benefit,
Nor grace, nor honour, nor reſpect accrewes:
The ſickneſſe of the States ſoule, Learning, then
The bodies great diſtemprature inſues.
For if that Learnings roomes to learned men
Were as their heretage diſtributed,
All this diſordred thruſt would ceaſe: for when
The fit were call'd, th'vnworthy fruſtrated,
Theſe would b'aſham'd to ſeeke, thoſe to b'vnſought,
And ſtay'ng their turne, were ſure they ſhould be ſped.
Then would our drooping Academies, brought
Againe in heart, regaine that reuerend hand
Of loſt Opinion, and no more be thought,
Th'vnneceſſary furniſh of the land,
Nor diſcourag'd with their ſmall eſteeme,
Confus'd, irreſolute and wauering ſtand:
Caring not to become profound, but ſeeme
Contented with a ſuperficiall skill,
Which for a ſleight reward enough they deeme,
When th'one ſucceedes as well as th'other will:
Seeing ſhorter wayes leade ſooner to their end,
And others longer trauels thriue ſo ill.
Then would they onely labour to extend
Their now vnſearching ſpirit beyond theſe bounds
Of others powres, wherein they muſt be pend,
As if there were beſides, no other grounds:
And ſet their bolde *Plus vltra* farre without
The pillers of thoſe Axioms Age propounds:
Diſcou'ring daily more and more about,
In that immenſe and boundleſſe Ocean
Of Natures riches, neuer yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd, with the wit of any man.
So farre beyond the ordinary courſe,
That other vnindustrious Ages ran,

That

That theſe more curious times, they might diuorce
From the opinion they are linckt vnto
Of our diſable and vnactiue force,
To ſhew true knowledge can both ſpeake and do:
Arm'd for the ſharpe, which in theſe dayes they finde,
With all prouiſions that belong thereto:
That their Experience may not come behinde
The times conceipt, but leading in their place,
May make men ſee the weapons of the minde
Are States beſt ſtrengths, and kingdomes chiefeſt grace,
And roomes of charge, charg'd full with worth and praiſe,
Makes Maieſtie appeare with her full face,
Shining with all her beames, with all her raies,
Vnſcanted of her parts, vnſhadowed
In any darkened poynt, which ſtill bewrayes
The wane of Powre, when powr's vnfurniſhed,
And hath not all thoſe intire complements
Wherewith the State ſhould for her ſtate be ſped.
And though the fortune of ſome age conſents
Vnto a thouſand errours groſſely wrought,
Which, flouriſht ouer with their faire euents,
Haue paſt for currant, and good courſes thought:
The leaſt whereof, in other times againe
Moſt dang'rous inconueniences haue brought,
Whilſt to the times, not to mens wits pertaine,
The good ſucceſſes of ill manag'd deedes:
Though th'ignorant deceiu'd with colours vaine,
Miſſe of the cauſes whence this lucke proceedes.
Forraine defects giuing home-faults the way,
Make eu'n that weakeneſſe ſometimes well ſucceedes.
I grant, that ſome vnlettred practique may
(Leauing beyond the *Alpes*, Faith and Reſpect
To God and man) with impious cunning, ſway
The courſes fore-begunne with like effect,
And without ſtop, maintaine the turning on,
And haue his errours deem'd without defect:

But when ſome powreſull oppoſition,
Shall, with a ſound incountring ſhocke, diſioynt
The fore-contriued frame, and thereupon,
Th'experience of the preſent diſappoynt,
And other ſtirring ſpirits, and other hearts
Built-huge, for action, meeting in a poynt:
Shall driue the world to ſommon all their Artes,
And all too little for ſo reall might,
When no aduantages of weaker parts
Shall beare out ſhallow councels from the light:
And this ſence-opening action (which doth hate
Vnmanly craft) ſhall looke to haue her right.
Who then holdes vp the glory of the State
(Which letred armes, and armed letters won)
Who ſhall be fitteſt to negotiate,
Contemn'd *Iuſtinian*, or elſe *Littleton*?
When it ſhall not be held wiſedome to be
Priuately made, and publikely vndone:
But ſound deſignes that iudgement ſhall decree
Out of a true diſcerne, of the cleere wayes
That lie direct, with ſafe-going Equitie,
Imbroyling not their owne and others dayes.
Extending forth their prouidence, beyond
The circuit of their owne particular:
That eu'n the ignorant may vnderſtand,
How that deceit is but a cauillar,
And true vnto it ſelfe can neuer ſtand,
But ſtill muſt with her owne concluſions warre.
Can Truth and Honeſtie, wherein conſiſts
The right repoſe on earth, the ſureſt ground
Of Truſt, come weaker arm'd into the liſts,
Then Fraud or Vice, that doth it ſelfe confound?
Or ſhall Preſumption that doth what it liſts,
Not what it ought, carry her courſes ſound?
Then, what ſafe place out of confuſion
Hath plaine proceeding Honeſtie to dwell?

What

What ſute of grace hath Vertue to put on,
If Vice ſhall weare as good, and doe as well?
If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiſcretion,
Act as faire parts, with ends as laudable?
Which all this mighty volume of euents,
The world, the vniuerſall map of deedes
Strongly controwles, and proues from all diſcents,
That the directeſt courſes beſt ſucceedes
When Craft, wrapt ſtill in many comberments
With all her cunning thriues not, though it ſpeedes.
For, ſhould not graue and learn'd Experience
That lookes with th'eyes of all the world beſide,
And with all ages holdes intelligence,
Goe ſafer then Deceit without a guide?
Which in the by-paths of her diffidence
Croſſing the waies of Right, ſtill runs more wide:
Who will not grant? and therefore this obſerue,
No ſtate ſtands ſure, but on the grounds of Right,
Of Vertue, Knowledge, Iudgement to preſerue,
And all the powres of Learning requiſite:
Though other ſh fts a preſent turne may ſerue,
Yet in the tryall they will weigh too light.
And doe not thou contemne this ſwelling tide
And ſtreame of words, that now doth riſe ſo hie
Aboue the vſuall bankes, and ſpreads ſo wide
Ouer the borders of Antiquitie:
Which I confeſſe comes euer amplifide
With th'abounding humours that doe multiplie:
And is with that ſame hand of happineſſe
Inlarg'd, as vices are out of their bands:
Yet ſo, as if let out but to redreſſe,
And calme, and ſway th'affections it commands:
Which as it ſtirres, it doth againe repreſſe
And brings in, th'out-gone malice that withſtands.
Powre aboue powres, O heauenly Eloquence,
That with the ſtrong reine of commanding words,

Doſt manage, guide, and maſter th'eminence
Of mens affections, more then all their ſwords:
Shall we not offer to thy Excellence,
The richeſt treaſure that our wit affords?
Thou that canſt doe much more with one poore pen
Then all the powres of Princes can effect:
And draw, diuert, diſpoſe and faſhion men
Better then force or rigour can direct:
Should we this ornament of Glory then
As th'vnmateriall fruits of ſhades, neglect?
Or ſhould we careleſſe, come behinde the reſt
In powre of words, that goe before in worth,
When as our accents equall to the beſt,
Is able greater wonders to bring forth:
When all that euer hotter ſpirits expreſt,
Comes bettred by the patience of the North.
And who, in time, knowes whither we may vent
The treaſure of our tongue, to what ſtrange ſhores
This gaine of our beſt glory ſhall be ſent,
T'inrich vnknowing Nations with our ſtores?
What worlds in th'yet vnformed Occident
May come refin'd with th'accents that are ours?
Or, who can tell for what great worke in hand
The greatneſſe of our ſtile is now ordain'd?
What powrs it ſhall bring in, what ſpirits command,
What thoughts let out, what humours keepe reſtrain'd,
What miſchiefe it may powrefully withſtand,
And what faire ends may thereby be attain'd.
And as for Poeſie (mother of this force)
That, breedes, brings forth, and nouriſhes this might,
Teaching it in a looſe, yet meaſured courſe,
With comely motions how to goe vpright:
And fottring it with bountifull diſcourſe,
Adornes it thus in faſhions of delight,
What ſhould I ſay? ſince it is well approu'd
The ſpeech of heauen, with whom they haue commerce,

That

That onely ſeeme out of themſelues remou'd,
And doe with more then humane skills conuerſe:
Thoſe numbers wherewith heau'n and earth are mou'd,
Shew, weakeneſſe ſpeakes in Proſe, but powre in Verſe.
Whereinthou likewiſe ſeemeſt to allow,
That th'acts of worthy men ſhould be preſeru'd:
As in the holieſt Tombes we can beſtow
Vpon their glory that haue well deſeru'd,
Wherein thou doſt no other Vertue ſhow,
Then what moſt barbrous Countries haue obſeru'd:
When all the happieſt Nations hitherto
Did with no leſſer glory ſpeake, then do.
Now to what elſe thy malice ſhall obiect,
For Schooles, and Artes, and their neceſſitie:
When from my Lord, whoſe iudgement muſt direct,
And ferme, and faſhion my abilitie,
I ſhall haue got more ſtrength; thou ſhalt expect
Out of my better leaſure, my reply.

FINIS.

FIN.

THE COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

THE COMPLAINT OF *Roſamond.*



VT from the horror of infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghoſt comes here to plain it,
Attended with my ſhame that neuer ſleepes,
The ſpot wherewith my kind and youth did ſtaine it,
My body found a graue where to containe it:
A ſheete could hide my face, but not my ſin,
For Fame findes neuer Tombe t'incloſe it in.

And which is worſe, my ſoule is now denied,
Her tranſport to the ſweet Eliſian reſt,
The ioyfull bliſſe for Ghoſts repurified,
The euer-ſpringing Gardens of the bleſt:
Caron denies me waftage with the reſt.
And ſaies my ſoule can neuer paſſe the Riuer,
Till Louers ſighs on earth ſhall it deliuer.

So ſhall I neuer paſſe; for how ſhould I
Procure this ſacrifice amongſt the liuing?
Time hath long ſince worne out the memorie
Both of my life, and liues vniuſt depriuing,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.
Roſamond hath little left her but her name,
And that diſgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the ſame.

No Muſe ſuggeſts the pitty of my caſe,
Each Pen doth ouerpaſſe my iuſt complaint,
Whilſt others are prefer'd, though farre more baſe;
Shores wife is grac'd, and paſſes for a Saint;
Her Legend iuſtifies her foule attaint.
Her well told tale did ſuch compaſſion finde,
That ſhe is paſs'd, and I am left behinde.

Which ſeene with griefe, my miſerable Ghoſt,
(Whilome inueſted in ſo faire a vaile,
Which whilſt it liu'd, was honoured of the moſt,
And being dead, giues matter to bewaile,)
Comes to ſollicite thee, (whilſt others faile)
To take this taske, and in thy wofull ſong
To forme my caſe and regiſter my wrong.

Althoug I know thy iuſt lamenting Muſe,
Toill'd in th'affection of thine owne diſtreſſe,
In others cares hath little time to vſe,
And therefore maiſt eſteeme of mine the leſſe:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redreſſe,
The ioyes depending on a womans grace,
So moue thy minde a wofull womans caſe.

Delia may hap to deigne to reade our Story,
And offer vp her ſighs among the reſt,
Whoſe merit would ſuffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'ſt be grac'd and I be bleſt;
That indulgence would profit me the beſt.
Such powre ſhe hath by whom thy youth is led,
To ioy the liuing, and to bleſſe the dead.

So

So I (through beauty) made the wofull'ſt wight,
By beauty might haue comfort after death:
That dying faireſt, by the faireſt might
Finde life aboue on earth, and reſt beneath.
She that can bleſſe vs with one happy breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muſe to doe her beſt,
That thereby thou mayſt ioy, and I might reſt.

Thus ſaid: forthwith mou'd with a tender care,
And pitty (which my ſelfe could neuer find,)
What ſhe deſir'd, my Muſe deign'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldly tell her mind.
And I (more willing) tooke this charge aſſign'd,
Becauſe her griefes were worthy to be knowne.
And telling hers, might hap forget mine owne.

Then write (quoth ſhe) the ruine of my youth,
Report the downe-fall of my ſlippry ſtate,
Of all my life reueale the ſimple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplifie my frailtie, tell how Fate
Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come to know them tis forbidden.

For whilſt the Sun-ſhine of my fortune laſted,
I ioy'd the happieſt warmth, the ſweeteſt heate
That euer yet imperious beauty taſted,
I had what glory euer fleſh could get:
But this faire morning had a ſhamefull ſet.
Diſgrace dark'd honour, ſinne did cloude my brow,
As note the ſequell, and ile tell thee how.

The bloud I ſtain'd, was good and of the beſt,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame:
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make me bleſt,
Had I had grace t'haue knowne to vſe the ſame.
My education ſhew'd from whence I came,
And all concurr'd to make me happy furſt,
That ſo great hope might make me more accurſt.

Happy liu'd I whilſt parents eye did guide
The indiſcretion of my feeble wayes,
And Countrey-home kept me from being eide,
Where beſt vnknowne I ſpent my ſweeteſt daies:
Till that my friends mine honour ſought to raiſe
To higher place, which greater credit yeelds,
Deeming ſuch beauty was vnfit for fields.

From Countrey then to Court I was prefer'd
From calme to ſtormes, from ſhore into the deepes:
There where I periſh'd, where my youth firſt err'd,
There where I loſt the floure which honour keepes,
There where the worſer thriues, the better weepes;
Ah me (poore wench) on this vnhappy ſhelfe,
I grounded me and caſt away my ſelfe.

There where as fraile and tender beauty ſtands,
With all aſſaulting powres inuironed;
Hauing but prayers and weake feeble hands
To hold their honours Fort vnuanquiſhed;
There where to ſtand, and be vnconquered,
Is to b'aboue the nature of our kinde,
That cannot long for pitty be vnkinde.

For

For thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth,
With rareſt proofe of beauty euer ſeene:
When my reuiuing eie had learnt the truth,
That it had powre to make the winter greene,
And floure affections whereas none had beene;
Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world doe homage to mine eyes.

For age I ſaw (though yeeres with cold conceit,
Congeal'd their thoughts againſt a warme deſire,)
Yet ſigh their want, and looke at ſuch a baite;
I ſaw how youth was waxe before the fire;
I ſaw by ſtealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.
Yet well perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then
The enuie of my ſexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the firſt appearing,
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to beholdit;
Or as the ſaddeſt tale at ſudden hearing,
Makes ſilent liſtning vnto him that told it,
So did my ſpeech when Rubies did vnfold it;
So did the blazing of my bluſh appeare,
T'amaze the world, that holdes ſuch ſights ſo deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchaunting good,
Sweet ſilent Rhetorique of perſwading eyes;
Dombe Eloquence, whoſe powre doth moue the bloud,
More then the words or wiſedome of the wiſe;
Still harmony, whoſe Diapaſon lyes
Within a brow, the key which paſſions moue,
To rauiſh ſence, and play a world in loue.

What

What might I then not doe whoſe powre was ſuch?
What cannot women doe that know their powre?
What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
How bliſſe or bale lyes in their laugh or lowre?
Whilſt they inioy their happy blooming flowre,
Whilſt Nature decks them in their beſt attires
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

Such one was I, my beauty was mine owne,
No borrowed bluſh which bank-rot beauties ſeeke:
That new-found ſhame, a ſinne to vs vnknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falſed cheeke:
Vilde ſtaine to honour, and to women eeke,
Seeing that time our fading muſt detect,
Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, Chaſtities abator,
Falſhood, wherein thy ſelfe thy ſelfe denieſt:
Treaſon to counterfeit the ſeale of Nature,
The ſtampe of heauen, impreſſed by the higheſt.
Diſgrace vnto the world, to whom thou lieſt.
Idoll vnto thy ſelfe, ſhame to the wiſe,
And all that honour thee Idolatriſe.

Farre was that ſinne from vs whoſe age was pure,
VVhen ſimple beauty was accounted beſt,
The time when women had no other lure
But modeſtie, pure cheekes, a vertuous breſt,
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was bleſt.
Theſe were the weapons which mine honour wonne,
In all the conflicts which mine eyes begunne.

VVhich

VVhich were not ſmall, I wrought on no meane obiect,
A Crowne was at my feete, Scepters obey'd me,
VVhom Fortune made my King, Loue made my Subiect,
VVho did command the Land, moſt humbly pray'd me,
Henry the ſecond, that ſo highly weigh'd me,
Found well (by proofe) the priuiledge of beauty,
That it had powre to counter-maund all duty.

For after all his victories in *Fraunce*,
And all the triumphs of his honour wonne:
Vnmatcht by ſword, was vanquiſht by a glance,
And hotter warres within his breaſt begunne.
VVarres, whom whole legions of deſires drew on:
Againſt all which, my chaſtitie contends
VVith force of honour, which my ſhame defends.

No Armour might be found that could defend,
Tranſpearcing raies of criſtall poynted eyes:
No ſtratagem, no reaſon could amend,
No not his age; (yet old men ſhould be wiſe)
But ſhewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.
Let none for ſeeming ſo, thinke Saints of others,
For all are men, and all haue ſuckt their mothers.

VVho would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer
Obey'd his hand-maide of ſo meane eſtate;
Vulture ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worne his pleaſures out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.
For ſuch a dainty which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chaunce a lot.

Ah Fortune, neuer abſolutely good,
For that ſome croſſe ſtill counter-checks our lucke;
As here behold th'incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we ſtucke:
VVhoſe lothing, we from Natures breaſts doe ſucke,
As oppoſite to what our bloud requires,
For equall age, doth equall like deſires.

But mighty men, in higheſt honour ſitting,
Nought but applauſe and pleaſure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, careleſſe what is fitting,
May not be ſuffred once to thinke the'are old:
Not truſting what they ſee, but what is told.
Miſerable fortune to forget ſo farre
The ſtate of fleſh, and what our frailties are.

Yet muſt I needs excuſe ſo great defect
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
H'is forc'd forget himſelfe, and all reſpect
Of maieſty, whereon his ſtate relies:
And now of loues and pleaſures muſt deuiſe.
For thus reuiu'd againe, he ſerues and ſu'th,
And ſeekes all meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by aſſault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in ſtrength of chaſte deſires:
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchaſte louer.
The Crowne that could command what it requires,
I leſſer priz'd then Chaſtities attires.
Th'vnſtained vaile, which innocents adornes,
Th'vngathred Roſe, defended with the thornes.

And

And ſafe mine honor ſtood, till that in truth,
One of my Sexe, of place and nature bad,
Was ſet in ambuſh to intrap my youth.
One in the habit of like frailtie clad,
One who the liu'ry of like weakeneſſe had.
A ſeeming Matron, yet a ſinfull Monſter,
As by her words the Chaſter ſort may conſter.

She ſet vpon me with the ſmootheſt ſpeech
That Court and age could cunningly deuiſe:
Th'one authentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learn'd her how to ſubtiliſe.
Both were enough to circumuent the wiſe.
A document that well might teach the ſage,
That there's no truſt in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (ſaid ſhe) behold thy happy chance,
That haſt the lot caſt downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou may'ſt thy honor great aduance,
Whilſt thou (vnhappy) wilt not ſee thy hap:
Such fond reſpect thy youth doth ſo in wrap,
T'oppoſe thy ſelfe againſt thine owne good fortune,
That poynts thee out, and ſeemes thee to importune.

Dooſt thou not ſee, how that thy King (thy *Ioue*)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke eſtate:
And ſhowers downe gold and treaſure from aboue,
Whilſt thou dooſt ſhut thy lap againſt thy Fate?
Fie Fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth; that canſt not ſee
What is the Fortune that doth follow thee.

Thou muſt not thinke thy flower can alwayes flouriſh,
And that thy beauty will be ſtill admired;
But that thoſe raies which all theſe flames doe nouriſh,
Cancell'd with Time, will haue their date expired,
And men will ſcorne what now is ſo deſired.
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
Which flouriſh now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow;
I haue beene faire (I muſt confeſſe the truth)
And ſtood vpon as nice reſpects as thou;
I loſt my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin me my youth againe,
I would redeeme the time I ſpent in vaine.

But thou haſt yeeres and priuiledge to vſe them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great ſeale;
Beſides, the Law of Nature doth excuſe them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iuſt appeale.
Eſteeme not Fame more then thou doſt thy weale.
Fame (whereof the world ſeemes to make ſuch choice,
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why ſhould this reſpect of honor bound vs,
In th'imaginarie liſts of Reputation?
Titles which cold ſeueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation:
Melancholies opinion, Cuſtomes relation;
Pleaſures plague, beauties ſcourge, hell to the faire,
To leaue the ſweet for Caſtles in the aire.

Pleaſure

Pleaſure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne:
Whereof we ſee how many are bereau'd,
Which ſhould haue reap'd the glory they had ſowne:
And many haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.
So breathes his blaſt this many-headed beaſt,
Whereof the wiſeſt haue eſteemed leaſt.

The ſubtill City-women, better learned,
Eſteeme them chaſte enough that beſt ſeeme ſo:
Who though they ſport, it ſhall not be diſcerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies do;
Tis warie walking that doth ſafelyeſt go.
With ſhew of Vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with ſweets, and men with ſhowes.

Then vſe thy tallent, youth ſhall be thy warrant,
And let not honor from thy ſports detract:
Thou muſt not fondly thinke thy ſelfe tranſparant,
That thoſe who ſee thy face can iudge thy fact,
Let her haue ſhame that cannot cloſely act.
And ſeeme the chaſte, which is the chiefeſt arte,
For what we ſeeme each ſee, none knowes our hart.

What, dooſt thou ſtand on this, that he is old?
Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon,
Thy pleaſures want ſhall be ſupplide with gold,
Cold age dotes moſt when heate of youth is gone:
Enticing words preuaile with ſuch a one.
Alluring ſhewes moſt deepe impreſſion ſtrikes,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Here interrupt, ſhe leaues me in a doubt,
When loe beganne the cumbat in my blood
Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reaſons ſtood;
Small my defence to make my party good,
Againſt ſuch powers which were ſo ſurely laid,
To ouerthrow a poore vnskilfull Maide.

Treaſon was in my bones, my ſelfe conſpiring,
To ſell my ſelfe to luſt, my ſoule to ſin:
Pure-bluſhing ſhame was euen in retiring,
Leauing the ſacred hold it glori'd in.
Honor lay proſtrate for my fleſh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakeneſſe gan vpbray
Againſt my ſelfe, and ſhame did force me ſay;

Ah *Roſamond*, what doth thy fleſh prepare?
Deſtruction to thy dayes, death to thy fame;
Wilt thou betray that honor held with care,
T'entombe with blacke reproch a ſpotted name?
Leauing thy bluſh the colours of thy ſhame?
Opening thy feete to ſinne, thy ſoule to luſt,
Graceleſſe to lay thy glory in the duſt?

Nay firſt let th'earth gape wide to ſwallow thee,
And ſhut thee vp in boſome with her dead,
Ere Serpent tempt thee taſte forbidden Tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed;
Suffring thy ſelfe by luſt to be miſled;
So to diſgrace thy ſelfe and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race ſhould ſcorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer

Neuer wiſh longer to enioy the Aire,
Then that thou breath'ſt the breath of Chaſtitie:
Longer then thou preſeru'ſt thy ſoule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie.
Thy face, that makes th'admir'd in euery eie,
Where Natures care ſuch rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amiſſe, may ſerue to damne thy ſoule.

But what? he is my King, and may conſtraine me,
Whether I yeeld or not, I liue defamed.
The World will thinke Authoritie did gaine me,
I ſhall be iudg'd his Loue, and ſo be ſhamed,
We ſee the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yeeld, tis honorable ſhame,
If not, I liue diſgrac'd, yet thought the ſame.

What way is left thee then (vnhappy Maide)
Whereby thy ſpotleſſe foote may wander out
This dreadfull danger, which thou ſeeſt is laide,
Wherein thy ſhame doth compaſſe thee about?
Thy ſimple yeeres cannot reſolue this doubt.
Thy Youth can neuer guide thy foote ſo euen,
But (in deſpite) ſome ſcandall will be giuen.

Thus ſtood I ballanc'd equally precize,
Till my fraile fleſh did weigh me downe to ſin;
Till world and pleaſure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
When to excuſe my fault my luſts begin.
And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clauſe,
That though I ſinn'd, my ſinne had honeſt cauſe.

So well the golden balles caſt downe before me,
Could entertaine my courſe, hinder my way:
Whereat my wretchleſſe youth ſtooping to ſtore me,
Loſt me the Goale, the Glory and the Day.
Pleaſure had ſet my well ſchool'd thoughts to play,
And bade me vſe the vertue of mine eies,
For ſweetly it fits the faire to wantoniſe.

Thus wrought to ſinne, ſoone was I train'd from Court,
T'a ſollitarie Grange, there to attend
The time the King ſhould thither make reſort,
Where he Loues long-deſired worke ſhould end.
Thither he daily meſſages doth ſend,
With coſtly Iewels (Orators of Loue,)
Which (ah, too well men know) doe women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greetes me with a Casket richly wrought;
So rare, that Arte did ſeeme to ſtriue with Nature,
T'expreſſe the cunning Worke-mans curious thought;
The myſterie whereof I prying ſought,
And found engrauen on the lid aboue,
Amymone, how ſhe with *Neptune* ſtroue.

Amymone, old *Danaus* faireſt Daughter,
As ſhe was fetching water all alone
At *Lerna*: whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom ſhe ſtriu'd and ſtruggled to be gone,
Bathing the aire with cries and piteous mone;
But all in vaine, with him ſhe's forc'd to go,
Tis ſhame that men ſhould vſe poore maidens ſo.

There

There might I ſee deſcribed how ſhe lay,
At thoſe proude feete, not ſatisfide with prayer:
Wayling her heauy hap, curſing the day,
In act ſo pitious to expreſſe deſpaire.
And by how much more grieu'd, ſo much more faire.
Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore carefull Gerle,)
Did ſeeme againſt the Sunne Chriſtall and Pearle:

Whoſe pure cleere ſtreames (which lo ſo faire appeares)
Wrought hotter flames (O miracle of Loue)
That kindles fire in water, heate in teares,
And makes neglected beauty mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eyes affects to moue;
To ſhew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But cruelty, which yeelds vnto no prayer.

This hauing view'd, and therewith ſomething moued,
Figured I finde within the other ſquares,
Transformed *Io*, *Ioues* deerely loued,
In her affliction how ſhe ſtrangely fares.
Strangely diſtreſs'd (O beauty, borne to cares)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iealous eyes,
Alwayes in danger of her hatefull ſpies.

Theſe preſidents preſented to my view,
Wherein the preſage of my fall was ſhowne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would enſue,
And others harmes haue made me ſhun mine owne.
But Fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.
For that muſt hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault ſtill ours.

Witneſſe the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miſeries vnken'd before they come:
Who can the Characters of chaunce decipher,
Written in cloudes of our concealed dome?
Which though perhaps haue beene reueal'd to ſome,
Yet that ſo doubtfull (as ſucceſſe did proue them)
That men muſt know they haue the Heau'ns aboue them.

I ſaw the ſinne wherein my foote was entring,
I ſaw how that diſhonor did attend it,
I ſaw the ſhame whereon my fleſh was ventring,
Yet had I not the power for to defend it.
So weake is ſence, when error hath condemn'd it.
We ſee what's good, and thereto we conſent,
But yet we chooſe the worſt, and ſoone repent.

And now I come to tell the worſt of ilneſſe,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in ſtilneſſe,
And dreadfull blacke had diſpoſſeſt the cleere,
Com'd was the Night (mother of ſleepe and feare)
Who with her ſable-mantle friendly couers
The ſweet-ſtolne ſport of ioyfull meeting Louers.

When lo, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,
And felt the hand of luſt moſt vndeſired:
Enforc'd th'vnprooued bitter ſweet to proue,
Which yeeldes no naturall pleaſure when tis hired.
Loue's not conſtrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

But

But ſoone his age receiu'd his ſhort contenting,
And ſleepe ſeal'd vp his languiſhing deſires:
When he turnes to his reſt, I to repenting,
Into my ſelfe my waking thought retires:
My nakedneſſe had prou'd my fences liers.
Now opned were mine eyes to looke therein,
For firſt we taſte the fruit, then ſee our ſin.

Now did I finde my ſelfe vnparadis'd,
From thoſe pure fields of my ſo cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
My fleſh gan loathe the new-felt touch of ſinning,
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at firſt winning.
For Nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But vſe of ſinne doth make it ſeeme as nothing.

And vſe of ſinne did worke in me a boldneſſe,
And loue in him, incorporates ſuch zeale,
That iealouſie increas'd with ages coldneſſe,
Fearing to looſe the ioy of all his weale,
Or doubting time his ſtealth might elſe reueale,
H'is driuen to deuiſe ſome ſubtill way,
How he might ſafelyeſt keepe ſo rich a pray.

A ſtately Pallace he forthwith did build,
Whoſe intricate innumerable wayes
With ſuch confuſed errours, ſo beguilde
Th'vnguided Entrers, with vncertaine ſtrayes,
And doubtfull turnings, kept them in delayes,
With booteleſſe labor leading them about,
Able to finde no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the cloſed boſome of which frame,
That ſeru'd a Centre to that goodly Round:
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the ſame,
With ſweeteſt flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleaſures that delight hath found,
T'entertaine the ſenſe of wanton eies,
Fuell of Loue, from whence luſts flames ariſe.

Here I inclos'd from all the world aſunder,
The Minotaure of ſhame kept for diſgrace,
The Monſter of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloiſtred in ſo deſolate a caſe:
None but the King might come into the place,
With certaine Maides that did attend my neede,
And he himſelfe came guided by a threed.

O Iealouſie, daughter of Enuie and Loue,
Moſt wayward iſſue of a gentle Sire;
Foſtred with feares, thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
Mirth-marring Monſter, borne a ſubtill lier;
Hatefull vnto thy ſelfe, flying thine owne deſire:
Feeding vpon ſuſpect that doth renue thee,
Happy were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou haſt a thouſand Gates thou entereſt by,
Condemning trembling paſſions to our hart;
Hundred ey'd *Argus*, euer waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleaſures ſmart,
Enuious Obſeruer, prying in euery part;
Suſpicious, fearefull, gazing ſtill about thee,
O would to God that loue could be without thee.

Thou

Thou didſt depriue (through falſe ſuggeſting feare)
Him of content, and me of libertie:
The onely good that women hold ſo deere,
And turnſt my freedome to captiuitie,
Firſt made a priſoner, ere an enemie.
Enioyn'd the ranſome of my bodies ſhame,
Which though I paid, could not redeeme the ſame.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beauty if it bee not ſeene?
Or what is't to be ſeene if not admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnleſſe in loue deſir'd?
Neuer were cheekes of Roſes, locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue impriſon'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the Fire for heate, the Sunne for light:)
The faire doe hold this priuiledge as due
By ancient Charter, to liue moſt in ſight,
And ſhe that is debar'd it, hath not right.
In vaine our friends from this, doe vs dehort,
For Beauty will be where is moſt reſort.

Witneſſe the faireſt ſtreetes that Thames doth viſit,
The wondrous concourſe of the glittring Faire:
For what rare woman deckt with beauty is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire?
The ſolitary Countrey may not ſtay her.
Here is the centre of all beauties beſt,
Excepting *Delea*, left t'adorne the Weſt.

Within

Here doth the curious with iudiciall eies,
Contemplate Beauty glorioufly attired:
And herein all our chiefeft glory lies,
To liue where we are prais'd and moft deſired.
O how we ioy to ſee our ſelues admired,
Whilſt niggardly our fauours we diſcouer:
We loue to be belou'd, yet ſcorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foote had neuer mou'd
From Countrey-ſafety, from the fields of reſt:
To know the danger to be highly lou'd,
And liue in pompe to braue among the beſt,
Happy for me, better had I beene bleſt,
If I vnluckily had neuer ſtraide,
But liu'd at home a happy Countrey Maide.

Whoſe vnaffected innocencie thinkes
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtly liuer:
She's deckt with truth, the Riuer where ſhe drinkes
Doth ſerue her for her glaſſe, her Counſell-giuer;
She loues ſincerely, and is loued euer.
Her dayes are peace, and ſo ſhe endes her breath,
(True life that knowes not what's to die till death.)

So ſhould I neuer haue beene regiſtred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate:
Nor had my name inrol'd with maides miſled,
Which bought their pleaſures at ſo hie a rate.
Nor had I taught, (through my vnhapy fate)
This Leſſon (which my ſelfe learn't with expence)
How moſt it hurts, that moſt delights the ſence.

Shame

Shame followes ſinne, diſgrace is duely giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer ſo cloſely done:
No walles can hide vs from the eye of Heauen,
For ſhame muſt end what wickedneſſe begun;
Forth breakes reproch when we leaſt thinke thereon,
And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what lies moſt ſecret hidden,
Entring the Cloſet of the Pallace dweller:
Abroade reuealing what is moſt forbidden.
Of truth and falſhood both an equall teller,
Tis not a guard can ſerue for to expell her.
The Sword of Iuſtice cannot cut her Wings,
Nor ſtop her mouth from vtt'ring ſecret things.

And this our ſtealth ſhe could not long conceale,
From her whom ſuch a forfeit moſt concerned:
The wronged Queene, who could ſo cloſely deale,
That ſhe the whole of all our practiſe learned,
And watcht a time when leaſt it was diſcerned,
In abſence of the King to wreake her wrong,
With ſuch reuenge as ſhe deſired long.

The Labyrinth ſhe entred by that Threed,
That ſeru'd a conduct to my abſent Lord,
Left there by chance, reſeru'd for ſuch a deed,
Where ſhe ſurpriz'd me whom ſhe ſo abhor'd.
Enrag'd with madneſſe, ſcarce ſhe ſpeakes a word,
But flies with eager furie to my face,
Offring me moſt vnwomanly diſgrace,

Looke

Looke how a Tygreſſe that hath left her Whelpe,
Runnes fiercely ranging through the Woods aſtray:
And ſeeing her ſelfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Furiouſly aſſaults what's in her way,
To ſatisfie her wrath, (not for a pray)
So fell ſhe on me in outragious wiſe,
As could Diſdaine and Iealouſie deuiſe.

And after all her vile reproches vſde,
She forc'd me take the Poyſon ſhe had brought,
To end the life that had her ſo abuſde,
And free her feares, and eaſe her iealous thought.
No cruelty her wrath could leaue vnwrought,
No ſpitefull act that to Reuenge is common;
(No beaſt being fiercer then a iealous woman.)

Here take (ſaith ſhe) thou impudent vncleane,
Baſe graceleſſe Strumpet, take this next your heart;
Your Loue-ſicke heart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
With Pleaſures ſurfeit, muſt be purg'd with Art.
This potion hath a power that will conuart
To naught, thoſe humors that oppreſſe you ſo.
And (Gerle) Ile ſee you take it ere I go.

What, ſtand you now amaz'd, retire you backe?
Tremble you (Minion?) come, diſpatch with ſpeed;
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lacke,
And all theſe teares you ſhed will nothing ſteed;
Thoſe dainty fingers needes muſt doe the deed.
Take it, or I will drench you elſe by force,
And trifle not, leſt that I vſe you worſe.

Hauing

Hauing this bloudy doome from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on euery side I cast:
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last:
All hope of pitty and of comfort past.
No meanes, no power; no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must giue my selfe my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had bin,
They must giue death, that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
Must now receiue destruction in thereat,
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice it selfe t'appease the wrong.
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long)

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes (proud with victorie)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Ecept of Death, which she had left with me.
(Death and my selfe alone together be.)
To whom she did her full reuenge refer.
Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

Then straight my Conscience summons vp my sinne,
T'appeare before me in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my soule beginne,
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace;
Whilst I remaine oppress in euery part,
Death in my body, Horror at my hart.

Downe

Downe on my bed my loathſome ſelfe I caſt,
The bed that likewiſe giues in euidence
Againſt my ſoule, and tels I was vnchaſt,
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed ſence,
And therefore caſt, by guilt of mine offence,
Muſt here the right of Heauen needes ſatisfie,
And where I wanton lay, muſt wretched die.

Here I beganne to walle my hard miſhap,
My ſudden, ſtrange vnlookt for miſery.
Accuſing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me ſuch a fall of infamy.
And poore diſtreſſed *Roſamond* (ſaid I)
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
In Deſarts where no eare can heare thee mourne?

Nor any eye of pitty to behold
The wofull end of my ſad tragedie;
But that thy wrongs vnſeene, thy tale vntold,
Muſt here in ſecret ſilence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuſe together die.
Thy ſinne reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy ſhame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to theſe Walles the breath of mone,
Tell th'Aaire thy plaints, ſince men thou canſt not tell.
And though thou periſh deſolate alone,
Tell yet thy ſelfe, what thy ſelfe knowes too well:
Vtter thy griefe wherewith thy ſoule doth ſwell.
And let thy heart pitty thy hearts remorſe,
And be thy ſelfe the mourner and the corſe.

Condole

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke diſpaire,
With ſilence onely, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, ſo flouriſhing, ſo faire,
Did'ſt glorious liue, admir'd and honored:
And now from friends, from ſuccour hither led,
Art made a ſpoyle to luſt, to wrath, to death,
And in diſgrace, forc'd here to yeeld thy breath.

Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To ſhew in thee the glory of her beſt;
Framing thine eye the ſtarre of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to ſpoyle the reſt?
O Beautie thou an enemie profeſt
To Chaſtitie and vs that loue thee moſt,
Without thee, how w'are loath'd, and with thee loſt?

You, you that proude with libertie and beautie,
(And well may you be proude that you be ſo)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obſeru'd of dutie;
Would God I might to you but ere I goe
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,
To keepe your feete in clean'y paths of ſhame,
That no inticing may diuert the ſame.

See'ng how againſt your tender weakeneſſe ſtill,
The ſtrength of wit, and gold, and all is bent;
And all th'aſſaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue againſt a chaſte and cleane intent:
Ah let not greatneſſe worke you to conſent.
The ſpot is foule, though by a Monarch made
Kings cannot priuiledge what God forbade.

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Locke vp therefore the treaſure of your loue,
Vnder the ſureſt keyes of feare and ſhame:
And let no powers haue power chaſte thoughts to moue
To make a lawleſſe entry on your fame.
Open to thoſe the comfort of your flame,
Whoſe equall loue ſhall march with equall pace,
In thoſe pure wayes that leade to no diſgrace.

For ſee how many diſcontented beds,
Our owne aſpiring, or our Parents pride
Haue caus'd, whilſt that ambition vainely weds
Wealth and not loue, honor and nought beſide:
Whilſt married but to titles, we abide
As wedded Widowes, wanting what we haue,
When ſhadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilſt we ſpend the freſheſt of our time,
The ſweet of youth in plotting in the ayre;
Alas, how oft we fall, hoping to clime;
Or whither as vnprofitably faire,
Whilſt thoſe decayes which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, ſcorned and reprou'd.
(And O what are we, if we be not lou'd?)

Faſten therefore vpon occaſions fit,
Leſt this, or that, or like diſgrace as mine,
Doe ouer-take your youth or ruine it,
And cloude with infamie your beauties ſhine:
Seeing how many ſeeke to vndermine
The treaſurie that's vnpoſſeſt of any:
And hard tis kept that is deſired of many.

And

And flie (O flie) theſe Bed-brokers vncleane,
(The Monſters of our Sexe) that make a pray
Of their owne kinde, by an vnkindely meane;
And euen (like Vipers) eating out a way
Through th'wombe of their owne ſhame, accurſed they
Liue by the death of Fame, the gaine of ſin,
The filth of luſt, vncleanneſſe wallowes in.

As if t'were not inough that we (poore we)
Haue weakeneſſe, beautie, gold and men our foes,
But we muſt haue ſome of our ſelues to be
Traitors vnto our ſelues, to ioyne with thoſe?
Such as our feeble forces doe diſcloſe,
And ſtill betray our cauſe, our ſhame, our youth,
To luſt, to folly, and to mens vntruth?

Hatefull confounders both of bloud and lawes,
Vilde Orators of ſhame, that pleade delight:
Vngracious agents in a wicked cauſe,
Factors for darkeneſſe, meſſengers of night,
Serpents of guile, Deuils, that doe inuite
The wanton taſte of that forbidden tree,
Whoſe fruit once pluckt, will ſhew how foule we bee.

You in the habite of a graue aſpect,
(In credit by the truſt of yeeres) can ſhoe
The cunning wayes of luſt, and can direct
The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,
Hauing (your lotheſome ſelues) your youth ſpent ſo.
And in vncleanneſſe euer haue beene fed,
By the reuenue of a wanton bed,

By you haue beene the innocent betraide,
The bluſhing fearefull, boldned vnto ſin,
The wife made ſubtill, ſubtill made the maide,
The husband ſcorn'd, diſhonored the kin:
Parents diſgrac'd, children infamous bin.
Confus'd our race, and falſified our blood,
Whilſt fathers ſonnes poſſeſſe wrong fathers good.

This, and much more, I would haue vttered then,
A teſtament to be recorded ſtill,
Sign'd with my bloud, ſubſcrib'd with Conſcience Pen,
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
Though I could wiſh (by th'example of my will)
I had not left this note vnto the faire,
But dide inteſtate to haue had no heire.

But now, the poyſon ſpread through all my vaines,
Gan diſpoſſeſſe my liuing ſences quite:
And nought reſpecting death (the laſt of paines)
Plac'd his pale colours (th'enſigne of his might)
Vpon his new-got ſpoyle before his right;
Thence chac'd my ſoule, ſetting my day ere noone,
When I leaſt thought my ioyes could end ſo ſoone.

And as conuaide t'vntimely funerals,
My ſcarce cold corſe not ſuffred longer ſtay,
Behold, the King (by chance) returning, fals
T'incounter with the ſame vpon the way,
As he repair'd to ſee his deareſt ioy.
Not thinking ſuch a meeting could haue beene,
To ſee his Loue, and ſeeing bin vnſeene,

Iudge

Iudge thoſe whom chance depriues of ſweeteſt treaſure,
What tis to loſe a thing we hold ſo deere:
The beſt delight, wherein our ſoule takes pleaſure,
The ſweet of life, that penetrates ſo neere.
What paſſions feeles that heart, inforc'd to beare
The deepe impreſſion of ſo ſtrange a ſight,
That ouerwhelmes vs, or confounds vs quite?

Amaz'd he ſtands, nor voice nor body ſteares,
Words had no paſſage, teares no iſſue found,
For ſorrow ſhut vp words, wrath kept in teares,
Confus'd affects each other doe confound:
Oppreſt with griefe, his paſſions had no bound.
Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares ſpeake, when mightie griefes are dombe.

At length, extremitie breakes out a way,
Through which, th'impriſoned voice with teares attended,
Wailes out a ſound that ſorrowes doe bewray,
With armes a-croſſe, and eyes to heauen bended,
Vaporing out ſighs that to the skies aſcended.
Sighs (the poore eaſe calamitie affords)
Which ſerue for ſpeech when ſorrow wanteth words.

O Heauens (quoth he) why doe mine eyes behold
The hatefull raies of this vnhappy Sunne?
Why haue I light to ſee my ſinnes controld,
With bloud of mine owne ſhame thus vildely done?
How can my ſight endure to looke thereon?
Why doth not blacke eternall darkeneſſe hide,
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide?

What ſaw my life wherein my ſoule might ioy;
What had my dayes whom troubles ſtill afflicted,
But onely this, to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted;
This ſweet, whoſe loſſe hath all diſtreſſe inflicted;
This, that did ſeaſon all my ſowre of life,
Vext ſtill at home with broiles, abroade in ſtrife.

Vext ſtill at home with broiles, abroade in ſtrife,
Diſſenſion in my bloud, iarres in my bed:
Diſtruſt at boord, ſuſpecting ſtill my life,
Spending the night in horror, daies in dread;
(Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)
Theſe miſeries goe mask'd in glittering ſhowes,
Which wiſe men ſee, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus as theſe paſſions doe him ouerwhelme,
He drawes him neere my body to behold it.
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
With ſtrict imbraces, ſo doth he infold it:
And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that euen death commends,
On ſenceleſſe lippes, millions of kiſſes ſpends.

Pittifull mouth (ſaith he) that liuing gaueſt
The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoule could wiſh:
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou haueſt,
This ſorrowing farewell of a dying kiſſe,
And you faire eyes, containers of my bliſſe,
Motiues of Loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your ſweet circles, ſleepe for euer.

Ah, how me thinkes I ſee Death dallying ſeekes,
To entertaine it ſelfe in Loues ſweet place;
Decayed Roſes of diſcoloured cheekes,
Doe yet retaine deere notes of former grace:
And vgly Death ſits faire within her face;
Sweet remnants reſting of Vermillian red,
That Death it ſelfe doubts whether ſhe be dead.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue theſe plaints,
Theſe obſequies, the laſt that I ſhall make thee:
For loe, my ſoule that now already faints,
That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forſake thee)
Haſtens her ſpeedy courſe to ouer-take thee.
Ile meete my death, and free my ſelfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, thus much my ſoule doth vow,
Reuenge ſhall ſweeten death with eaſe of minde:
And I will cauſe Poſterity ſhall know,
how faire thou wert aboue all women kinde,
And after-Ages Monuments ſhall finde.
Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,
Roſe of the world, that ſweetned ſo the ſame.

This ſaid, though more deſirous yet to ſay,
(For ſorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer)
He doth repreſſe what griefe would elſe bewray,
Left he too much his paſſions ſhould diſcouer,
And yet reſpect ſcarce bridles ſuch a Louer,
So farre tranſported that he knowes not whither,
For Loue and Maieſtie dwell ill togither.

Then were my Funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuiſe,
At *Godſtow*, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honorable wiſe,
Where yet as now ſcarce any note deſcries
Vnto theſe times, the memory of me,
Marble and Braſſe ſo little laſting be.

For thoſe walles which the credulous deuout,
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found;
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
That time their workes ſhould euer ſo confound,
Lie like confuſed heapes as vnder-ground.
And what their ignorance eſteem'd ſo holy,
The wiſer ages doe account as folly.

And were it not thy fauourable lines
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,
And that thy accents willingly aſſignes
Some farther date, and giue me longer daies,
Few in this age had knowne my beauties praiſe.
But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes ſome time,
Till other ages ſhall neglect thy Rime.

Then when Confuſion in her courſe ſhall bring
Sad deſolation on the times to come:
When mirthleſſe *Thames* ſhall haue no Swanne to ſing,
All Muſicke ſilent, and the Muſes dombe.
And yet euen then it muſt be knowne to ſome,
That once they flouriſht, though not cheriſht ſo,
And *Thames* had Swannes as well as euer *Po*.

But here an end, I may no longer ſtay,
I muſt returne t'attend at *Stygian* flood:
Yet ere I goe, this one word more I pray,
Tell *Delia*, now her ſigh may doe me good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
And if I paſſe vnto thoſe happy bankes,
Then ſhe muſt haue her praiſe, thy Pen her thankes.

So vanquiſht ſhe, and left me to returne
To proſecute the tenor of my woes:
Eternall matter for my Muſe to mourne,
But (yet) the world hath heard too much of thoſe,
My youth ſuch errors muſt no more diſcloſe.
Ile hide the reſt, and grieue for what hath beene,
Who made me knowne, muſt make me liue vnſeene.

FINIS.

TO DELIA.

SONNET. I.

VNto the boundleſſe Ocean of thy beautie,
Runnes this poore Riuer, charg'd with ſtreames of zeale,
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
Which here my loue, my youth, my plaints reueale
Here I vnclaſpe the Booke of my charg'd ſoule,
Where I haue caſt th'accounts of all my care:
Here haue I ſumm'd my ſighs, here I inrole
How they were ſpent for thee, looke what they are:
Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And ſee how iuſt I reckon with thine eies:
Examine well thy beautie with my truth,
And croſſe my cares ere greater ſummes ariſe.
Reade it (ſweet maide) though it be done but ſleightly,
Who can ſhew all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

SONNET. II.

GOe wailing Verſe, the Infants of my loue,
Minerua-like, brought foorth without a mother:
Preſent the Image of the cares I proue,
Witneſſe your Fathers griefe exceedes all other.
Sigh out a Storie of her cruell deedes,
With interrupted accents of deſpaire:
A Monument that whoſoeuer reedes,
May iuſtly praiſe, and blame my loueleſſe Faire.
Say her diſdaine hath dryed vp my blood,
And ſtarued you, in ſuccours ſtill denying:
Preſſe to her eyes, importune me ſome good,
Waken her ſleeping pitty with your crying,
Knocke at her hard hart, begge till yee haue mou'd her,
And tell th'vnkinde how dearely I haue lou'd her.

SONNET. III.

IF ſo it hap, this of-ſpring of my care,
Theſe fatall Antheames, lamentable Songs:
Come to their view, who like afflicted are;
Let them ſigh for their owne, and mone my wrongs.
But vntoucht hearts, with vnaffected eie,
Approach not to behold my heauineſſe:
Cleere-ſighted you, ſoone note what is awrie,
Whilſt blinded ſoules mine errours neuer geſſe.
You blinded ſoules whom youth and errour leade,
You out-caſt Eaglets, dazeled with your Sunne:
Doe you, and none but you my ſorrowes reade,
You beſt can iudge the wrongs that ſhe hath done.
That ſhe hath done, the motiue of my paine,
Who whilſt I loue, doth kill me with diſdaine.

SONNET. IIII.

THeſe plaintiue Verſe, the Poſtes of my deſire,
Which haſte for ſuccour to her ſlow regard,
Beare not report of any ſlender fire,
Forging a griefe to winne a fames reward.
Nor are my paſſions limnd for outward hew,
For that no colours can depaint my ſorrowes:
Delia her ſelfe, and all the world may view
Beſt in my face, where cares haue tild deepe forrowes.
No Bayes I ſeeke to decke my mourning brow,
O cleere-eyde Rector of the holy Hill:
My humble accents beare the Oliue bough,
Of interceſſion but to moue her will.
Theſe lines I vſe, t'vnburthen mine owne hart;
My loue affects no fame, nor ſteemes of Art.

Thoſe

SONNET. V.

WHilſt youth and error led my wandring minde,
And ſet my thoughts in heedleſſe wayes to range:
All vnawares, a Goddeſſe chaſte I finde,
(*Diana*-like) to worke my ſudden change.
For her no ſooner had mine eyes bewraid,
But with diſdaine to ſee me in that place;
With faireſt hand, the ſweet vnkindeſt Maid,
Caſt water-cold Diſdaine vpon my face.
Which turn'd my ſport into a Harts diſpaire,
Which ſtill is chac'd, while I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts, ſet on me by my Faire:
My thoughts (like Houndes) purſue me to my death.
Thoſe that I foſtred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.

SONNET. VI.

FAire is my Loue, and cruell as ſhe's faire;
Her brow-ſhades frownes, although her eyes are ſunny,
Her ſmiles are lightning, though her pride deſpaire;
And her diſdaines are Gall, her fauours Hunny.
A modeſt Maide, deckt with a bluſh of honor,
Whoſe feete doe tread greene paths of youth and loue,
The wonder of all eyes that looke vpon her:
Sacred on earth, deſign'd a Saint aboue.
Chaſtitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow:
And had ſhe pitty to conioyne with thoſe,
Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now?
For had ſhe not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
My Muſe had ſlept, and none had knowne my minde.

For

SONNET. VII.

FOr had ſhe not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightneſſe:
The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,
And cloudes obſcure had ſhaded ſtill her brightneſſe.
Then had no Cenſors eye theſe lines ſuruaid,
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muſe ſo vaine;
No Sunne my bluſh and error had bewraid,
Nor yet the world haue heard of ſuch diſdaine.
Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
No downe-caſt looke had ſignified my miſſe:
But my degraded hopes, with ſuch diſgrace
Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.
For being full, ſhould I not then haue ſpoken,
My ſence oppreſs'd, had faild, and heart had broken.

SONNET. VIII.

THou poore heart ſacrifiz'd vnto the faireſt,
Haſt ſent the incenſe of thy ſighs to heauen:
And ſtill againſt her frownes freſh vowes repaireſt,
And made thy paſſions with her beautie euen.
And you mine eyes, the agents of my hart
Tolde the dumbe meſſage of my hidden griefe:
And oft with carefull turnes, with ſilent Art,
Did treate the cruell faire to yeeld reliefe.
And you my Verſe, the Aduocates of Loue,
Haue followed hard the Proceſſe of my caſe:
And vrg'd that title which doth plainely proue,
My faith ſho ld win, if Iuſtice might haue place.
Yet though I ſee, that nought we doe, can moue,
Tis not diſdaine muſt make me ceaſe to loue.

If

SONNET. IX.

IF this be loue, to draw a wearie breath,
Paint on floods, till the ſhore crie to th'aire:
With downeward lookes, ſtill reading on the earth,
Theſe ſad memorials of my loues diſpaire:
If this be loue to warre againſt my ſoule,
Lie downe to waile, riſe vp to ſigh and grieue,
The neuer-reſting ſtone of Care to roule,
Still to complaine my griefes, whilſt none relieue.
If this be loue to cloathe me with darke thoughts,
Haunting vntrodden paths to waile apart;
My pleaſures horror, Muſicke tragicke notes,
Teares in mine eyes, and ſorrow at my hart.
If this be loue, to liue a liuing death,
Then doe I loue and draw this wearie breath.

SONNET. X.

THen doe I loue, and draw this wearie breath,
For her the cruell Faire, within whoſe brow,
I written finde the ſentence of my death,
In vnkinde Letters; wrote ſhe cares not how.
Thou powre that rul'ſt the confines of the night,
Laughter louing Goddeſſe, worldly pleaſures Queene,
Intenerat that heart that ſets ſo light,
The trueſt loue that euer yet was ſeene.
And cauſe her leaue to triumph in this wiſe,
Vpon the proſtrate ſpoyle of that poore hart
That ſerues a Trophey to her conquering eies,:
And muſt their glory to the world impart.
Once let her know, ſh'hath done enough to proue me,
And let her pitte if ſhe cannot loue me.

Teares

SONNET XI.

TEares, vowes, and prayers, winne the hardeſt hart,
Teares, vowes, and prayers haue I ſpent in vaine;
Teares cannot ſoften flint, nor vowes conuart,
Prayers preuaile not with a quaint diſdaine.
I loſe my teares where I haue loſt my loue,
I vow my faith, where faith is not regarded;
I pray in vaine, a mercileſſe to moue:
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet, though I cannot winne her will with teares,
Though my ſoules Idoll ſcorneth all my vowes;
Though all my prayers be to ſo deafe eares,
No fauour though the cruell faire allowes,
Yet will I weepe, vow, pray to cruell ſhee:
Flint, froſt, diſdaine, weares, meltes, and yeeldes we ſee.

SONNET XII.

MY ſpotleſſe loue houers with pureſt wings,
About the Temple of the proudeſt frame:
Where blaze thoſe lights faireſt of earthly things,
Which cleere our clouded world with brighteſt flame.
M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honor but what ſhe can giue:
My hopes doe reſt in limits of her grace,
I weigh no comfort vnleſſe ſhe relieue.
For ſhe that can my heart imparadize,
Holdes in her faireſt hand what deareſt is,
My fortunes wheeles the circle of her eies,
Whoſe rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.
All my liues ſweet conſiſts in her alone,
So much I loue the moſt vnlouing one.

Behold

SONNET. XIII.

BEhold what hap *Pigmalion* had to frame
And carue his proper griefe vpon a ſtone;
My heauy fortune is much like the ſame,
I worke on flint, and thats the cauſe I mone.
For hapleſſe loe euen with mine owne deſires,
I figurde on the table of mine hart,
The faireſt forme, that all the world admires,
And ſo did periſh by my proper art.
And ſtill I toyle, to change the Marble breſt
Of her, whoſe ſweeteſt grace I do adore,
Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my reſt,
Hard is her hart, and woe is me therefore.
But happy he that ioy'd his ſtone and art,
Vnhappy I, to loue a ſtony hart.

SONNET. XIIII.

THoſe ſnary locks, are thoſe ſame nets (my Deere)
Wherewith my liberty thou didſt ſurprize;
Loue was the flame that fired me ſo neere,
The Dart tranſpearſing, were thoſe Chriſtall eies.
Strong is the net, and feruent is the fleme;
Deepe is the wound my ſighes can well report:
Yet do I loue, adore, and prayſe the ſame,
That holds, that burnes, that wounds me in this ſort.
And liſt not ſo ke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bond, the flame, the wound that feſtreth ſo,
By knife, by liquor, or by ſalue to deale:
So much I pleaſe to periſh in my woe.
Yet leaſt long trauailes be aboue my ſtrength,
Good DELIA loſe, quench, heale me now at length.

SONNET. XV.

IF that a loyall hart and faith vnfained,
If a ſweet languiſh with a chaſt deſire,
If hunger-ſtaruen thoughts ſo long retained,
Fed but with ſmoke, and cheriſht but with fire:
And if a brow with cares characters painted,
Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe ſpoken
To her that ſits in my thoughts Temple ſainted,
And laies to view my Vultar-gnawne hart open:
If I haue done due homage to her eyes,
And had my ſighes ſtill tending on her name;
If on her loue my life and honour lyes,
And ſhe (th'vnkindeſt maid) ſtill ſcorns the ſame
Let this ſuffice, that all the world may ſee
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt muſt be.

SONNET. XVI.

HAppy in ſleepe, waking content to languiſh,
Imbracing clouds by night, in day time mourne,
My ioyes but ſhadowes, touch of truth, my anguiſh
Griefes euer ſpringing, comforts neuer borne.
And ſtill expecting when ſhe will relent,
Growne hoarce with crying mercy, mercy giue,
So many vowes, and praiers hauing ſpent,
That weary of my life, I loath to liue.
And yet the Hydra of my cares renues
Still new borne ſorrowes of her freſh diſdaine:
And ſtill my hope the Sommer windes purſues,
Finding no end nor period of my paine.
This is my ſtate, my griefes do touch ſo neerly,
And thus I liue becauſe I loue her deerly.

Why

SONNET. XVII.

VVHy ſhould I ſing in verſe, why ſhould I frame
These ſad neglected notes for her deare ſake?
Why ſhould I offer vp vnto her name,
The ſweeteſt ſacrifice my youth can make?
Why ſhould I ſtriue to make her liue for euer,
That neuer deignes to giue me ioy to liue?
Why ſhould m'afflicted Muſe ſo much endeuour,
Such honour vnto cruelty to giue?
I her defects haue purchaſt her this fame,
What ſhould her vertues do, her ſmiles, her loue?
If this her worſt, how ſhould her beſt inflame?
What paſſions would her milder fauours moue?
Fauours (I thinke) would ſence quite ouercome,
And that makes happy Louers euer dombe.

SONNET. XVIII.

SInce the firſt looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts-maze, to my confuſion tending:
Still haue I liu'd in griefe, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my ſorrowes neuer ending.
Yet cannot leaue her loue that holds me hatefull,
Her eyes exact it, though her hart diſd aines me;
See what reward he hath that ſerues the vngratefull,
So true and loyall loue no fauour gaines me.
Still muſt I whet my yong deſires abated,
Vpon the flint of ſuch a hart rebelling;
And all in vaine, her pride is ſo innated,
She yeelds no place at all for pitties dwelling.
Oft haue I told her that my ſoule did loue her,
(And that with teares) yet all this will not moue her.

SONNET XIX.

REſtore thy treſſes to the golden Ore,
Yeeld *Cithereas* ſonne thoſe Arkes of loue;
Bequeath the heauens the ſtarres that I adore,
And to th'Orient do thy Pearles remoue,
Yeeld thy hands pride vnto th'Iuory white,
T' *Arabian* odors giue thy breathing ſweete:
Reſtore thy bluſh vnto *Aurora* bright,
To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.
Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her reſign'd,
And thy ſweet voice giue back vnto the Spheares:
But yet reſtore thy fierce and cruell mind,
To *Hyrcan* Tygres, and to ruthles Beares.
Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe;
So ſhalt thou ceaſe to plague, and I to paine.

SONNET XX.

VVHat it is to breathe and liue without life:
How to be pale with anguiſh, red with feare
T'haue peace abroad, and nought within but ſtrife:
Wiſh to be preſent, and yet ſhun t'appeare:
How to be bold far off, and baſhfull neare:
How to thinke much, and haue no words to ſpeake:
To craue redreſſe, yet hold affliction deare:
To haue affection ſtrong, a body weake:
Neuer to finde, and euermore to ſeeke:
And ſeeke that which I dare not hope to finde:
T'affect this life, and yet this life diſleeke:
Gratefull t'another, to my ſelfe vnkinde.
This cruell knowledge of theſe contraries,
DELIA my hart hath learnd out of thoſe eyes.

If

SONNET XXI.

IF beauty thus be clowded with a frowne,
That pitty ſhines no comfort to my blis,
And vapours of diſdaine ſo ouergrowne
That my liues light wholy in-darkned is.
Why ſhould I more moleſt the world with cries?
The ayre with ſighes, the earth below with teares?
Sith I liue hatefull to thoſe ruthleſſe eies,
Vexing with vntun'd moane her dainty eares,
If I haue lou'd her dearer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it:
And ſtill muſt hold her deare till after death,
And that all this mooues not her thoughts a whit;
Yet ſure ſhe cannot but muſt thinke a part,
She doth me wrong, to grieue ſo true a heart.

SONNET XXII.

COme Time the anchor-hold of my deſire,
My laſt Reſort whereto my hopes appeale,
Cauſe once the date of her diſdaine t'expire:
Make her the ſentence of her wrath repeale.
Rob her faire Brow, breake in on Beauty, ſteale
Powre from thoſe eyes, which pitty cannot ſpare:
Deale with thoſe dainty cheekes as ſhe doth deale
With this poore heart conſumed with diſpaire.
This heart made now the proſpectiue of care,
By louing her, the cruelſt Faire that liues
The cruelſt Fayre that ſees I pine for her,
And neuer mercy to thy merit giues.
Let her not ſtill triumph ouer the prize
Of mine affections taken by her eies.

SONNET. XXIII.

TIme, cruell time, come and ſubdue that Brow
Which conquers all but thee, and thee too ſtaies
As if ſhe were exempt from Syeth or Bow,
From loue or yeares vnſubiect to decaies.
Or art thou growne in league with thoſe faire eies
That they may helpe thee to conſume our daies?
Or doſt thou ſpare her for her cruelties,
Being merciles like thee that no man weies?
And yet thou ſeeſt thy powre ſhe diſobayes,
Cares not for thee, but lets thee waſte in vaine,
And prodigall of howers and yeares betraies
Beauty and youth t'opinion and diſdaine.
Yet ſpare her time, let her exempted be,
She may become more kinde to thee or me.

SONNET. XXIIII.

THeſe ſorrowing ſighes, the ſmoake of mine annoy,
Theſe teares which heate of ſacred flame diſtils,
Are thoſe due tributes that my faith doth pay
Vnto the tyrant, whoſe vnkindnes kils.
I ſacrifiſe my youth, and blooming yeares
At her proud feete, and ſhe reſpects not it:
My flower vntimely's withred with my teares:
And Winter woes, for ſpring of youth vnfit.
She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,
And ſo with lookes, prolongs my long lookt caſe,
As ſhort that bliſſe, ſo is the comfort rare,
Yet muſt that bliſſe my hungry thoughts appeaſe.
Thus ſhe returnes my hopes ſo fruitleſſe euer,
Once let her loue indeed, or els looke neuer.

Falſe

SONNET. XXV.

FAlſe Hope prolongs my euer certaine griefe,
Traitour to me, and faithfull to my Loue:
A thouſand times it promiſ'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.
Oft when I finde in her no truth at all,
I baniſh her, and blame her trechery,
Yet ſoone againe I muſt her backe recall,
As one that dies without her company.
Thus often as I chaſe my hope from me,
Straight-way ſhe haſts her vnto DELIAS eies,
Fed with ſome pleaſing looke there ſhall ſhe be,
And ſo ſent backe, and thus my fortune lies.
Lookes feed my Hope, Hope foſters me in vaine,
Hopes are vnſure, when certaine is my paine.

SONNET. XXVI.

LOoke in my griefes, and blame me not to mourne,
From care to care that leades a life ſo bad;
Th'Orphan of Fortune, borne to be her ſcorne,
Whoſe clouded brow doth make my daies ſo ſad.
Long are their nights whoſe cares do neuer ſleepe,
Lothſome their daies, whom no ſun euer ioyd,
Th'impreſſion of her eyes do pearce ſo deepe,
That thus I liue both day and night annoyd.
But ſince the ſweeteſt roote yeelds fruite ſo ſowre,
Her praiſe from my complaint I may not part:
I loue th'effect the cauſe being of this powre,
Ile praiſe her face, ane blame her flinty heart.
Whilſt we both make the world admire at vs,
Her for diſdaine, and me for louing thus.

SONNET XXVII.

RAigne in my thoughts faire hand, ſweete eye, rare voice,
Poſſeſſe me whole, my hearts triumvirate:
Yet heauy heart to make ſo hard a choiſe,
Of ſuch as ſpoile thy poore afflicted ſtate.
For whilſt they ſtriue which ſhall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is troden downe;
They all erect their Trophies on my fall,
And yeeld me nought that giues them their renowne.
When backe I looke, I ſigh my freedome paſt,
And waile the ſtate wherein I preſent ſtand:
And ſee my fortune euer like to laſt,
Finding me rain'd with ſuch a heauy hand.
What can I do but yeeld? and yeeld I doo,
And ſerue all three, and yet they ſpoile me too.

SONNET. XXVIII.

Alluding to the Sparrow purſued by a Hawke, that flew into the boſome of Zenocrates.

VVHilſt by thy eies purſu'd, my poore heart flie
Into the ſacred Refuge of thy breſt:
Thy rigor in that Sanctuary ſlew
That which thy ſuccring mercy ſhould haue bleſt.
No priuiledge of faith could it protect,
Faith being with blood, and fiue yeares witnes ſign'd,
Wherein no ſhew gaue cauſe of leaſt ſuſpect,
For well thou ſaw'ſt my loue and how I pin'd.
Yet no mild comfort would thy Brow reueale,
No lightning lookes which falling hopes erect:
What bootes to lawes of Succor to appeale?
Ladies and Tyrants, neuer lawes reſpect.
Then there I die from whence my life ſhould come,
And by that hand whom ſuch deeds ill become.

Still

SONNET. XXIX.

STill in the trace of one perplexed thought,
My ceaſles cares continually run on:
Seeking in vaine what I haue euer ſought,
One in my loue, and her hard hart ſtill one.
I who did neuer ioy in other Sun,
And haue no ſtars but thoſe, that muſt fulfill
The worke of rigor, fatally begun
Vpon this heart, whom cruelty will kill.
Iniurious DELIA yet I loue thee ſtill,
And will whiſt I ſhall draw this breath of mine,
Ile tell the world that I deſeru'd but ill,
And blame my ſelfe t'excuſe that heart of thine.
See then who ſinnes the greater of vs twaine,
I in my loue, or thou in thy diſdaine.

SONNET. XXX.

OFt do I maruell, whether DELIAS eies,
Are eyes, or els two radiant ſtarres that ſhine:
For how could Nature euer thus deuiſe,
Of earth on earth a ſubſtance ſo diuine.
Starres ſure they are, whoſe motions rule deſires,
And calme and tempeſt follow their aſpects:
Their ſweet appearing ſtill ſuch power inſpires,
That makes the world admire ſo ſtrange effects,
Yet whether fixt or wandring ſtarres are they,
Whoſe influence rule the Orbe of my poore hart?
Fixt ſure they are, but wandring make me ſtray,
In endles errors, whence I cannot part.
Starres then, not eyes, moue you with a milder view,
Your ſweet aſpect on him that honours you.

The

SONNET. XXXI.

THe Starre of my miſhap impos'd this paine
To ſpend the Aprill of my yeares in griefe:
Finding my fortune euer in the waine
With ſtill freſh cares, ſupplide with no reliefe.
Yet thee I blame not, though for thee tis done,
But theſe weake whings preſuming to aſpire,
Which now are melted by thine eyes bright ſun,
That makes me fall from off my hie deſire.
And in my fall I crye for helpe with ſpeede,
No pittying eye lookes backe vpon my feares:
No ſuccour finde I now when moſt I neede,
My heates muſt drowne in th'Ocean of my teares.
Which ſtill muſt beare the title of my wrong,
Caus'd by thoſe cruell beames that were ſo ſtrong.

SONNET. XXXII.

ANd yet I cannot reprehend the flight,
Or blame th'attempt preſuming ſo to ſore;
The mounting venter for a high delight,
Did make the honour of the fall the more.
For who gets wealth that puts not from the ſhore?
Danger hath honor, great deſignes their fame,
Glory doth follow, courage goes before.
And though th'euent oft anſwers not the ſame,
Suffice that high attempts haue neuer ſhame.
The meane obſeruer (whom baſe ſafety keeps)
Liues without honour, dies without a name,
And in eternall darkneſſe euer ſleeps.
And therefore DELIA, tis to me no blot,
To haue attempted, though attaind thee not.

Raiſing

SONNET. XXXIII.

RAiſing my hopes on hills of high deſire,
Thinking to ſcale the heauen of her hart,
My ſlender meanes preſum'd too high a part;
Her thunder of diſdaine forſt me to retire.
And threw me downe to paine in all this fire,
Where loe I languiſh in ſo heauy ſmart,
Becauſe th'attempt was farre aboue my art:
Her pride brook'd not poore ſoules ſhould ſo aſpire.
Yet I proteſt my high deſiring will
Was not to diſpoſſeſſe her of her right:
Her ſoueraignty ſhould haue remained ſtill,
I onely ſought the bliſſe to haue her ſight.
Her ſight contented thus to ſee me ſpill,
Fram'd my deſires fit for her eyes to kill.

SONNET. XXXIIII.

VVHy dooſt thou DELIA credit ſo thy glaſſe,
Gazing thy beauty deign'd thee by the skies:
And doeſt not rather looke on him (alas)
Whoſe ſtate beſt ſhewes the force of mudering eies?
The broken tops of lofty trees declare
The fury of a mercy-wanting ſtorme;
And of what force thy wounding graces are,
Vpon my ſelfe thou beſt mayſt finde the forme.
Then leaue thy glaſſe, and gaze thy ſelfe on me,
That Mirror ſhewes what power is in thy face:
To view your forme too much, may danger bee,
Narciſſus chang'd t'a flower in ſuch a caſe.
And you are chang'd, but not t'a Hiacint;
I feare your eye hath turnd your heart to flint.

SONNET. XXXV.

I Once may ſee when yeares ſhall wreck my wrong,
When golden haires ſhall change to ſiluer wier:
And thoſe bright raies that kindle all this fire,
Shall faile in force, their working not ſo ſtrong,
Then beauty (now the burthen of my ſong)
VVhoſe glorious blaze the world doth ſo admire,
Muſt yeeld vp all to tyrant Times deſire;
Then fade thoſe flowers that deckt her pride ſo long.
VVhen, if ſhe grieue to gaze her in her glaſſe,
Which, then preſents her winter-withered hew,
Goe you my verſe, go tell her what ſhe was;
For what ſhe was, ſhe beſt ſhall find in you.
Your firy heate lets not her glory paſſe,
But (Phœnix-like) ſhall make her liue anew.

SONNET. XXXVI.

LOoke DELIA how w'eſteeme the halfe blowne Roſe,
The image of thy bluſh and Sommers honor:
Whilſt yet her tender bud doth vndiſcloſe
That full of beauty, time beſtowes vpon her.
No ſooner ſpreads her glory in the ayre,
But ſtraight her wide blowne pomp comes to decline:
She then is ſcornd that late adornd the Fayre;
So fade the Roſes of thoſe cheeks of thine.
No Aprill can reuiue thy withered flowres,
Whoſe ſpringing grace adorns the glory now:
Swift ſpeedy Time, feathred with flying houres,
Diſſolues the beauty of the faireſt brow.
Then do not thou ſuch treaſure waſt in vaine,
But loue now whilſt thou maiſt be lou'd againe.

SONNET. XXXVII.

BVt loue whilſt that thou maiſt be lou'd againe,
Now whilſt thy May hath fild thy lap with flowers,
Now whilſt thy beauty beares without a ſtaine;
Now vſe the Sommer ſmiles, ere Winter lowers.
And whilſt thou ſpreadſt vnto the riſing ſunne,
The faireſt flowre that euer ſaw the light,
Now ioy thy time before thy thy ſweet be done,
And (DELIA) thinke thy morning muſt haue night,
And that thy brightnes ſets at length to Weſt,
When thou wilt cloſe vp that which now thou ſhow'ſt,
And thinke the ſame becomes thy fading beſt,
Which then ſhall moſt inuaile and ſhadow moſt.
Men do not wey the ſtalke for that it was,
When once they find her flowre her glory pas.

SONNET. XXXVIII.

VVHen men ſhall find thy flower, thy glory paſſe,
And thou with carefull brow ſitting alone:
Receiued haſt this meſſage from thy glaſſe,
That tells the truth, and ſayes that all is gone;
Freſh ſhalt thou ſee in me the wounds thou madſt,
Though ſpent thy flame, in me the heat remaining,
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadſt,
My faith ſhall waxe, when thou art in thy waining.
The world ſhall finde this myracle in me,
That fire can burne when all the matter's ſpent:
Then what my faith hath bene thy ſelfe ſhall ſee,
And that thou waſt vnkinde, thou mayſt repent.
Thou maiſt repent that thou haſt ſcornd my teares,
When winter ſnowes vpon thy ſable haires.

VVhen

SONNET. XXXVIIII.

VVHen winter ſnowes vpon thy ſable haires,
And froſt of age hath nipt thy beauties neere,
When darke ſhall ſeeme thy day that neuer cleares,
And all lies withred that was held ſo deere.
Then take this picture which I here preſent thee,
Limmed with a Penſill not all vnworthy:
Here ſee the gifts that God and nature lent thee.
Here read thy ſelfe, and what I ſuffred for thee.
This may remaine thy laſting monument,
Which happily poſterity may cherriſh,
Theſe colours with thy fading are not ſpent,
Theſe may remaine when thou and I ſhall periſh.
If they remaine, then thou ſhalt liue thereby,
They will remaine, and ſo thou canſt not die.

SONNET. XL.

THou canſt not die whilſt any zeale abound
In feeliug hearts that can conceiue theſe lines;
Though thou a *Laura* haſt no *Petrach* found,
In baſe attire yet cleerly Beauty ſhines.
And I (though borne within a colder clime,)
Do feele mine inward heat as great (I know it,)
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better ſhow it.
But I may adde one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the faireſt Ile,
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then ſhouldſt thou liue in an immortall ſtile.
For though that *Laura* better limned be,
Suffice, thou ſhalt be lou'd as well as ſhee.

Be

SONNET. XLI.

BE not diſplead that theſe my papers ſhould
Bewray vnto the world how faire thou art:
Or that my wits haue ſhewed the beſt they could.
(The chaſteſt flame that euer warmed hart)
Thinke not (ſweet DELIA) this ſhall be thy ſhame,
My Muſe ſhould ſound thy praiſe with mournfull wai
How many liue, the glory of whoſe name
Shall reſt in Iſe, when thine is grau'd in Marble.
Thou maiſt in after ages liue eſteem'd,
Vnburied in theſe lines reſeru'd in purenes;
Theſe ſhall intombe thoſe eies, that haue redeem'd
Me from the vulgar, thee from all obſcurenes.
Although my carefull accents neuer moou'd thee,
Yet count it no diſgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

SONNET. XLII.

DELIA, theſe eyes that ſo admireth thine,
Haue ſeene thoſe walls which proud ambition rear'd
To check the world, how they intomb'd haue lien
Within themſelues; and on them ploughs haue ear'd.
Yet neuer found that barbarous hand attaind
The ſpoyle of fame deſeru'd by vertuous men:
Whoſe glorious actions luckily had gaind
Th'eternall Annals of a happy pen.
And therefore grieue not if thy beauties die,
Though time do ſpoyle thee of the faireſt vaile
That euer yet couered mortality,
And muſt inſtarre the Needle, and the Raile.
That Grace which doth more then in woman thee,
Liues in my lines, and muſt eternall bee.

Moſt

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VVHen winter ſnowes vpon thy ſable haires,
And froſt of age hath nipt thy beauties neere,
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And muſt inſtarre the Needle, and the Raile.
That Grace which doth more then in woman thee,
Liues in my lines, and muſt eternall bee.

Moſt

SONNET. XLIII.

MOſt faire and louely Maide, looke from the ſhore,
See thy *Leander* ſtriuing in theſe waues :
Poore ſoule quite ſpent, whoſe force can do no more,
Now ſend forth hope, for now calme pitty ſaues.
And waſt him to thee with theſe louely eies,
A happy conuoy to a holy Land :
Now ſhew thy power, and where thy vertue lies,
To ſaue thine owne, ſtretch out the faireſt hand.
Stretcht out the faireſt hand, a pledge of peace ;
That hand that darts ſo right and neuer miſſes :
I ſhall forget old wrongs, my griefes ſhall ceaſe ;
And that which gaue me wounds, Ile giue it kiſſes
Once let the Ocean of my cares finde ſhore,
That thou be pleas'd, and I may ſigh no more.

SONNET. XLIIII.

READ in my face a volume of diſpaires,
The wailing Iliads of my tragicke woe :
Drawne with my blood, and painted with my cares,
Wrought by her hand that I haue honour'd ſo.
Who whilſt I burne, ſhe ſings at my ſoules wrack,
Looking aloft from turret of her pride :
There my ſoules tyrant ioyes her, in the ſack
Of her owne ſcate, whereof I made her guide.
There do theſe ſmoakes that from affliction riſe,
Serue as an incenſe to a cruell Dame :
A ſacrifice thrice-gratefull to her eies,
Becauſe their power ſerue to exact the ſame.
Thus ruines ſhe (to ſatisfie her will,)
The temple where her name was honour'd ſtill.

My

SONNET. XLV.

MY DELIA hath the waters of mine eies,
The ready handmayds on her grace t'attend:
That neuer fall to ebbe, but euer dries,
For to their flow ſhe neuer grants an end.
Th'Ocean neuer did attend more duly
Vpon his ſouereignes couſe, the nights pale Queene,
Nor payd the impoſt of his waues more truly,
Then mine vnto her cruelty hath beene.
Yet nought the rocke of that hard heart can moue,
Where beat their teares with zeale, and fury driues:
And yet I rather languiſh for her loue,
Then I would ioy the faireſt ſhe that liues.
And if I finde ſuch pleaſure to complaine,
What ſhould I do then, if I ſhould obtaine?

SONNET, XLVI.

HOw long ſhall I in mine affliction mourne?
A burden to my ſelfe, diſtreſt in minde:
When ſhall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out diſpaire, wherein they liue confinde?
When ſhal her troubled brow charg'd with diſdaine
Reueale the treaſure which her ſmiles impart?
When ſhall my faith the happines attaine,
To breake the Iſe that hath congeald her heart?
Vnto her ſelfe, her ſelfe my loue doth ſommon,
(If loue in her hath any power to moue,)
And let her tell me as ſhe is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deſeru'd her loue?
I know her heart cannot but iudge with me,
Although her eyes my aduerſaries be.

SONNET. XLVII.

BEautie (ſweet Loue) is like the morning dew,
Whoſe ſhort refreſh vpon the tender greene:
Cheeres for a time, but till the Sunne doth ſhew,
And ſtraight tis gone as it had neuer beene.
Soone doth it fade that makes the faireſt floriſh,
Short is the glory of the bluſhing Roſe:
The hew which thou ſo carefully doſt noriſh,
Yet which at length thou muſt be forc'd to loſe.
When thou ſurcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinckles homeward to the earth,
And that in Beauties leaſe expir'd, appeares
The date of Age, the Kalends of our death.
But ah! no more, this muſt not be foretold,
For women grieue to thinke they muſt be old.

SONNET. XLVIII.

I Muſt not grieue my Loue, whoſe eies would reede
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might ſmile;
Flowers haue time before they come to ſeede,
And ſhe is yong, and now muſt ſport the while.
And ſport (ſweet Maide) in ſeaſon of theſe yeares,
And learne to gather flowers before they wither:
And where the ſweeteſt bloſſomes firſt appeares,
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleaſures thither.
Lighten foorth ſmiles to cleere the clouded aire,
And calme the tempeſt which my ſighs doo raiſe,
Pitty and ſmiles doe beſt become the faire,
Pitty and ſmiles muſt onely yeeld thee praiſe.
Make me to ſay, when all my griefes are gone,
Happy the heart that ſigh'd for ſuch a one.

And

SONNET. XLIX.

AND whither (poore forſaken) wilt thou goe,
To goe from ſorrow, and thine owne diſtreſſe?
When euery place preſents like face of woe,
And no remoue can make thy ſorrowes leſſe?
Yet goe (forſaken) leaue theſe Woods, theſe plaines,
Leaue her and all, and all for her that leaues
Thee and thy Loue forlorne, and both diſdaines:
And of both, wrongfull deemes, and ill conceiues.
Seeke out ſome place, and ſee if any place
Can giue the leaſt releaſe vnto thy griefe:
Conuay thee from the thought of thy diſgrace,
Steale from thy ſelfe, and be thy cares owne thiefe.
But yet, what comforts ſhall I hereby gaine?
Bearing the wound, I needes muſt feele the paine.

SONNET. L.

DRawne with th'atractiue vertue of her eyes,
My toucht heart turnes it to that happy coſt:
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lies,
The leuell of my hopes deſired moſt,
There were my *Delia* fairer then the Sunne,
Deckt with her youth whereon the world doth ſmile,
Ioyes in that honor which her eyes haue wonne,
Th'eternall wonder of our happy Ile.
Floriſh faire *Albion*, glory of the North,
Neptunes beſt darling, held betweene his arme:
Diuided from the world, as better worth,
Kept for himſelfe, defended from all harmes.
Still let diſarmed peace decke her and thee:
And Muſe-foe *Mars*, abroad farre foſtred bee.

SONNET. LI.

CAre-charmer Sleepe, ſonne of the fable night,
Brother to death, in ſilent darknes borne:
Relieue my languiſh, and reſtore the light,
With darke forgetting of my care returne.
And let the day be time enought to mourne
The ſhipwracke of my ill aduentred youth:
Let waking eyes ſuffice to waile their ſcorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.
Ceaſe dreames, th'Images of day deſires,
To modell forth the paſſions of the morrow:
Neuer let riſing Sunne approue you liers,
To adde more griefe to aggrauate my ſorrow.
Still let me ſleepe, imbracing clouds in vaine,
And neuer wake to feele the dayes diſdaine.

SONNET. LII.

LEt others ſing of Knights and Palladines,
In aged accents, and vntimely words:
Paint ſhadowes in imaginary lines,
VVhich well the reach of their high wits records;
But I muſt ſing of thee, and thoſe faire eies,
Autentique ſhall my verſe in time to come,
VVhen yet th'vnborne ſhall ſay, Lo where ſhe lies,
VVhoſe beauty made him ſpeake that elſe was dombe.
Theſe are the Arkes, the Trophies I erect,
That fortifie thy name againſt old age:
And theſe thy ſacred vertues muſt protect,
Againſt the darke and times conſuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth in them appeare,
Suffice, they ſhew I liu'd and lou'd thee deare.

SONNET. LIII.

AS to the Roman that would free his Land,
His error was his honour and renowne:
And more the fame of his miſtaking hand,
Then if he had the tyrant ouer-throwne.
So DELIA, hath mine error made me knowne,
And my deceiu'd attempt, deſeru'd more fame;
Then if I had the victory mine owne:
And thy hard heart had yeelded vp the ſame.
And ſo likewiſe, renowmed is thy blame,
Thy cruelty, thy glory; O ſtrange caſe
That errors ſhould be grac'd that merit ſhame,
And ſinne of frownes bring honour to the face.
Yet happy DELIA that thou waſt vnkind,
Though happier far if thou wouldſt change thy mind.

SONNET. LIIII.

LIke as the Lute delights or els diſlikes,
As is his art that playes vpon the ſame:
So ſounds my Muſe according as ſhe ſtrikes
On my heart-ſtrings high tun'd vnto her fame.
Her touch doth cauſe the warble of the ſound,
VVhich here I yeeld in lamentable wiſe:
A wayling deſcant on the ſweeteſt ground,
VVhoſe due reports giue honor to her eyes.
Elſe harſh my ſtile, vntunable my Muſe,
Hoarce ſounds the voyce that prayſeth not her name:
If any pleaſing reliſh here I vſe,
Then iudge the world her beauty giues the ſame.
For no ground els could make the Muſicke ſuch,
Nor other hand could giue ſo true a touch.

SONNET. LV.

NOne other fame mine vnambitious Muſe,
Affected euer, but t'eternize thee:
Allother honors doe my hopes refuſe,
Which meaner priz'd and momentary bee.
For God forbid I ſhould my Papers blot,
With mercenary lines, with ſeruile Pen:
Praiſing vertues in them that haue them not,
Baſely attending on the hopes of men.
No, no, my Verſe reſpects not *Thames* nor *Theaters*,
Nor ſeekes it to be knowne vnto the Great,
But *Auon* poore in fame, and poore in waters,
Shall haue my Song, where *Delia* hath her ſeat.
Auon ſhall be my *Thames*, and ſhe my Song,
No other prouder Brookes ſhall heare my wrong.

SONNET. LVI.

VNhappy Pen, and ill-accepted lines
That intimate in vaine my chaſte deſire:
My chaſte deſire, which from darke ſorrow ſhines,
Inkindled by her eyes celeſtiall fire.
Celeſtiall fire, and vnreſpecting powres
Which pitty not the wounds made by their might,
Shew'd in theſe lines, the worke of carefull houres,
The ſacrifice here offred to her ſight.
But ſince ſhe weighs them not, this reſts for me,
Ile mone my ſelfe, and hide the wrong I haue:
And ſo content me that her frownes ſhould be
To m'infant ſtile the Cradle, and the Graue.
What though my Muſe no honor get thereby,
Each Bird ſings to her ſelfe, and ſo will I.

SONNET. LVII.

LO here the impoſt of a faith entire
Which loue doth pay, and her diſdaine extorts:
Behold the meſſage of a chaſt deſire
Which tells the world how much my griefe imports.
Theſe tributary paſſions, beauties due,
I ſend thoſe eyes the cabinets of loue:
That Cruelty her ſelfe might grieue to view
Th'affliction her vnkind diſdaine doth moue.
And how I liue caſt downe from off all myrth,
Penſiue alone, onely but with Diſpaire:
My ioyes abortiue, periſh in their byrth,
My griefes long liu'd, and care ſucceeding care.
This is my ſtate, and DELIAS heart is ſuch,
I ſay no more, I feare I ſayd too much.

An Ode.

NOW each creature ioyes the other,
paſſing happy dayes and howers,
One Bird reports vnto another,
in the fall of ſiluer ſhowers,
Whilſt the earth (our common mother)
hath her boſome deckt with flowers.

Whilſt the greateſt Torch of heauen,
with bright rayes warmes FLORAS lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen,
chearing plants with freſher ſap:
My field of flowers quite bereuen,
wants refreſh of better hap.

ECCHO, daughter of the Aire,
(babling gueſt of Rocks and hils,)

Knows the name of my fierce Faire,
and ſounds the accents of my ils.
Each thing pitties my diſpaire,
whilſt that ſhe her Louer kils.

Whilſt that ſhe (O cruell Mayd)
doth me and my loue deſpiſe,
My liues floriſh is decayed,
that depended on her eyes:
But her will muſt be obeyed,
and well he ends for loue who dies.

A Paſtorall.

O Happy golden Age,
Not for that Riuers ranne
With ſtreames of milke, and hunny dropt from trees,
Not that the earth did gage
Vnto the husband-man
Her voluntary fruites, free without fees:
Not for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th'eternall flowring Spring
Wherein liu'd euery thing,
And whereon th'heauens perpetually did ſmile,
Not for no ſhip had brought
From forraine ſhores, or warres or wares ill ſought.
But onely for that name,
That Idle name of wind:
That Idoll of deceit, that empty ſound
Call'd HONOR, which became
Thy tyran of the minde:
And ſo torments our Nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found:
Nor yet ſad griefes imparts
Amidſt the ſweet delights

Of ioyfull amorous wights.
Nor were his hard lawes knowne to free-borne hearts.
But golden lawes like theſe
Which nature wrote. *That's lawfull which doth pleaſe.*
Then amongſt flowres and ſprings
Making delightfull ſport,
Sate Louers without conflict, without flame,
And Nymphs and ſhepheards ſings
Mixing in wanton ſort
Whiſp'rings with Songs, then kiſſes with the ſame
Which from affection came:
The naked virgin then
Her Roſes freſh reueales,
Which now her vaile conceales.
The tender Apples in her boſome ſeene,
And oft in Riuers cleere
The Louers with their Loues conſorting were.
HONOR, thou firſt didſt cloſe
The ſpring of all delight:
Denying water to the amorous thirſt
Thou taught'ſt faire eyes to loſe
The glory of their light.
Reſtrain'd from men, and on themſelues reuerſt.
Thou in a lawne didſt firſt
Thoſe golden haires incaſe,
Late ſpred vnto the wind;
Thou mad'ſt looſe grace vnkind,
Gau'ſt bridle to their words, art to their pace.
O Honour it is thou
That mak'ſt that ſtealth, which loue doth free allow.
It is thy worke that brings
Our griefes, and torments thus:
But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Loue,
The quallifier of Kings,
What doeſt thou here with vs
That are below thy power, ſhut from aboue?

Goe

Goe and from vs remoue,
Trouble the mighties ſleepe,
Let vs neglected.baſe,
Liue ſtill without thy grace,
And th'vſe of th'ancient happy ages keepe,
Let's loue,this life of ours
Can make no truce with time that all deuours.

Let's loue,the ſun doth ſet,and riſe againe,
But when as our ſhort light
Comes once to ſet,it makes eternall night.

A Deſcription of Beauty, tranſlated out of Marino.

1



Beauty (beames, nay flame
Of that great lampe of light)
That ſhines a while, with fame,
But preſently makes night:
Like Winters ſhort-liu'd bright,
Or Summers ſuddaine gleames,
How much more deare, ſo much loſſe-laſting beames.

2

Wing'd Loue away doth flye,
And with it time doth beare;
And both take ſuddainly
The ſweate, the faine the deare:
A ſhining day, and cleare
Succeedes an obſcene night,
And ſorrow is the hewe of ſweet delight.

3

With what then doſt thou ſwell,
O youth of new-borne day?
Wherein doth thy pride dwell
O beauty made of clay?
Not with to ſwift away
The headlong corrant flyes,
As do the ſprakling rayes of two faire eyes.

4

Do not thy ſelſe betray
VVith wantonizing yeares:
O beauty traytors gay,

Thy

Thy melting life that weares,
Appearing, diſappeares,
And with thy flying dayes,
Ends all thy good of price, thy faire of prayſe.

5

Truſt not, vaine creditor
Thy apt deceiued view,
In thy falſe counſellor,
That neuer tels thee true:
Thy forme, and flattred hew,
Which ſhall ſo ſoone tranſpaſſe,
Is farre more faire, then is thy looking-glaſſe.

6

Inioy thy Aprill now,
Whilſt it doth freely ſhine,
This lightning flaſh and ſhow,
With that cleare ſpirit of thine,
Will ſuddainly decline;
And thou faire murthering eyes
Shalbe loues tombes, where now his cradle lyes.

7

Old trembling age will come,
With wrinkled cheekes, and ſtaines,
With motion troubleſome,
With skinne and bloodleſſe weaues,
That liuely viſage reauen,
And made defo m'd and old,
Hates ſight of glaſſe, it lou'd ſo to behold.

8

Thy gold, and ſcarlet ſhall
Pale ſiluer colour bee,
Thy rowe of pearles ſhall fall
Like withred leaues from tree;
And thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee,
Thy face, and haire to grow
All plough'd with furrowes, ouer-ſwone with ſnow.

That

9

That which on *Flora's* breſt,
All freſh and flouriſhing,
Aurora newly dreſt,
Saw in her dawning ſpring,
Quite dry and languiſhing
Depriu'd of honour quite,
Day-cloſing *Heſperus* beholds at night.

10

Faire is the Lilly, faire
The Roſe, of flowers the eye;
Both wither in the ayre,
Their beautious colours die;
And ſo at length ſhall lye
Depriu'd of former grace,
The lillies of thy breſts, the roſes of thy face.

11

What then wilt it auaile,
O youth aduiſed ill,
In lap of beauty fraile
To nurſe a way-ward will,
Like ſnake in ſunne-warme hill?
Plucke, plucke, betime thy flower,
That ſprings, and parcheth in one ſhort howre.

To

To the Angell Spirit of the moſt excellent, Sr. Phillip Sidney.

TO the pure Spirit, to thee alone addreſt
Is this ioynt worke, by double intriſt thine,
Thine by this owne, and what is done of mine
Inſpir'd by thee, thy ſecret powre impreſt.
My Muſe with thine, it ſelfe dar'd to combine
As mortall ſtaffe with that which is diuine:
Let thy faire beames giue luſter to the reſt.

That Iſraels King may daygne his owne transform'd
In ſubſtance no, but ſuperficiall tire:
And Engliſh guis'd in ſome ſort may aſpire
To better grace thee what the vulgar form'd:
His ſacred Tones, age, after age admire
Nations grow great in pride, and pure deſire
So to excell in holy rites perform'd.

O had that ſoule which honour brought to reſt
To ſoone not leaft, and reaft the world of all.
What man could ſhew, which we perfection call,
This precious peece had ſorted with the beſt.
But ah! wide feſtred wounds that neuer ſhall
Nor muſt be clos'd, vnto freſh bleeding fall,
Ah memory, what needs this new arriſt.

Yet bleſſed griefe, that ſweetnes can impart
Since thou art bleſt. Wrongly do I complaine,
What euer weights my heauy thoughts ſuſtaine
Deere feeles my ſoule for thee. I know my part

Nor

Nor be my weaknes to thy rites a ſtaine
Rites to aright, life, bloud would not refraine:
Aſſiſt me then, that life what thine did part.

Time may bring forth, what time hath yet ſuppreſt
In whom, thy loſſe hath layd to vtter waſt
The wracke of time, vntimely all defac't,
Remayning as the tombe of life diſceaſt:
VVhere, in my heart the higheſt roome thou haſt
Tnere, truly there, thy earthly being is plac't
Triumph of death: in life how more then bleſt.

Behold, O that thou were now to behold,
This finiſht long perfections part begun
The reſt but peic'd, as leaſt by thee vndone,
Pardon bleſt ſoule, preſpmption ouerbold:
If loue and zeale hath to this error run
Tis zealous loue, loue that hath neuer dun,
Nor can enough, though iuſtly here contrould.

But ſince it hath no other ſcope to go,
Nor other purpoſe but to honour thee,
That thine may ſhine, where all the graces be;
And that my thoughts (like ſmalleſt ſtreames that flow,
Pay to their ſea, their tributary fee)
Do ſtriue, yet haue no meanes to quit nor free,
That mighty debt of infinits I owe.

To thy great worth which time to times inroule
VVonder of men, ſole borne, ſoule of thy kind
Compleat in all, but heauenly was thy mind,
For wiſdome, goodnes, ſweetnes, faireſt ſoule:
To good to wiſh, to faire for earth, refin'd
For Heauen, where all true glory reſts confin'd
And where but there no life without controule.

O when from this accompt, this caſt-vp ſomme,
This reckning made the Audit of my woo,
Some time of raſe my ſwelling paſſions know,
How work my thoughts, my ſenſe, is ſtriken dombe
That would the more then words could euer ſhew;
Which all fall ſhort. Who knew thee beſt do know
There liues no wit that may thy prayer become.

And reſt faire monuments of thy faire fame,
Though not complete. Nor can we reach, in thought,
What on that goodly peece, time would haue wrought.
Had diuers ſo ſpar'd that life (but life) to frame
The reſt: alas ſuch loſſe the world hath nought
Can equall it, nor O more grieuance brought,
Yet what remaines muſt euer crowne thy name.

Receiue theſe Hims, theſe obſequies receiue,
(If any marke of thy ſecret ſpirit thou beare)
Made only thine, and no name els muſt weare.
I can no more deare ſoule, I take my leaue,
My ſorrow ſtriues to mount the higheſt Sphere.

A Letter written to a worthy Counteſſe.

MADAME:

I Know the worthy comforts you haue giuen to many in their afflictions, make many now in yours, to returne thoſe thankfull offices of conſolation, as befits your ſadneſſe; and I know your owne vnderſtanding heart, hauing ſo long conuers'd with thoſe diuine comforts of the euerlaſting Word, knowes what can be ſayd to ſorrow, and the miſeries of this life: Yet let me tell you ſomething out of the diſcourſes of thoſe ancient ſecretaries of nature (who no doubt had ſome thing of grace, or might be, as vncertaine ecchoes of that eternall voyce of truth) to ſhew you what they applied, out of the vnderſtanding of man to ſuch wounds of affliction, as are yours.

They could tell thoſe that demaund why ſo much ill happens to the good, that no ill can happen to the good: for contraries cannot be intermixt, and good men turne all to good that happens vnto them.

They eſteemed all aduerſities to be but exerciſes; and they ſay what man of honour deſires not imployment and labour, euen to the hazard of himſelfe to do worthily. Virtue languiſhes that hath not an enemy. It then appeares what it is, and how much it weighes when by patience it ſhewes her patience. Fathers, ſay they, treat their children in another faſhion, then do mothers, they command them to ſtudy to labour to exerciſe, they will not indure them to be idle, no not on feſtiue, they expoſe them to the ſun, and to the duſt: but mothers retaine them in the ſhadow, cocker them by the

fire, will not haue them grieued with any labour. God is a Father to good men, loues them more masculinely. He torments them with sorrowes, losses, and afflictions, to the end to strengthen, and exercise their forces.

They say that fat-fed bodies, thorow an idle weakenesse, faint vnder the burthen of their owne waite; and that felicity that had neuer any blow can neuer indure a shocke, the more torment the more honour. Valour and worth are not knowne but by aduersity. We discerne not his constancy against reproach, contempt, and infamy, who euer liues applauded of all, and attended with a perpetuall soothing, his calamity must be the occasion to shew his vertue.

And they can tell vs, that whom God loues he eyes, he visits and exercises, thou whom he spares he reserues to be the cow-heards of affliction.

To thou that aske why God afflicts the best men with losses, sickenesse, and all incommodities, they say: why do they in a campe imploy the most couragious and valiant men in actions of the most hazard? Why doth the Generall send his choysest souldiers to giue a Camesado to the enemy, to discouer, and to surprize an aduantage, and yet none of them say, my Generall hath done me wrong, but rather esteemes it a great honour vnto them. The like ought they say, who by the pleasure of God, endure those miseries, for which the coward and the effeminate weepe. We are happy that we haue seem'd worthy that God would try in vs how much humaine nature could suffer. Is it not better to indure a continuall vnhappinesse that keepes man in their senses then to be perpetually dry-drunke, with prosperity, and be neuer in their right witts?

And therefore, say they, God vses good men, as maisters do their schollers, who giue more labour, and longer lessons to those of greatest hope. Do you thinke the *Lacedimonians* did hate their children when they tryed their nature euen to the whipping of them in publique whilst they themselues exhorted them to indure couragiously their miserable correction?

rection: What meruaile is it then that God treats moſt hardly the moſt generous ſpirits?

To be continually in danger makes men not to account of danger. There is no tree ſo ſtrong and ſolide, but that which the wind ordinarily beates, and thoſe continual ſtormes makes him take furer roote.

Theſe and infinite other ſuch receits Madam did they miniſter vnto aduerſity to keepe the heart of ſorrow from being ſhaken with thoſe afflictions that now aſſault you, and whereof you haue had ſo great a part in this life, as it ſeemes God hath ſet you as a marke of tryall, that you may be numbred amongſt the examples of patience and ſubſtancy to other ages; and that it may be hereafter your felicity to haue had ſo little to do with felicity.

To the Right Reuerend Father in God, Iames Montague, Lord Bishop of Winchester, Deane of the Chapell, and one of his Maiesties most Honorable Priuy Councell.

ALthough you haue out of your proper store
The best munition that may fortifie
A Noble heart as no man may haue more
Against the batteries of mortality:
Yet reuerend Lord, voutsafe me leaue to bring
One weapon more vnto your furnishment
That you the Assaults of this close vanquishing,
And secret wasting sicknesse may preuent:
For that my selfe haue struggled with it too,
And know the worst of all that it can do;
And let me tell you this you neuer could
Haue found a gentler warring enemy,
And one that with more faire proceeding would
Encounter you without extremity,
Nor giue more time to make resistances
And to repaire your breaches then will this.
For whereas other sicknesses surprize,
Our spirits at vnawares disweopning sodainely,
All sense of vnderstanding in such wise,
As that they lay vs dead before we die,
Or fire vs out of our inflamed fort,
With rauing Phrensies in a fearefull sort.
This comes and steales vs be degrees away;
And yet not that without our priuity
They rap vs hence, as Vultures do their pray,

Con-

Confounding vs with tortures inſtantly
This fairely kills, they fowly murther vs,
Trippe vp our heeles before we can diſcerne,
This giues vs time of treaty to diſcus
Our ſuffring and the cauſe thereof to learne,
Beſides therewith we oftentimes haue truce
For many months, ſometimes for many yeares,
And are permitted to inioy the vſe
Of ſtudy and although our body weares,
Our wit remaines, our ſpeach, our memory
Faile not, or come before our ſelues to die
We part together and we take our leaue
Of friends, of kindred, we diſpoſe our ſtate,
And yeeld vp fairely what we did receiue
And all our buſineſſes accomodate:
So that we cannot ſay we were thruſt out,
But we depart from hence in quiet ſort,
The foe with whom we haue the battaile fought,
Hath not ſubdu'd vs but got our Fort,
And this diſeaſe is held moſt incident
To the beſt natures and moſt innocent.
And therefore reuerend Lord, there cannot be
A gentler paſſage then there is hereby,
Vnto that port wherein we ſhall be free
From all the ſtormes of worldly miſery.
And though it ſhow vs dayly in our glaſſe,
Our fading leafe turn'd to a yellow hue,
And how it withers as the ſap doth paſſe,
And what we may exſpect is to inſue.
Yet that I know diſquiets not your mind,
Who knowes the brittle mettaile of mankind,
And haue all comforts vertue can beget,
And moſt the conſcience of well acted dayes,
Which all thoſe monuments which you haue ſet
On holy ground to your perpetuall praiſe,
(As things beſt ſet) muſt euer teſtifie,

And ſhew the worth of Noble *Montague*
And ſo long as the Walls of Piety
Stand, ſo long ſhall ſtand the memory of you
And Bath, and Wells, and Winchester ſhall ſhow
Their faire repaires to all Poſterity;
And how much bleſt and fortunate they were
That euer Gracious hand did plant you there
Beſides, you haue not only built vp walls
But alſo (worthier edifices) men
By whom you ſhall haue the memorialls
And euerlaſting honor of the pen
That whenſoeuer you ſhall come to make
Your Exit from this Scene wherein you haue,
Perform'd ſo noble parts you then ſhall take
Your leaue with honor haue a glorious graue.
" For when can men go better to their reſt
" Then when they are eſteem'd and loued beſt.

SAM. DANIEL.

THE TRAGEDY OF PHILOTAS.

By SAM. DANIEL.

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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
PHILOTAS

To the Prince.

TO you moſt hopefull Prince, not as you are,
But as you may be, doe I giue theſe lines:
That when your iudgement ſhall arriue ſo farre,
As t'ouer-looke th'intricate deſignes
Of vncontented man: you may beholde
With what encounters greateſt fortunes cloſe,
What dangers, what attempts, what manifolde
Incumbrances ambition vnergoes
How hardly men digeſt felicitie;
How to th'intemprate, to the prodigall,
To wantonneſſe, and vnto luxurie,
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you ſhall finde the greateſt enemie
That man can haue, is his proſperitie.
Here ſhall you ſee how men diſguiſe their ends,
And plant bad courſes vnder plenſing ſhewes,
How well preſumptions broken wayes defends,
Which cleere-eyed Iudgement grauely doth diſcloſe.
Here ſhall you ſee how th'eaſie multitude
Tranſported, take the partie of diſtreſſe;
And onely out of paſſions doe conclude,
Not out of iudgement; of mens practiſes;
How pow'rs are thought to wrong, that wrongs debar,
And Kings not held in danger, though they are.
Theſe ancient repreſentments of times paſt
Tell vs that men haue, doe, and alwayes runne
The ſelfe ſame line of action, and doe caſt
Their courſe alike, and nothing can be done,

Whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same:
But will be wrought vpon the selfe same frame.
This benefit, most noble prince, doth yeeld
The sure records of Bookes, in which we finde
The tenure of our State, how it was held
By all our Ancestors, and in what kinde
We holde the same, and likewise how in the end
This fraile possession of felicitie,
Shall to our late posteritie descend
By the same Patent of like destinie.
In them we find that nothing can accrew
To man, and his condition that is new.
Which images here figured in this wise
I leaue vnto your more mature survay,
Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
Will giue grace to this kinde of Harmonie.
For know, great Prince, when you shall come to know
How that it is the faireſt Ornament
Of worthy times, to haue those which may shew
The deedes of power, and lively represent
The actions of a glorious Gouernement.
And is no lesser honor to a Crowne
T'haue Writers then haue Actors of renowne.
And though you haue a Swannet of your owne,
Within the bankes of Douen *meditates*
Sweet notes to you, and vnto your renowne
The glory of his Musicke dedicates,
And in a lofty tune is set to sound
The deepe reports of sullen Tragedies:
Yet may this last of me be likewise found
Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
May grace this now neglected Harmonie,
Which set vnto your glorious actions, may
Record the same to all posteritie

Though

Though I the remnant of another time
Am neuer like to ſee that happineſſe,
Yet for the zeale that I haue borne to rime
And to the Muſes, wiſh that good ſucceſſe
To others trauell, that in better place,
And better comfort, they may be incheerd
Who ſhall deſerue, and who ſhall haue the grace
To haue a Muſe held worthy to be heard.
And know, ſweet Prince, when you ſhall come to know,
That tis not in the pow'r of Kings to raiſe
A ſpirit for Verſe that is not borne thereto,
Nor are they borne in euery Princes dayes:
For late Eliza's *raigne gaue birth to more*
Then all the Kings of England *did before.*
And it may be, the Genius of that time
Would leaue to her the glory in that kind,
And that the vtmoſt powers of Engliſh Rime
Should be within her peacefull raigne confin'd;
For ſince that time our Songs could neuer thriue,
But laine as if forlorne; though in the prime
Of this new raiſing ſeaſon, we did ſtriue
To bring the beſt we could vnto the time.
And I although among the latter traine,
And leaſt of thoſe that ſung vnto this land,
Haue borne my part, though in an humble ſtraine,
And pleaſd the gentler that did vnderſtand:
And neuer had my harmeleſſe pen at all
Diſtain'd with any looſe immodeſtie,
Nor euer noted to be toucht with gall,
To aggranate the worſt mans infamie.
But ſtill haue done the faireſt offices
To vertue and the time, yet naugh preuailes,
And all our labours are without ſucceſſe,
For either fauour or our vertue failes.
And therefore ſince I haue out-liu'd the date
Of former grace, acceptance and delight,

I would my lines late-borne beyond the fate
Of her ſpent line, had neuer come to light
So had I not beene tax'd for wiſhing well,
Nor now miſtaken by the cenſuring Stage
Nor, in my fame and reputation fell,
Which I eſteeme more then what all the age
Or th'earth can giue. But yeeres hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and liue too long.
And yet I grieue for that vnfiniſht frame,
Which thou deare Muſe didſt vow to ſacrifice,
Vnto the bed of Peace, and in the ſame
Deſigne our happineſſe to memorize,
Muſt, as it is, remaine, though as it is:
It ſhall to after-times relate my zeale
To Kings and vnto right, to quietneſſe,
And to the vnion of the Common-weale.
But this may now ſeeme a ſuperfluous vow,
We haue this peace; and thou haſt ſung enow,
And more then will be heard, and then as good
As not to write, as not be vnderſtood.

SAM. DAN.

THE ARGVMENT.

Philotas the Sonne of *Parmenio*, was a man of great eſtimation, among the *Macedonians*, and next vnto *Alexander*, held to be the moſt-valiant of the *Greekes*: patient of trauell, exceeding bountifull, and one that loued his men and friends better then any Noble-man of the Campe: but otherwiſe, noted of vaine-glory and prodigalitie, inſomuch, as his father (hauing notice of his carriage) warned him to make himſelfe leſſe then he was, to auoide the enuie of the Campe, and the diſlike of the King, who grew ſuſpicious of him, in reſpect of the greatneſſe of his father, and his owne popularitie, and by hauing intelligence of certaine vaunts of his, vſed to *Antigona* a faire Curtizan, borne in the City of *Pidna*; with whom being in loue, hee let fall many braue words and boaſts of a Souldier, to aduance his owne actions and his fathers, terming *Alexander* at euery word, The yong man. Which ſpeeches *Antigona* reuealing to a Companion of hers, were at length brought to *Craterus*, who with the woman, carried them to *Alexander*; whereby *Philotas* lay open to all the aduantages that might worke his ouerthrow: and in the end, concealing a conſpiracie (which was reuealed vnto him) intended againſt the Kng, was thereby ſuſpected to haue beene a party in the plot: but brought before *Alexander*, he ſo defended himſelfe, that hee obtained his pardon for that time, ſupped with the King that night, and yet the next day, notwithſtanding, was arraigned for the ſame fact, which hee ſtoutly denying, was afteward put to torture, and then confeſt his treaſon. And indeede, *Alexanders* drawing a Pedegree from Heauen, with aſſuming the *Perſian* magnificence, was

Plutarch in the life of *Alex.*

Q. Curtius lib. 6.

the cauſe that withdrew many the hearts of the Nobilitie and people from him, and by the confeſſion of *Philotas* was that, which gaue a purpoſe to him and his father to haue ſubuerted the King as ſoone as hee had eſtabliſhed *Aſia*, and freed them from other feares, which being by *Epheſtion* and *Craterus*, two the moſt eſpeciall Councellers of *Alexander*, grauely and prouidently diſcerned, was proſecuted in that manner as became their neereneſſe and deereneſſe with their Lord and Maſter, and fitting to the ſafety of the State, in the caſe of ſo great an Aſpirer; who, no doubt, had he not beene preuented (howſoeuer popularly in the Army it might be otherwiſe deemed) hee had turned the courſe of gouernement vpon his father himſelfe, or els by his imbroilements made it a monſter of many heads, as it afterward proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. The *Chorus* conſiſting of three *Gracians* (as of three eſtates of a Kingdome) and one *Perſian*, repreſenting the multitude and body of a People, who vulgarly (according to their affections, carried rather with compaſſion on Great-mens misfortunes, then with the conſideration of the cauſe) frame their imaginations by that ſquare, and cenſure what is done.

The

The Names of the Actors.

Philotas.
Chalisthenes.
Alexander.
Ephestion.
Craterus.
Thais a Curtezan.
Antigona, sometimes one of the Concubines of *Darius.*
Attarras.
Softratus.
Cherus.
Cebalinus.
Polidamas.
Nichomachus.
Metron.
Clitus.
Perdiccas.
Three *Grecians* and a *Persian.*

To

THE TRAGEDY OF *Philotas.*

ACTVS I.

Philotas. Chalisthenes.

Philotas reading his fathers Letter.

MAke thy ſelfe leſſe *Philotas* then thou art.
What meanes my father thus to write to me?
Leſſe then I am? In what? How can that be?
Muſt I be then ſet vndermeath my hart?
Shall I let goe the hold I haue of grace,
Gain'd with ſo hard aduenture of my blood,
And ſuffer others mount into my place,
And from below, looke vp to where I ſtood?
Shall I degrade th'opinion of my worth?
By putting off imployment; as vndone
In ſpirit or grace: whilſt other men ſet forth
To get that ſtart of action I haue wonne?
As if ſuch men as I, had any place,
To ſtay betwixt their ruine and their grace.
Can any goe beyond me, but they will
Goe ouer me, and trample on my ſtate,
And make their fortunes good vpon my ill,
Whilſt feare hath powre to wound me worſe then hate?
Chal. Philotas, you deceiue your ſelfe in this,
Your father meanes not you ſhould yeeld in place,

But

But in your popular dependences:
Your entertainements, gifts and publike grace,
That doth in iealous Kings, diſtaſte the Peeres,
And makes you not the greater but in feares.
Phi. Alas, what popular dependences
Doe I retaine? Can I ſhake off the zeale
Of ſuch as doe out of their kindneſſe
Follow my fortunes in the Common-weale?
Cha. Indeed *Philotas* therein you ſay true:
They follow doe your fortunes, and not you.
Phi. Yea, but I find their loue to me ſincere.
Cha. Euen ſuch as to the Woolfe the Fox doth beare,
That viſits him but to partake his pray,
And ſeeing his hopes deceiu'd, turnes to betray.
Phi. I know they would, if I in danger ſtood,
Runne vnto me with hazzard of their blood.
Cha. Yes, like as men to burning houſes run,
Not to lend aide, but to be lookers on.
Phi. But I with bountie and with gifts haue tide
Their hearts ſo ſure, I know they will not ſlide.
Cha. Bountie and gifts loſe more then they doe finde,
Where many looke for good, few haue their minde;
Each thinkes he merits more then that he hath;
And ſo gifts laide for loue, doe catch men wrath.
Phi. But many meerely out of loue attend.
Cha. Yea, thoſe that loue and haue no other end.
Thinke you that men can loue you when they know
You haue them not for friendſhip, but for ſhow?
And as you are ingag'd in your affaires,
And haue your ends, thinke likewiſe they haue theirs.
Phi. But I doe truly from my heart affect
Vertue and worth where I doe find it ſet:
Beſides, my foes doe force me in effect
To make my party of opinion great,
And I muſt arme me thus againſt their ſcornes:
Men muſt be ſhod that goe amongſt the thornes.

Cha.

Cha. Ah, good *Philotas*, you your ſelfe beguile,
Tis not the way to quench the fire with Oile:
The meeke and humble Lambe with ſmall adoo
Suckes his owne damme, we ſee, and others too.
In Courts men longeſt liue, and keepe their rankes,
By taking iniuries, and giuing thankes.

Phi. And is it ſo? Then neuer are theſe haires
Like to attaine that ſober hew of gray,
I cannot plaſter and diſguiſe m'affaires
In other colours then my heart doth lay.
Nor can I patiently endure this fond
And ſtrange proceeding of authoritie,
That hath ingroſt vp all into their hand
By idol-liuing feeble Maieſtie,
And impiouſly doe labour all they can
To make the King forget he is a man,
Whilſt they diuide the ſpoyles, and pray for powre,
And none at all reſpect the publike good:
Thoſe hands that guard and get vs what is our,
The Solderie ingag'd to vent their blood,
In worſe caſe ſeeme then *Pallas* old-grow'n Moile
Th'*Athenians* foſtred at their publike coſt,
For theſe poore ſoules conſum'd with tedious toile,
Remaine neglected, hauing done their moſt,
And nothing ſhall bring home of all theſe warres,
But empty age, and bodies charg'd with ſcarres.

Cha. *Philotas*, all this publike care, I feare,
Is but ſome priuate touch of your diſlike,
Who ſeeing your owne deſignes not ſtand to ſquare
With your deſires, no others courſes like.
The griefe you take things are not ordered well,
Is, that you feele your ſelfe, I feare, not well;
But when your fortunes ſhall ſtand parabell
With thoſe you enuie now, all will be well:
For you Great-men, I ſee, are neuer more,
Your end attain'd, the ſame you were before,

You with a finger can point out the ſtaines
Of others errours now, and now condem
The traine of ſtate, whil'ſt your deſire remaines
Without. But once got in, you iumpe with them,
And interleague yee with iniquitie,
And with a like neglect doe temporize
And onely ſerue your owne commoditie:
Your fortune then viewes things with other eyes.
For either greatneſſe doth transforme the hart
In t'other ſhapes of thoughts, or certainely
This vulgar honeſtie doth dwell apart
From pow'r, and is ſome priuate quality.
Or rather thoſe faire parts which we eſteeme
In ſuch as you, are not the ſame they ſeeme:
You double with your ſelues or els with vs.
And therefore now, *Philotas*, euen as good
T'imbrace the times, as ſwell and doe no good.

Phi. Alas, *Chaliſthenes*, you haue not laid
True leuell to my nature, but are wide
From what I am within: all you haue ſaid
Shall neuer make me of another ſide
Then that I am, and I doe ſcorne to clime
By ſhaking hands with this vnworthy time.

Cha. The time, *Philotas*, then will breake thy necke.

Phi. They dare not, friend, my father will keepe my necke,
My ſeruice to the State hath cauſhoned
So ſurely for mine honor, as it ſhall
Make good the place my deedes haue purchaſed,
With danger, in the loue and hearts of all.

Cha. Thoſe ſeruices will ſerue as weights to charge
And preſſe you vnto death, if your foot faile
Neuer ſo little vnderneath your charge,
And will be deem'd, done for your owne auaile.
And who haue ſpirits to doe the greateſt good,
May doe moſt hurt, if they remaine not good.

Phi. Tuſh, they cannot want my ſeruice in the State.

Cha.

Cha. Theſe times want not men to ſupply the State.
Phi. I feare not whilſt *Parmenios* forces ſtand.
Cha. Water farre off quenches not fire neere hand.
You may be faire diſpatcht, ere he can heare,
Or if he heard, before he could be here.
And therefore doe not build vpon ſuch ſand,
It will deceiue your hopes when all is done,
For though you were the Minion of the Land,
If you breake out, be ſure you are vndone.
When running with the current of the State,
Were you the weakeſt man of men aliue,
And in Conuentions and in Counſell ſate,
And did but ſleepe or nod, yet ſhall you thriue,
Theſe motiue ſpirits are neuer fit to riſe,
And tis a danger to be held ſo wiſe.
Phi. What call you running with the State? Shall I
Combine with thoſe that doe abuſe the State?
Whoſe want of iudgement, wit and honeſty,
I am aſham'd to ſee, and ſeeing hate.
Cha. Tuſh, tuſh, my Lord, thinke not of what were fit:
The world is gouern'd more by forme, then wit.
He that will fret at Lords, and at the raine,
Is but a foole, and grieues himſelfe in vaine;
Cannot you Great-men ſuffer others to
Haue part in rule, but muſt haue all to do.
Now good my Lord conforme you to the reſt,
Let not your wings be greater then your neſt.
Phi. ſolus. See how theſe vaine diſcourſiue Book-men talke,
Out of thoſe ſhadowes of their ayrie powers
And doe not ſee how much they muſt defalke
Of their accounts, to make them gree with ours.
They little know to what neceſſities
Our courſes ſtand allied, or how we are
Ingag'd in reputation otherwiſe,
To be our ſelues in our particular.
They thinke we can command our harts to lie

Out

Out of their place; and ſtill they preach to vs
Pack-bearing Patience, that baſe propertie,
And ſilly gift of th'all enduring Aſſe.
But let them talke their fill, it is but winde,
I muſt ſayle by the Compaſſe of my minde.

Enters a Meſſenger.

My Lord, the King call's for you, come my Lord away.

Phi. Well, then I know ther's ſome new ſtratagem
In hand, to be conſulted on to day,
That I am ſent for, with ſuch ſpeede, to him,
Whoſe youth and fortune cannot brooke delay.
But her's a ſuter ſtands t'impeach my haſte:
I would I had gone vp the priuie way,
Whereby we eſcape th'attending multitude,
Though, I confeſſe, that in humanity
Tis better to denie, then to delude.

Enters Cebalinus.

My Lord *Philotas*, I am come with newes
Of great importance, that concernes vs all,
And well hath my good fortune met with you,
Who beſt can heare, and beſt diſcharge my care.

Phi. Say what it is, and pray-thee friend be briefe.

Ceb. The caſe requires your patience, good my Lord,
And therefore I muſt craue your eare a while.

Phi. I cannot now be long from *Alexander*.

Ceb. Nor *Alexander* will be long with vs,
Vnleſſe you heare: and therefore know, the newes
I bring, concernes his life; and this it is:
There is one *Dymnus* here within the Campe,
Whoſe low eſtate, and high affections,
Seeme to haue thruſt him int'outragious wayes.
This man, affecting one *Nichomachus*,
A youth, my brother, whom one day h'allures
Int'a Temple, where being both alone,

He

He breakes out in this ſort: *Nichomacus*,
Sweet louely youth; ah, ſhould I not impart
To thee the deepeſt ſecrets of my heart;
My heart that hath no locke ſhut againſt thee,
Would let it out ſometimes vnwares of me;
But as it iſſues from my faithfull loue,
So cloſe it vp in thine, and keepe it faſt.
Sweare to be ſecret, deare *Nichomacus*,
Sweare by the ſacred God-head of this place,
To keepe my counſell, and I will reueale
A matter of the greateſt conſequence
That euer man imparted to his friend.
Youth and deſire drawne with a loue to knew,
Swore to be ſecret, and to keepe it cloſe.
Then *Dymnus* tels him, That within three dayes
There ſhould b'effected a conſpiracy
On *Alexanders* perſon, by his meanes
And diuers more of the Nobility,
To free their labours, and redeeme them home.
Which when *Nichomacus* my brother heard:
Is this your tale? ſayth he, O God forbid
Mine oath ſhould tie my tongue to keepe in this!
This ougly ſinne of treaſon, which to tell
Mine oath compels me; faith againſt my faith
Muſt not be kept. My falſhood here is truth,
And I muſt tell. Friend or friend not, I'l tell.
Dymnus amaz'd, hearing beyond conceit
The ſelfe-will'd youth vow to reueale their plot,
Stands ſtaring on him, drawing backe his breath,
Or els his breath confounded with his thoughts
Buſied with death and horror, could not worke,
Not hauing leaſure now to thinke what was,
But what would be, his feares were runne before,
And at miſfortune ere ſhe came to him.
At length yet, when his reaſon had reduc'd
His flying thoughts backe to ſome certaine ſtand,

Perceiuing yet ſome diſtance was betwixt
Death and his feares, which gaue him time to worke,
With his returning ſpirits he drew his ſword,
Puts it t'his owne then to my brothers throat,
Then laies it downe, then wrings his hands, then kneeles,
Then ſtedfaſt lookes, then takes him in his armes,
Weeps on his necke, no word, but, O wilt thou?
VVilt thou, be the deſtruction of vs all?
And finding no relenting in the youth,
His miſeries grew furious, and againe
He takes his ſword, and ſweares to ſacrifice
To ſilence and their cauſe, his deareſt bloud.
The boy amaz'd, ſeeing no other way,
VVas faine to vow, and promiſe ſecrecy;
And as if woon t'allow and take that part.
Prayes him tell, who were his complices.
Which, though perplext with griefe for what was done,
Yet thinking now t'haue gain'd him to his ſide,
Dymnus replies: No worſe than *Locrus*,
Demetrius of the priuy Chamber, and
Nicanor, *Amyntas*, and *Archelopis*,
Drocenus, *Aphebetus*, *Leuculaus*,
Shall be th'aſſociats of *Nichomacus*.
This when my brother once had vnderſtood,
And after much adoe had got away,
He comes and tells me all the whole diſcourſe,
Which here I haue related vnto you,
And here will I attend t'auouch the ſame,
Or bring my brother to confirme as much,
Whom now I left behinde, leſt the conſpirators
Seeing him here muſing to this place,
Suſpecting t'b'appeach'd, might ſhift away.

Phil. Well fellow, I haue heard thy ſtrange report,
And will finde time t'acquaint the King therewith.

SCENA

SCENA SECVNDA.

Antigona, and *Thais*.

VVHat can a free eſtate affoord me more
Than my incaptiu'd fortune doth allow?
Was I belou'd, inrich'd, and grac'd before?
Am I not lou'd, inrich'd, and graced now?
Tha. Yea, but before thou wert a Kings delight.
Ant. I might be his, although he was not mine.
Tha. His greatnes made thee greater in mens ſight.
Ant. More great perhaps without, but not within:
My loue was then aboue me: I am now
Aboue my loue *Darius* then had thouſands more:
Philotas hath but me as I do know,
Nor none els will he haue, and ſo he ſwore.
Tha. Nay, then you may beleeue him, if he ſwore.
Alas, poore ſoule, ſhe neuer came to know
Nor liberty, nor louers periuries.
Ant. Stand I not better with a meaner loue,
That is alone to me, than with theſe powres,
Who out of all proportion muſt b'aboue
And haue vs theirs, but they will not be ours.
And *Thais*, although thou be a Grecian,
And I a Perſian, do not enuy me,
That I embrace the onely gallant man
Perſia, or *Greece*, or all the world can ſee.
Thou, who art entertein'd and grac'd by all
The flowre of honour els, do not deſpiſe,
That vnto me, poore captiue, ſhould befall
So great a grace in ſuch a worthies eyes.
Tha. *Antigona*, I enuy not thy loue,
But thinke thee bleſt t'enioy him in that ſort.
But tell me truly, Didſt thou euer proue
Whether he lou'd in earneſt or in ſport?

Ant. *Thais*, let m'a little glory in my grace,
Out of the paſſion of the ioy I feele,
And tell the a ſecret, but in any caſe,
As y'are a woman, do not it reueale.
One day, as I was ſitting all alone,
In comes *Philotas* from a victory
All blood and duſt, yet iolly hauing wonne
The glory of the day moſt gallantly:
And warm'd with honour of his good ſucceſſe,
Relates to me the dangers he was in:
Whereat I wondring, blam'd his forwardneſſe.
Faith wench, ſayes he, thus muſt we fight, toyle, win,
To make that yong-man proud: thus is he borne
Vpon the wings of our deſerts; our blood
Sets him aboue himſelfe, and makes him ſcorne
His owne, his country, and the authors of his good.
My father was the firſt that out from *Greece*
Shew'd him the way of *Aſia*, ſet him on,
And by his proiect rais'd the greateſt peece
Of this proud worke which now he treads vpon.
Parmenio without *Alexander* much hath wrought,
Without *Parmenio*, *Alexander* hath done nought.
But let him vſe his fortune whilſt he may
Times haue their change, we muſt not ſtill be led.
And ſweet *Antigona* thou mayſt one day
Yet, bleſſe the houre t'haue knowne *Philotas* bed;
Wherewith he ſweetly kiſt me. And now deeme,
If that ſo great, ſo wiſe, ſo rare a man
Would, if he held me not in deare eſteeme,
Haue vttred this t'a captiue Perſian.
But *Thais* I may no longer ſtay, for feare
My Lord returne, and find me not within,
Whoſe eyes yet neuer ſaw me any where
But in his chamber, where I ſhould haue been,
And therefore *Thais* farewell.

Tha. Farewell *Antigona*.

Now

Now haue I that, which I deſired long,
Layd in my lap by this fond woman heere,
And meanes t'auenge me of a ſecret wrong
That doth concerne my reputation neere.
This gallant man, whom this foole in this wiſe
Vants to be hers, I muſt confeſſe t'haue lou'd,
And vs'd all th'engins of theſe conquering eyes,
Affections in his hie-built heart t'haue mou'd,
Yet neuer could: for what my labour ſeekes
I ſee is loſt vpon vaine ignorance,
Whil'ſt he that is the glory of the Greekes,
Virtues vpholder, honours countenance,
Out of this garniſh of his worthy parts
Is fall'n vpon this fooliſh Perſian,
To whom his ſecrets grauely he imparts,
Which ſhe as wiſely keepe and goueme can.
Tis ſtrange to ſee the humour of theſe men,
Theſe great aſpiring ſpirits, that ſhould bewiſe,
We women ſhall know all: for now and then,
Out of the humour of their iollities,
The ſmoake of their ambition muſt haue vent,
And out it comes what racks ſhould not reueale:
For this her humour hath ſo much of winde,
That it will burſt it ſelfe if too cloſe pent;
And none more fit than vs their wiſdomes finde,
Who will for loue or want of wit conceale.
For being the nature of great ſpirits, to loue
To be where they may be moſt eminent;
And rating of themſelues ſo farre aboue
Vs in conceit, with whom they do frequent,
Imagine how we wonder and eſteeme
All that they do or ſay; which makes them ſtriue
To make our admiration more extreme:
Which they ſuppoſe they cannot, leſſe they giue
Notice of their extreme and higheſt thoughts:
And then the opinion, that we loue them too,

Begets a confidence of ſecrecy;
Whereby what euer they intend to doo,
We ſhall be ſure to know it preſently.
But faith, I ſcorne that ſuch a one as ſhe,
A ſilly wittied wench, ſhould haue this grace
To be preferr'd and honor'd before me,
Hauing but only beauty, and a face.
I that was euer courted by the great
And gallant'ſt Peeres and Princes of the Eaſt,
Whom *Alexander* in the greateſt ſtate
The earth did euer ſee him, made his gueſt.
There where this tongue obtained for her merit
Eternity of Fame: there where theſe hands
Did write in fire the glory of my ſpirit,
And ſet a trophey that for euer ſtands.
Thais action with the Grecian acts ſhall be
Inregiſtred alike. *Thais*, ſhe that fir'd
The ſtateli'eſt palace th'earth did euer ſee,
Darius houſe that to the clouds aſpir'd,
She is put backe behinde *Antigona*.
But ſoone *Philotas* ſhall his error ſee,
Who thinkes that beauty beſt, mens paſſions fits,
For that they vſe our bodies, not our wits:
And vnto *Craterus* will I preſently,
And him acquaint with all this whole diſcourſe,
Who, I am ſure, will take it well of vs:
For theſe great Minions, who with enuious eie
Looke on each others greatneſſe, will be glad,
In ſuch a caſe of this importancy,
To haue th'aduantage that may here be had.

CHORVS.

VVE as the Chorus of the vulgar, ſtand
Spectators heere to ſee theſe great men play

Their

Their parts both of obedience and command,
And cenſure all they do, and all they ſay.
For though we be eſteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they do well, and where their actions want
The grace that makes them proue the beſt in ſhow,
And though we know not what they do within,
Where they attire, their myſteries of State:
Yet know we by th'euents, what plots haue beene,
And how they all without do perſonate,
We ſee who well a meauer part became,
Faile in a greater and diſgrace the ſame.
We ſee ſome worthy of aduancement deem'd,
Saue when they haue it: ſome againe haue got
Good reputation, and beene well eſteem'd
In place of greatneſſe, which before were not.
We ſee affliction act a better ſcæne
Than proſperous fortune which hath marr'd it cleane.
We ſee that all which we haue praiſd in ſome,
Haue only beene their fortune, not deſart:
Some warre haue grac'd, whom peace doth ill become,
And luſtfull eaſe hath blemiſht all their part.
We ſee Philotas *acts his goodneſſe ill,*
And makes his paſſions to report of him
Worſe than he is: and we do feare he will
Bring his free nature to b'intrapt by them.
For ſure there is ſome engin cloſely laid
Againſt his grace and greatneſſe with the King:
And that vnleſſe his humors proue more ſtaid,
We ſoone ſhall ſee his vtter ruining.
And his affliction our compaſſion drawes,
Which ſtill lookes on mens fortunes, not the cauſe.

Actvs II. Scena I.

Alexander, Epheſtion, Craterus.

Alexander.

Epheſtion, thou doeſt *Alexander* loue,
Craterus, thou the King: yet both you meet
In on ſelfe point of loyalty and loue,
And both I find like carefull, like diſcreet,
Therefore my faithfull'ſt Counſellers, to you
I muſt a weighty accident impart,
Which lies ſo heauy, as I tell you true
I finde the burthen much t'oppreſſe my hart.
Ingratitude and ſtubburne carriage,
In one of whom my loue deſeru'd reſpect,
Is that which moues my paſſion into rage,
And is a thing I ought not to neglect.
You ſee how I *Philotas* raiſed haue
Aboue his ranke, his Peeres, beyond his terme;
You ſee the place, the offices I gaue,
As th'earneſt of my loue to binde his firme:
But all, he deeming rather his deſarts,
Than the effects of my grace any way,
Beginnes to play moſt peremtory parts,
As fitter to controule than to obay.
And I haue beene inform'd, he foſters too
The faction of that home-bent cowardize,
That would run backe from glory, and vndoo
All the whole wonder of our enterprize;
And one day to our ſelfe preſumes to write,
(Seeming our ſtile and title to abraid,
Which th'oracles themſelues held requiſite,
And which not I, but men on me haue laid)
And ſayd he pitied thoſe who vnder him ſhould liue,
Who held himſelfe the ſonne of *Iupiter*.
Alas good man, as though what breath could giue

Could

Could make mine owne thoughts other than they are!
I that am Arbitrer betwixt my heart
And their opinion, know how it ſtands within,
And finde that my infirmities take part
Of that ſame frailty other men liue in.
And yet, what if I were diſpos'd to winke
At th'entertain'd opinion ſpred ſo farre,
And rather was content the world ſhould thinke
Vs other than we are, that what we are.
In doing which, I know I am not gone
Beyond example, ſeeing that maieſty
Needs all the props of admiration
That may be got, to beare it vp on hie;
And much more mine, which but eu'n now begun
By miracles of fortune, and our worth,
Needs all the complements to reſt vpon
That reu'rence and opinion can bring forth,
Which this wiſe man conceiues not, and yet takes
Vpon him to inſtruct vs what to do.
But theſe are but the flouriſhes he makes
Of greater malice he is bent vnto:
For ſure, me thinkes, I view within his face
The map of change and innouation:
I ſee his pride contented with no place,
Vnleſſe it be the throne I ſit vpon.

Epheſt. Had I not heard this from your ſacred tongue,
Deare Souereigne, I would neuer haue beleeued
Philotas folly would haue done that wrong
To his owne worth and th'honours he receiued:
And yet me thought, of late, his carriage
In ſuch exceeding pompe and gallantry,
And ſuch a world of followers, did preſage
That he affected popularity,
Eſpecially, ſince for his ſeruice done
He was adiudg'd to haue the ſecond place
In honour with *Antigonus*: which wonne

To ſome th'opinion to be high in grace;
Then his laſt action, leading the right wing,
And th'ouerthrow he gaue, might lap in large
Th'opinion of himſelfe, conſidering
Th'eſpeciall grace and honour of his charge,
Whereby perhaps in rating his owne worth,
His pride might vnder-value that great grace
From whence it grew, and that which put him forth,
And made his fortune ſuting to the place.
But yet I thinke he is not ſo vnwiſe,
Although his fortune, youth, and iollity
Makes him thus mad, as he will enterpriſe
Ought againſt courſe, his faith, and loyalty:
And therefore, if your Grace did but withdraw
Thoſe beames of fauour, which do daze his wits,
He would be ſoone reduc'd t'his ranke of aw,
And know himſelfe, and beare him as befits.

Alex. Withdraw our grace, and how can that be done,
Without ſome ſulliuation to enſue!
Can he be ſafe brought in, being ſo farre gone?
I hold it not. Say *Craterus*, What thinke you?

Cra. Soueraigne, I know the man: I finde his ſpirit;
And malice ſhall not make me (I proteſt)
Speake other than I know his pride doth merit:
And what I ſpeake, is for your intereſt,
Which long ere this I would haue vttered,
But that I fear'd your Maieſty would take,
That from ſome priuate grudge it rather bred,
Than out of care, for your deare ſiſters ſake;
Or rather, that I ſought to croſſe your Grace,
Or, to confine your fauour within bounds:
And finding him to hold ſo high a place
In that diuine conceit which ours confounds,
I thought the ſafeſt way to let it reſt,
In hope, that time ſome paſſage open would,
To let in thoſe cleere lookes into that breſt

That

That doth but malice and confuſion hold.
And now I ſee you haue diſcern'd the man
Whom (I proteſt) I hold moſt dangerous.
And that you ought, with all the ſpeede you can,
Worke to repreſſe a ſpirit ſo mutinous:
For eu'n already he is ſwoll'n ſo hie,
That his affections ouerflow the brim
Of his owne pow'rs, not able to deny
Paſſage vnto the thoughts that gouerne him:
For but eu'n now I heard a ſtrange report,
Of ſpeeches he ſhould vſe t'his Curtizan,
Vanting what he had done, and in what ſort
He labour'd to aduance that proud yong man.
(So terming of your ſacred Maieſty)
With other ſuch extrauagant diſcourſe,
Whereof we ſhall attaine more certeinty
(I doubt not) ſhortly, and diſcry his courſe.
Meane while, about your perſon (I aduiſe)
Your Grace ſhould call a more ſufficient guard,
And on his actions ſet ſuch wary eyes,
As may thereof take ſpeciall good regard;
And note what perſons chiefly he frequents,
And who to him haue the moſt free acceſſe,
How he beſtowes his time, where he preſents
The large reuenue of his bounteouſneſſe.
And for his wench that lies betwixt his armes,
And knowes his heart, I will about with her,
She ſhalbe wrought t'apply her vſuall charmes,
And I will make her my diſcouerer.

Alex. This counſell (*Craterus*) we do well allow,
And giue thee many thankes for thy great care:
But yet we muſt beare faire, leſt he ſhould know
That we ſuſpect what his affections are:
For that you ſee he holds a ſide of pow'r,
Which might perhaps call vp ſome mutiny.
His father, old *Parmenio*, at this howre

Rules *Medea* with no leſſer pow'rs than I;
Himſelfe, you ſee, gallantly followed,
Holds next to vs a ſpeciall gouernment;
Cænus, that with his ſiſter married,
Hath vnder him againe commandement;
Amentas and *Symanus*, his deare friends,
With both their honourable offices;
And then the priuate traine that on them tends,
With all particular dependences,
Are motiues to aduiſe vs how to deale.

Crat. Your Grace ſaies true, but yet theſe clouds of ſmoke
Vaniſh before the ſun of that reſpect
Whereon mens long-inur'd affections looke
With ſuch a natiue zeale, and ſo affect,
As that the vaine and ſhallow practiſes
Of no ſuch giddy traytour (if the thing
Be tooke in time with due aduiſedneſſe)
Shall the leaſt ſhew of any fearing bring.

Alex. Well, then to thee (deare *Craterus*) I refer
Th'eſpeciall care of this great buſineſſe.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Philotas, Ceballinus, Seruus.

Ceballinus.

MY Lord, I here haue long attendance made,
Expecting to be call'd t'auouch my newes.

Phi. In troth (my friend) I haue not found the King
At any leaſure yet to heare the ſame.

Ceb. No, not at leaſure to preuent his death!
And is the matter of no more import?
I'l try another. Yet me thinkes ſuch men
As are the eyes and eares of Princes, ſhould
Not weigh ſo light ſuch an intelligence.

Ser. My Lord, the ſumme you willed me to giue
The captaine that did viſit you to day,

To

To tell you plaine, your coffers yeeld it not.

Phi. How if they yeeld it not? Haue I not then
Apparell, plate, iewels? Why ſell them,
And go your way, diſpatch, and giue it him.

Plutarch in the life of *Alexander.*

Philotas alone.

Me thinkes I find the King much chang'd of late,
And vnto me his graces not ſo great:
Although they ſeeme in ſhew all of one rate,
Yet by the touch, I find them counterfet:
For when I ſpeake, although I haue his eare,
Yet do I ſee his mind is other where:
And when he ſpeakes to me, I ſee he ſtriues
To giue a colour vnto what is not:
For he muſt think, that we, who ſtates, whoſe liues
Depend vpon his Grace, learne not by rote
T'obſerue his actions, and to know his trym.
And though indeed Princes be manifold,
Yet haue they ſtill ſuch eyes to wait on them,
As are too piercing, that they can behold
And penetrate the inwards of the heart,
That no deuice can ſet ſo cloſe a doore
Betwixt their ſhew and thoughts, but that their art
Of ſhadowing it, makes it appeare the more.
But many, malicing my ſtate of grace,
I know no worke, with all the power they haue
Vpon that eaſie nature, to diſplace
My fortunes, and my actions to depraue.
And though I know they ſeeke t'incloſe him in,
And faine would locke him vp and chamber him,
Yet will I neuer ſtoppe, and ſeeke to win
My way by them, that came not in by them;
And ſcorne to ſtand on any other feet
Than theſe of mine owne worth; and what my plaine
And open actions cannot fairely get,
Baſeneſſe and ſmoothing them, ſhall neuer gaine.
And yet, I know, my preſence and acceſſe

Cleeres

Cleeres all theſe miſts which they haue rais'd before,
Though, with my backe, ſtraight turnes that happineſſe,
And they againe blow vp as much or more.
Thus do we roule the ſtone of our owne toyle,
And men ſuppoſe our hell, a heauen the while.

SCENA III.

Craterus, Antigona.

Craterus.

ANtigona, there is no remedy,
You needs muſt iuſtifie the ſpeech you held
With *Thais*, who will your confrence verifie,
And therefore now it can not be conceal'd.

Ant. O, my good Lord, I pray you vrge me not:
Thais only of a cunning enuious wit,
Scorning a ſtranger ſhould haue ſuch a lot,
Hath out of her inuention forged it.

Crat. Why then, ſhall racks and tortures force thee ſhow
Both this and other matters which we know?
Thinke therefore, if 't were not a wiſer part
T'accept of reſt, rewards, preferment, grace,
And being perhaps, ſo beautious as thou art,
Of faire election for a neerer place,
To tell the truth, than to be obſtinate,
And fall with the misfortune of a man,
Who, in his dangerous and concuſſed ſtate,
No good to thee but ruine render can.
Reſolue thee of this choice, and let me know
Thy minde at full, at my returning backe.

Ant. What ſhall I do, ſhall I betray my Loue,
Or die diſgrac'd? What, do I make a doubt!
Betray my Loue! O heauenly pow'rs aboue
Forbid that ſuch a thought ſhould iſſue out
Of this confuſed breſt: Nay rather firſt
Let tortures, death and horror do their worſt.

But out alas, this inconſiderate tongue,
Without my hearts conſent and priuity,
Hath done already this vnwilling wrong,
And now it is no wiſdome to deny.
No wiſdome to deny! Yes, yes, that tongue
That thus hath beene the traytour to my heart,
Shall either pow'rfully redeeme that wrong,
Or neuer more ſhall words of breath impart.
Yet, what can my denial profit him,
Whom they perhaps, whether I tell or not,
Are purpos'd, vpon matters knowne to them,
To ruinate on ſome diſcouered plot?
Let them do what they will. Let not thy heart
Seeme to be acceſſary in a thought,
To giue the leaſt aduantage of thy part,
To haue a part of ſhame in what is wrought.
O this were well, if that my dangers could
Redeeme his perill, and his grace reſtore;
For which, I vow, my life I render would,
If this poore life could ſatisfie therefore.
But tis not for thy honour to forſake
Thy Loue for death, that lou'd thee in this ſort.
Alas, what notice will the world take
Of ſuch reſpects in women of my ſort!
This act may yet put on ſo faire a coate
Vpon my foule profeſſion, as it may
Not bluſh t'appeare with thoſe of cleaneſt note,
And haue as hie a place with fame as they.
What do I talke of fame? Do I not ſee
This faction of my fleſh, my feares, my youth
Already entred; and haue bent at me,
The ioyes of life, to batter downe my truth?
O my ſubdued thoughts! what haue you done?
To let in feare falſhood to my heart.
Whom though they haue ſurpriz'd, they haue not won;
For ſtill my loue ſhall hold the deareſt part.

Crat. *Antigona*, What, are you yet reſolu'd?
Ant. Reſolu'd, my Lord, t'endure all miſery?
Crat. And ſo be ſure you ſhall, if that b'your choice,
Ant. What will you haue me do, my Lord, I am
Content to ſay what you will haue me ſay.
Crat. Then come, go with me to *Alexander*.

CHORVS.

How doſt thou weare, and weary out thy dayes,
Reſtleſſe ambition neuer at an end!
Whoſe trauels no Herculean pillar ſtayes,
But ſtill beyond thy reſt thy labours tend,
Aboue good fortune thou thy hopes doſt raiſe,
Still climing, and yet neuer canſt aſcend:
For when thou haſt attaind vnto the top
Of thy deſires, thou haſt not yet got vp.
That height of fortune either is controld
By ſome more pow'rfull ouerlooking eye,
(That doth the fulneſſe of thy grace withhold)
Or counter-checkt with ſome concurrency,
That it doth coſt farre more ado to hold
The height attain'd, than was to get ſo hie,
Where ſtand thou canſt not, but with carefull toile,
Nor looſe thy hold without thy vtter ſpoile.
There doſt thou ſtruggle with thine owne diſtruſt,
And others iealouſies, their counterplot,
Againſt ſome vnder-working pride, that muſt
Supplanted be, or els thou ſtandeſt not,
There wrong is playd with wrong, and he that thruſt
Downe others, comes himſelfe to haue that lot.
The ſame concurſſion doth afflict his breſt
That others ſhooke, oppreſſion is oppreſt.
That etheir happineſſe dwells not ſo hie,
Or els aboue, whereto pride cannot riſe:
And that the highſt of mans felicity,

But

But in the region of affliction lies:
And that we climbe but vp to miſery.
High fortunes are but high calamities.
It is not in that Sphere, where peace doth moue;
Reſt dwell's below it, happineſſe aboue.
For in this height of fortune are imbred
Thoſe thundring fregors that affright the earth:
From thence haue all diſtemp'ratures their head,
That brings forth deſolation, famine, dearth:
There certaine order is diſordered:
And there it is confuſion hath her birth.
It is that height of fortune doth vndoo
Both her owne quietneſſe and others too.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Alexander, Metron, Ceballinus, Craterus, Perdiccas, Epheſtion.

Alexander.

COme, *Metron* ſay, of whom haſt thou receiued
Th'intelligence of this conſpiracy,
Contriu'd againſt our perſon, as thou ſayſt,
By *Dymnus* and ſome other of the Campe?
Is't not ſome vaine report borne without cauſe,
That enuy or imagination drawes
From priuate ends, to breed a publike feare,
T'amuze the world with things that neuer were?
Met. Here, may it pleaſe your Highneſſe is the man,
One *Ceballinus*, that brought me the newes.
Ceb. O, *Alexander!* I haue ſau'd thy life;
I am the man that haue reueal'd their plot.
Alex. And how cam'ſt thou to be inform'd thereof?
Ceb. By mine owne brother, one *Nichomacus*,
Whom *Dymnus*, chiefe of the conſpiratours,
Acquainted with the whole of their intents.
Alex. How long ſince is it, this was told to thee?

Ceb. About ſome three dayes, my ſouereigne Lord.

Alex. What, three dayes ſince! and haſt thou ſo long (kept
The thing conceal'd from vs, being of that weight?
Guard, Take and lay him preſently in hold.

Ceb. O, may it pleaſe your Grace, I did not keep
The thing conceal'd one houre, but preſently
Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithall,
Suppoſing him a man, ſo neere in place,
Would beſt reſpect a caſe that toucht ſo neere;
And on him haue I waited theſe two dayes,
Expecting t'haue beene brought vnto your Grace;
And ſeeing him weigh it light, pretending that
Your Graces leaſure ſeru'd not fit to heare,
I to the Maſter of your armoury
Addreſt my ſelfe forthwith, to *Metron* here
Who, without making any more delay,
Preſt in vnto your Grace being in your bath,
Locking me vp the while in th'armoury:
And all what I could ſhew reuealed hath.

Alex. If this be ſo then, fellow, I confeſſe,
Thy loyall care of vs was more than theirs,
Who had more reaſon theirs ſhould haue bin more.
Cauſe *Dymnus* to be preſently brought forth.
And call *Philotas* ſtreight, who, now I ſee,
Hath not deceiu'd me, in deceiuing me.
Who would haue thought one, whom I held ſo neere,
Would from my ſafety haue beene ſo farre off,
When moſt it ſhould and ought import his care,
And wherein his allegeance might make prooſe
Of thoſe effects my fauours had deſeru'd.
And ought t'haue claim'd more duty at his hands
Than any of the reſt? But thus w'are ſeru'd,
When priuate grace out of proportion ſtands,
And that we call vp men from of below,
From th'element of baſer property.
And ſet them where they may behold and know

The way of might, and worke of maiesty;
VVhere see'ng those rayes, which being sent far off,
Reflect a heate of wonder and respect,
To faile neere hand, and not to shew that proofe,
(The obiect only working that effect)
Thinke (seeing themselues, though by our fauour, set
VVithin the selfe same orbe of rule with vs)
Their light would shine alone, if ours were set;
And so presume t'obscure or shadow vs.
But he shall know, although his neerenesse hath
Not felt our heat, that we can burne him too;
And grace that shines, can kindle vnto wrath;
And *Alexander* and the King are two.
But here they bring vs *Dymnus*, in whose face
I see is guilt, despaire, horror, and death.

Guar. Yea, death indeed, for ere he could b'attach'd
He stabb'd himselfe so deadly to the heart,
As tis impossible that he should liue.

Alex. Say *Dymnus*, what haue I deserud of thee,
That thou shouldst thinke worthier to be thy King,
Philotas, than our selfe? hold, hold, he sinks;
Guard keepe him vp, get him to answer vs.

Guar. He hath spoke his last, h'wil neuer answer more.

Alex. Sorry I am for that, for now hath death
Shut vs cleane out from knowing him within,
And lockt vp in his breast all the others hearts.
But yet this deed argues the truth in grosse,
Though we be barr'd it in particular.
Philotas, are you come? Looke here, this man,
This *Ceballinus* should haue suffred death,
Could it but haue beene prou'd he had conceal'd
Th'intended treason from vs these two dayes;
Wherewith (he sayes) he streight acquainted thee.
Thinke, the more neere thou art about our selfe,
The greater is the shame of thine offence:
And which had beene lesse foule in him than thee.

Phil. Renowmed Prince, for that my heart is cleere,
Amazement cannot ouer caſt my face,
And I muſt boldly with th'aſſured cheere
Of my vnguilty conſcience tell your Grace,
That this offence (thus hapning) was not made
By any the leaſt thought of ill in me;
And that the keeping of it vnbewrai'd,
Was, that I held the rumour vaine to be,
Conſidering ſome, who were accus'd, were knowne
Your ancient and moſt loyall ſeruitours,
And ſuch, as rather would let out their owne
Heart blood, I know, than once indanger yours.
And for me then, vpon no certaine note,
But on the brabble of two wanton youthes,
T'haue tolde an idle tale, that would haue wrought
In you diſtruſt, and wrong to others truths,
And to no end, but only to haue made
My ſelfe a ſcorne, and odious vnto all.
(For which I rather tooke the bait was layd,
Than els for any treachery at all.)
I muſt confeſſe, I thought the ſafeſt way
To ſmoother it a while, to th'end I might,
If ſuch a thing could be, ſome proofes bewray,
That might yeeld probability of right;
Proteſting that mine owne vnſpotted thought
A like beloefe of others truth did breed,
Iudging no impious wretch could haue bin wrought
T'imagine ſuch a deteſtable deed.
And therefore, O dread Souereigne, do not way
Philotas faith by this his ouerſight,
But by his actions paſt, and only lay
Error t'his charge, not malice nor deſpight.

Alex. Well, loe, thou haſt a fauourable Iudge,
When, though thou haſt not pow'r to cleere thy blame,
Yet hath he pow'r to pardon thee the ſame;
Which take not as thy right, but as his grace,

Since

Since here the perſon alters not the caſe.
And here, *Philotas*, I forgiue the offence,
And to confirme the ſame, loe here's my hand.
Phi. O ſacred hand, the witneſſe of my life!
By thee I hold my ſafety as ſecure
As is my conſcience free from treachery,
Alex. Well, go t'your charge, and looke to our affaires,
For we to morrow purpoſe to remoue. *Exit.*
Alex. In troth I know not what to iudge herein,
Me thinkes that man ſeemes ſurely cleere in this,
How euer otherwiſe his hopes haue beene
Tranſported by his vnaduiſedneſſe:
It cannot be, a guilty conſcience ſhould
Put on ſo ſure a brow; or els by art
His lookes ſtand newtrall, ſeeming not to hold
Reſpondency of int'reſt with his heart.
Sure, for my part, he hath diſſolu'd the knot
Of my ſuſpition, with ſo cleere a hand,
As that I thinke in this (what euer plot
Of miſchiefe it may be) he hath no hand.
Crat. My Lord, the greater confidence he ſhewes,
Who is ſuſpected, ſhould be fear'd the more:
For danger from weake natures neuer growes;
Who muſt diſturbe the world, are built therefore.
He more is to be fear'd, that nothing feares,
And malice moſt effects, that leaſt appeares.
Preſumption of mens pow'rs as well may breed
Aſſuredneſſe, as innocency may;
And miſchiefe ſeldome but by truſt doth ſpeed.
Who Kings betray, firſt their beleefe betray.
I would your Grace had firſt conferr'd with vs,
Since you would needs ſuch clemency haue ſhow'n,
That we might yet haue aduis'd you thus,
That he his danger neuer might haue know'n.
In faults wherein an after-ſhame will liue,
Tis better a conceale, than to forgiue:

For who are brought vnto the blocke of death,
Thinke rather on the perill they haue paſt,
Than on the grace which hath preſeru'd their breath;
And more their ſuffrings than their mercy taſt:
He now to plot your danger ſtill may liue,
But you his guilt not alwayes to forgiue.
Know, that a man ſo ſwoll'n with diſcontent,
No grace can cure, nor pardon can reſtore;
He knowes how thoſe who once hath mercy ſpent,
Can neuer hope to haue it any more.
But ſay, that through remorſe he calmer proue,
Will great *Parmenio* ſo attended on
With that braue army, foſtred in his loue,
Be thankfull for this grace you do his ſonne?
Some benefits are odious, ſo is this,
Where men are ſtill aſhamed to confeſſe
To haue ſo done, as to deſerue to die;
And euer do deſire, that men ſhould geſſe
They rather had receiu'd an iniury
Than life; ſince life they know in ſuch a caſe
May be reſtor'd to all, but not to grace.
Perd. And for my part, my liege, I hold this minde,
That ſure, he would not haue ſo much ſuppreſt
The notice of a treaſon in that kinde,
Vnleſſe he were a party with the reſt.
Can it be thought that great *Parmenios* ſonne,
The generall commander of the horſe,
The minion of the campe, the only one
Of ſecret counſell, and of free recourſe,
Should not in three dayes ſpace haue found the King
At leaſure t'heare three words of that import;
Whil'ſt he himſelfe in idle lauiſhing
Did thouſands ſpend t'aduance his owne report?
Crat. And if he gaue no credit to the youth,
Why did he two dayes ſpace delay him then?
As if he had beleeu'd it for a truth,

To

To hinder his addreſſe to other men.
If he had held it but a vaine conceit,
I pray why had he not diſmiſt him ſtreight?
Men in their priuate dangers may be ſtout,
But in th'occaſions and the feares of Kings
We ought not to be credulous, but doubt
The intimation of the vaineſt things.
Alex. Well, howſoeuer, we will yet this night
Diſport and banquet in vnuſuall wiſe,
That it may ſeeme, we weigh this practiſe light,
How euer heauy, here, within it lies.
Kings may not know diſtruſt, and though they feare,
They muſt not take acquaintance of their feare.

SCENA II.

Antigona, Thais.

O Y'are a ſecret counſell-keeper, *Thais*:
In troth I little thought you ſuch a one.
Tha. And why, *Antigona*, what haue I done?
Ant. You know ful-well, your conſcience you bewraies.
Tha. Alas good ſoule, would you haue me conceale
That, which your ſelfe could not but needs reueale?
Thinke you, another can be more to you,
In what concernes them not, than you can be
Whom it imports? Will others hold them true,
When you proue falſe to your one ſecrecy?
But yet this is no wonder: for we ſee
Wiſer than we do lay their heads to gage
For riotous expences of their tongues,
Although it be a property belongs
Eſpecially to vs, and euery age
Can ſhew ſtrange preſidents what we haue been
In caſes of the greateſt plots of men;
And t'is the Scene on this worlds ſtage we play,
Whoſe reuolution we with men conuert,

And are to act our part as well as they,
Though commonly the weakeſt, yet a-part.
For this great motion of a State we ſee
Doth turne on many wheeles, and ſome (though ſmal)
Do yet the greater moue, who in degree
Stirre thoſe who likewiſe turne the great'ſt of all.
For though we are not wiſe, we ſee the wiſe
By vs are made, or make vs parties ſtill
In actions of the greateſt qualities
That they can manage, be they good or ill.
Ant. I cannot tell: but you haue made me doo
That which muſt euermore afflict my heart.
And if this be my wofull part, t'vndoo
My deareſt Loue, would I had had no part,
How haue I ſilly woman ſifted been,
Examin'd, trid, flatt'red, terrifi'd,
By *Craterus*, the cunningeſt of men,
That neuer left me till I had deſcri'd
What euer of *Philotas* I had know'n!
Tha. What, is that all? Perhaps I haue thereby
Done the more good than thou canſt apprehend.
Ant. Such good I rather you ſhould get than I,
If that can be a good t'accuſe my friend.
Tha. Alas, thy accuſation did but quote
The margin of ſome text of greater note.
Ant. But that is more then thou or I can tell.
Tha. Yes, yes, *Antigona*, I know it well.
For be thou ſure, that alwayes thoſe who ſeeke
T'attacke the Lyon, ſo prouide, that ſtill
Their toyles be ſuch, as that he ſhall not ſcape
To turne his rage on thoſe that wrought his ill.
Philotas neither was ſo ſtrong nor hie,
But malice ouerlookt him, and diſcride
Where he lay weake, where was his vanity;
And bui't her countermounts vpon that ſide,
In ſuch ſort, as they would be ſure to race

His

His fortunes with the engins of diſgrace.
And now mayſt thou, perhaps, come great hereby,
And gracious with his greateſt enemy:
For ſuch men thinke, they haue no full ſucces,
Vnleſſe they likewiſe gaine the miſtreſſes
Of thoſe they maſter, and ſucceed the place
And fortunes of their loues with equall grace.
Ant. Loues! Out alas! Loue ſuch a one as he,
That ſeekes t'vndoo my Loue, and in him me?
Tha. Tuſh, loue his fortunes, loue his ſtate, his place,
What euer greatneſſe doth, it muſt haue grace.
Ant. I weigh not greatneſſe, I muſt pleaſe mine eye.
Tha. Th'eye nothing fairer ſees than dignity.
Ant. But what is dignity without our loue?
Tha. If we haue that, we cannot want our loue.
Ant. Why, that giues but the out-ſide of delight:
The day time ioy, what comfort hath the night?
Tha. If pow'r procure not that, what can it do?
Ant. I know not how that can b'attain'd vnto.
Tha. Nor will I teach thee, if thou know'ſt it not:
Tis vaine, I ſee, to learne an Aſian wit. *Exit.*
Ant. If this be that great wit, that learned skill,
You Greeks profeſſe, let me be fooliſh ſtill,
So I be faithfull. And now, being here alone,
Let me record the heauy notes of mone.

SCENA III.

Craterus, Epheſtion, Clitus, &c.

Craterus.

MY Lords, you ſee the flexible conceit
Of our indangered ſouereigne: and you know
How much his perill, and *Philotas* pride,
Imports the State and vs; and therefore now

We

We either muſt oppoſe againſt deceit,
Or be vndone: for now hath time diſcride
An open paſſage to his fartheſt ends;
From whence, if negligence now put vs backe,
Returne we neuer can without our wracke.
And, good my Lords, ſince you conceiue as much,
And that we ſtand alike, make not me proſecute
The cauſe alone, as if it did but touch
Only my ſelfe; and that I did both breed
And vrge theſe doubts out of a priuate griefe.
Indeed, I know, I might with much more eaſe
Sit ſtill like others; and if dangers come,
Might thinke to ſhift for one, as well as they:
But yet the faith, the duty, and reſpect
We owe both to our ſouereigne and the State,
My Lords, I hold, requires another care.
Eph. My Lord, aſſure you we will take a time
To vrge a ſtricter count of *Dymnus* death.
Crat. My Lords, I ſay, vnleſſe this be the time,
You will apply your phyſicke after death.
You ſee the King inuited hath this night
Philotas with the reſt, and entertaines
Him with as kinde an vſage (to our ſight)
As euer: and you ſee the cunning ſtraines
Of ſweet inſinuation, that are vs'd
T'aſſuce the eare of grace with falſe reports:
So that all this will come to be excus'd
With one remoue; one action quite tranſports
The Kings affections ouer to his hopes,
And ſets him ſo beyond the due regard
Of his owne ſafety, as one enterprize,
May ſerue their turne, and may vs all ſurprize.
Clit. But now, ſince things thus of themſelues breake out,
We haue aduantage to preuent the worſt,
And eu'ry day will yeeld vs more, no doubt;
For they are ſau'd, that thus are warned firſt.

Crat.

Crat. So, my Lord *Clitus*, are they likewiſe warn'd
T'accelerate their plot, being thus bewrai'd.
Cli. But that they cannot now, it is too late:
For treaſon taken ere the birth, doth come
Abortiue, and her wombe is made her tombe.
Crat. You do not know how farre it hath put forth
The force of malice, nor how farre is ſpred
Already the contagion of this ill.
Clit. Why then there may ſome one be tortured
Of thoſe whom *Ceballinus* hath reueal'd,
Whereby the reſt may be diſcouered.
Crat. That one muſt be *Philotas*, from whoſe head
All this corruption flowes; take him, take all.
Clit. *Philotas* is not nam'd, and therefore may
Perhaps not be acquainted with this plot.
Crat. That, his concealing of the plot bewraies:
And if we do not caſt to find him firſt,
His wit (be ſure) hath layd ſo good a ground,
As he will be the laſt that will be found.
Clit. But if he be not found, then is this caſe
We do him more, by iniuring his grace.
Crat. If that he be not found t'haue dealt in this,
Yet this will force out ſome ſuch thoughts of his,
As will vndoo him: for you ſeldome ſee
Such men arraign'd, that euer quitted be.
Eph. Well, my Lord *Craterus*, we will moue his Grace
(Though it be late) before he take his reſt,
That ſome courſe may be taken in this caſe:
And God ordaine, it may be for the beſt.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

CHORVS.

SEe how these great men cloath their priuate hate
In those faire colours of the publike good;
And to effect their ends, pretend the State,
As if the State by their affections stood:
And arm'd with pow'r and Princes iealousies,
Will put the least conceit of discontent
Into the greatest ranke of treacheries,
That no one action shall seeme innocent:
Yea, valour, honour, bounty, shall be made
As accessaries vnto ends vniust:
And euen the seruice of the State must lade
The needfull'st vndertakings with distrust.
So that base viteneſſe, idle luxury
Seeme safer farre, than to do worthily.
Suspition full of eyes, and full of eares,
Doth thorow the tincture of her owne conceit
See all things in the colours of her feares,
And truth it selfe must looke like to deceit,
That what way t'euer the suspected take,
Still enuy will most cunningly forelay
The ambush of their ruine, or will make
Their humors of themselues to take that way.
But this is still the fate of those that are
By nature or their fortunes eminent,
Who either carried in conceit too farre,
Do worke their owne or others discontent,
Or els are deemed fit to be suppreſt,
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since States haue euer had far more vnreſt
Of spirits of worth, then men of meaner skill;
And find, that those do alwayes better proue,
Wh'are equall to imployment, not aboue.
For selfe-opinion would be seene more wiſe,

That

Than preſent counſels, cuſtomes, orders, lawes:
And to the end to haue them otherwiſe,
The Common-wealth into combuſtion drawes,
As if ordaind t'imbroile the world with wit,
As well as groſneſſe, to diſhonour it.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Attaras, Soſtratus.

Soſtratus.

CAn there be ſuch a ſudden change in Court
As you report? Is it to be beleeu'd,
That great *Philotas*, whom we all beheld
In grace laſt night, ſhould be arraign'd to day?
Att. It can be: and it is as I report:
For ſtates of grace are no ſure holds in Court.
Soſt. But yet tis ſtrange they ſhould be ouerthrow'n
Before their certeine forfeitures were know'n.
Att. Tuſh, it was breeding long though ſuddenly
This thunder-cracke comes but to breake out now.
Soſt. The time I waited, and I waited long,
Vntill *Philotas*, with ſome other Lords,
Depart the Preſence, and as I conceiu'd,
I neuer ſaw the King in better mood,
Nor yet *Philotas* euer in more grace.
Can ſuch ſtormes grow, and yet no clouds appeare?
Att. Yea, court ſtormes grow, when skies there ſeeme (moſt cleare
It was about the deepeſt of the night,
The blackeſt houre of darkneſſe and of ſleepe,
When, with ſome other Lords, comes *Craterus*,
Falles downe before the King, intreates, implores,
Coniures his Grace, as euer he would looke
To ſaue his perſon and the State from ſpoile,
Now to preuent *Philotas* practiſes,
Whom they had plainly found to be the man
Had plotted the deſtruction of them all.

The

The King would faine haue put them off to time
And farther day, till better proofes were knowne:
Which they perceiuing, preſt him ſtill the more,
And reinforc'd his dangers and their owne;
And neuer left him till they had obtain'd
Commiſſion t'apprehend *Philotas* ſtreight.
Now, to make feare looke with more hideous face,
Or els, but to beget it out of forme,
And carefull preparations of diſtruſt,
About the Palace men in armour watch,
In armour men about the King attend,
All paſſages and iſſues were forelayd
With horſe, t'interrupt what euer newes
Should hence breake out into *Parmenios* campe.
I, with three hundred men in armour charg'd,
Had warrant to attach and to commit
The perſon of *Philotas* preſently:
And comming to his lodging where he lay,
Found him imburied in the ſoundeſt ſleepe
That euer man could be; where neither noyſe
Of clattering weapons, or our ruſhing in
With rude and trampling rumour, could diſſolue
The heauy humours of that drowſie brow,
Which held perhaps his ſences now more faſt,
As loth to leaue, becauſe it was the laſt.
Soſt. *Attaras*, what can treaſon ſleepe ſo ſound?
Will that lowd hand of Horror that ſtill beats
Vpon the guilty conſcience of diſtruſt
Permit it t'haue ſo reſolute a reſt?
Att. I cannot tell: but thus we found him there,
Nor could we (I aſſure you) waken him,
Till thrice I call'd him by his name, and thrice
Had ſhooke him hard; and then at length he wakes:
And looking on me with a ſetled cheere,
Deare friend *Attaras*, what's the newes? (ſayd he)
What vp ſo ſoone, to haſten the remoue,

Or

Or rais'd by ſome alarme or ſome diſtruſt?
I told him, that the King had ſome diſtruſt,
VVhy, what will *Nabarzanes* play (ſayth he)
The villaine with the King, as he hath done
Already with his miſerable Lord?
I ſeeing he would not or did not vnderſtand
His owne diſtreſſe, told him the charge I had:
Wherewith he roſe, and riſing vs'd theſe words;
O *Alexander*! now I ſee my foes
Haue got aboue thy goodneſſe, and preuail'd
Againſt my innocency and thy word.
And as we then inchain'd and fettred him,
Looking on that baſe furniture of ſhame,
Poore body (ſayd he) hath ſo many alarme
Rais'd thee to blood and danger from thy reſt,
Tinueſt thee with this armour now at laſt?
Is this the ſeruice I am call'd to now?
But we, that were not to attend his plaints,
Couering his head with a diſgracefull weed,
Tooke and conuai'd him ſuddenly toward;
From whence he ſhalbe inſtantly brought forth,
Here to b'arraign'd before the King, who ſits
(According to the Macedonian vſe)
In caſes capitall, himſelfe as Iudge.
Soſt. Well, then I ſee, who are ſo high aboue,
Are neere to lightning, that are neere to *Ioue*.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Alexander, with all his Councell, the dead body of Dymnus, the Reuealers of the conſpiracy, Philotas.

THe hainous treaſon of ſome few had like
T'haue rent me from you, worthy ſouldiers,
But by the mercy of th'immortall Gods
I liue, and ioy your ſight, your reuerend ſight,

Which

Which makes me more t'abhor those paricides,
Not for mine owne respect, but for the wrong
You had receiued, if their designe had stood,
Since I desire but life to do you good.
But how will you be mou'd, when you shall know
Who were the men that did attempt this shame!
When I shall show that which I grieue to show,
And name such, as would God I could not name!
But that the foulnesse of their practise now
Blots out all memory of what they were:
And though I would suppresse them, yet I know
This shame of theirs will neuer but appeare.
Parmenio is the man, a man (you see)
Bound by so many merits both to me
And to my father, and our ancient friend,
A man of yeeres, experience, grauity,
Whose wicked minister *Philotas* is,
Who here *Dimetrius*, *Lueulaus*, and
This *Dymnus*, whose dead body heere you see,
With others, hath suborn'd to slaughter me.
And here comes *Metron* with *Nichomacus*,
To whom this murdred wretch at first reueal'd
The proiect of this whole conspiracy,
T'auere as much as was disclos'd to him.
Nicomacus, Looke heere, aduise thee well,
What, dost thou know this man that here lies dead?
Nic. My Souereigne Lord, I know him very welk
It is one *Dymnus*, who did three dayes since
Bewray to me a treason practised
By him and others, to haue slaine your Grace.
Alex. Where or by whom, or when did he report,
This wicked act should be accomplished?
Nic. He sayd, within three daies your Maiesty
Should be within your chamber murdered
By speciall men of the Nobility;
Of whom he many nam'd, and they were these:

Lacens,

Locens, *Demetrius*, and *Archelopis*,
Nicanor, and *Amentas*, *Luculeus*,
Droceas, with *Aphebatus*, and himſelfe.

Mat. Thus much his brother *Ceballinus* did
Reueale to me from out this youths report.

Ceb. And ſo much, with the circumſtance of all.
Did I vnto *Philotas* intimate.

Alex. Then, what hath been his mind, who did ſuppreſſe
The information of ſo foule a traine,
Your ſelues, my worthy ſouldiers, well may geſſe,
With *Dymnus* death declares not to be vaine.
Poore *Ceballinus* not a moment ſtayes
To rediſcharge himſelfe of ſuch a weight;
Philotas careleſſe, feareleſſe, nothing weighes,
Nor ought reueales. His ſilence ſhewes deceit,
And tels he was content it ſhould be done:
Which, though he were no party, makes him one.
For he that knew vpon what pow'r he ſtood,
And ſaw his fathers greatneſſe and his owne,
Saw nothing in the way, which now withſtood
His vaſt deſires, but only this my crowne,
Which in reſpect that I am iſſuleſſe,
He thinkes the rather eaſie to b'attain'd.
But yet *Philotas* is deceiu'd in this,
I haue who ſhall inherit all I gain'd.
In you I haue both children, kindred, friends;
You are the heires of all my purchaſes,
And whil'ſt you liue I am noſt iſſuleſſe.
And that theſe are not ſhadowes of my feares,
(For I feare nought but want of enemies)
See what this intercepted letter beares,
And how *Parmenio* doth his ſonnes aduiſe.
This ſhewes their ends. Hold, reade it *Craterus*.

Crat. reads it. My ſonnes, firſt haue a ſpeciall care vnto your ſelues,
Then vnto thoſe which do depend on you:
So ſhall you do what you intend to do.

Alex. See but how close he writes, that if these lines
Should come vnto his sonnes, as they are sent,
They might incourage them in their designes;
If enterpriz'd, might mocke the ignorant.
But now you see what was the thing was meant,
You see the fathers care, the sonnes intent.
And what if he, as a conspirator,
Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd among the rest?
That shewes not his innocency, but his pow'r,
Whom they account too great to be suppresst,
And rather will accuse themselues than him;
For that whil'st he shall liue, there's hope for them.
And how h'hath borne himselfe in priuate sort,
I will not stand to vrge, it's too well knowne;
Nor what hath beene his arrogant report,
T'imbase my actions, and to brag his owne;
Nor how he mockt my letter which I wrote:
To shew him of the stile bestow'd on me,
By th'Oracle of *Ione*. These things I thought
But weaknesses, and words of vanity,
(Yet words that read the vlcers of his heart)
Which I suppresst, and neuer ceast to yeeld
The chiefe rewards of worth, and still compart
The best degrees and honors of the field,
In hope to win his loue, yet now at length,
There haue I danger where I look't for strength.
I would to God my blood had rather beene
Powr'd out, the offring of an enemy,
Than practiz'd to be shed by one of mine,
That one of mine should haue this infamy.
Haue I beene so reseru'd from feares, to fall
There where I ought not to haue fear'd at all!
Haue you so oft aduis'd me to regard
The safety which you saw me running from,
When with some hote pursuit I presséd hard
My foes abroad; to perish thus at home!

But now, that ſafety only reſts in you,
Which you ſo oft haue wiſht me looke vnto:
And now vnto your boſomes muſt I flye,
Without whoſe will I will not wiſh to liue:
And with your wils I cannot, leſſe I giue
Due puniſhment vnto this treachery.

Amin. *Attarus*, bring the hatefull priſoner forth,
This traytor, which hath ſought t'vndoo vs all,
To giue vs vp to ſlaugher, and to make
Our blood a ſcorne, here in this barbarous land,
That none of vs ſhould haue returned backe,
Vnto our natiue country, to our wiues,
Our aged parents, kindred, and our friends:
To make the body of this glorious hoſt
A moſt deformed trunke without a head,
Without the life or ſoule to guide the ſame,

Cen. O thou baſe traytor, impious paricide,
Who mak'ſt me loath the blood that matcht with thine;
And if I might but haue my will, I vow,
Thou ſhould'ſt not die by other hand than mine.

Alex. Fie, *Cenus*, what a barbarous courſe is this:
He firſt muſt to his accuſation plead,
And haue his triall, formall to our lawes,
And let him make the beſt of his bad cauſe.
Philotas, here the Macedonians are,
To iudge your fact, what language wilt thou vſe?

Phi. The Perſian language, if it pleaſe your Grace:
For that, beſide the Macedonians, here
Are many that will better vnderſtand,
If I ſhall vſe the ſpeech your grace hath vs'd;
Which was, I hold, vnto no other end,
But that the moſt men here might vnderſtand.

Alex. See how his natiue language he diſdaines!
But let him ſpeake at large, as he deſires;
So long as you remember he doth hate,
Beſides the ſpeech, our glory and the State. *Exit.*

Phi, Blacke are the colours layd vpon the crime,
Wherewith my faith ſtands charg'd, my worthy Lords,
That as behind in fortune ſo in time,
I come too late to cleere the ſame with words:
My condemnation is gone out before
My innocency and my iuſt defence,
And takes vp all your hearts, and leaues no doore
For mine excuſe to haue an enterance;
That deſtitute of all compaſſion, now,
Betwixt an vpright conſcience of deſart
And an vniuſt diſgrace, I know not how
To ſatisfie the time, and mine owne heart.
Authority lookes with ſo ſteme an eye
Vpon this wofull bar, and muſt haue ſtill
Such an aduantage ouer miſery,
As that it will make good all that it will.
He who ſhould onely iudge my cauſe, is gone;
And why he would not ſtay, I do not ſee,
Since when my cauſe were heard, his pow'r alone
As well might then condemne as ſet me free.
Nor can I by his abſence now be clear'd,
Whoſe preſence hath condemn'd me thus vnheard.
And though the grieuance of a priſoners toong
May both ſuperfluous and diſgracefull ſeeme,
Which doth not ſue, but ſhewes the Iudge his wrong:
Yet pardon me, I muſt not diſeſteeme
My rightfull cauſe for being deſpis'd, nor muſt
Forſake my ſelfe, though I am left of all.
Feare cannot make my innocency vniuſt
Vnto it ſelfe, to giue my truth the fall.
And I had rather (ſeeing how my fortune drawes)
My words ſhould be deformed than my cauſe.
I know that nothing is more delicate
Than is the ſenſe and feeling of a State:
The clap, the bruit, the feare but of a hurt
In Kings behalfs, thruſts with that violence

The ſubiects will, to proſecute report,
As they condemne ere they diſcerne th'offence.
Eph. *Philotas*, you deceiue your ſelfe in this,
That thinke to win compaſſion and beliefe
B'impugning iuſtice, and to make men geſſe
We do you wrong out of our heat of griefe;
Or that our place or paſſion did lay more
On your miſfortune, then your owne deſert;
Or haue not well diſcern'd your fact before;
Or would without due proofs your ſtate ſubuert,
These are the vſuall theames of traytors tongues,
Who practiſe miſchiefs, and complaine of wrongs,
Your treaſons are too manifeſtly knowne,
To maske in other liuery then their owne.
Crat. Thinke not, that we are ſet to charge you here
With bare ſuſpitions, but with open fact,
And with a treaſon that appeares as cleare
As is the ſun, and know'n to be your act.
Phi. What is this treaſon? who accuſes me?
Crat. The proceſſe of the whole conſpiracy.
Phi. But where's the man that names me to be one?
Crat. Here, this dead traytor ſhewes you to be one.
Phi. How can he, dead, accuſe me of the ſame,
Whom, liuing, he nor did, nor yet could name?
Crat. But we can other teſtimony ſhow,
From thoſe who were your chiefeſt complices.
Phi. I am not to b'adiudg'd in law, you know,
By teſtimony, but by witneſſes.
Let them be here produc'd vnto my face,
That can auouch m'a party in this caſe.
My Lords, and fellow Souldiers, if of thoſe
Whom *Dymnus* nominated, any one
Out of his tortures will a word diſcloſe
To ſhew I was a party, I haue done.
Thinke not ſo great a number euer will
Endure their torments, and themſelues accuſe.

Non teſtimonijs ſunt teſtibus.

And leaue me out; ſince men in ſuch a caſe, ſtill
Will rather ſlander others than excuſe,
Calamity malignant is, and he
That ſuffers iuſtly for his guiltineſſe,
Eaſes his owne affliction but to ſee
Others tormented in the ſame diſtreſſe.
And yet I feare not whatſoeuer they
By rackes and torturres can be forſt to ſay.
Had I beene one, would *Dymnus* haue conceal'd
My name, being held to the principall?
Would he not for his glory haue reueal'd
The beſt to him, to whom he muſt tell all?
Nay, if he falſly then had nam'd me one,
To grace himſelfe, muſt I of force be one?
Alas, if *Ceballinus* had not come to me,
And giuen me note of this conſpiracy,
I had not ſtood here now, but beene as free
From queſtion, as I am treachery:
That is the only cloud that thundereth
On my diſgrace. Which had I deemed true,
Or could but haue diuin'd of *Dymnus* death,
Philotas had, my Lords, ſat there with you.
My fault was, to haue beene too credulous:
Wherein I ſhew'd my weakneſſe, I confeſſe.
Crat. *Philotas*, what, a Monarch, and confeſſe
Your imperfections, and your weakneſſe?
Phi. O *Craterus*, do not inſult vpon calamity,
It is a barberous groſneſſe, to lay on
The weight of ſcorne, where heauy miſery
Too much already weighs mens fortunes downe:
For if the cauſe be ill I vndergo,
The law, and not reproch, muſt make it ſo.
Can. There's no reproch can euer be too much
To lay on traytors, whoſe deſerts are ſuch.
Phi. Men vſe the moſt reproches, where they feare
The cauſe will better proue than they deſire.

Can.

Can. But ſir, a traytors cauſe that is ſo cleare
As this of yours, will neuer neede that feare.
Phi. I am no traytor, but ſuſpected one
For not beleeuing a conſpiracy:
And meere ſuſpect, by law, condemneth none;
They are are approued facts for which men die.
Crat. The law, in treaſons, doth the will correct
With like ſeuereneſſe as it doth th'effect:
Th'affection is the effence of th'offence;
The exeeution only but the accidence;
To haue but will'd it, is to haue done the ſame.
Phi. I did not erre in will, but in beliefe:
And if that be a traytor, then am I the chiefe.
Crat. Yea, but your will made your beliefe conſent
To hide the practiſe till th'accompliſhment.
Phi. Beliefe turnes not by motions of our will,
And it was but the euent that made that ill.
Some facts men may excuſe, though not defend,
Where will and fortune haue a diuers end.
Th'example of my father made me feare
To be too forward to relate things heard,
Who writing to the King, wiſht him forbeare
The portion his Phyſitian had prepar'd:
For that he heard *Darius* tempted had
His faith, with many talents, to be vntrue:
And yet his drugs in th'end not prouing bad,
Did make my fathers care ſeeme more than due:
For oft, by an vntimely diligence,
A buſie faith may giue a Prince offence.
So that, what ſhall we do? If we reueale
We are deſpis'd; ſuſpected if conceale.
And as for this, where euer now thou be,
O *Alexander*, thou haſt pardon'd me:
Thou haſt already giuen me thy hand,
The earneſt of thy reconciled heart;
And therefore now O let thy goodneſſe ſtand

Vnto thy word, and be thou as thou wert.
If thou beleeu'dst me, then I am absolu'd;
If pardon'd me, my fetters are dissolu'd.
What haue I els deseru'd since yester night;
When at thy table I such grace did find,
What hainous crime hath since beene brought to light,
To wrong my faith, and to diuert thy mind?
That from a restfull, quiet, most profound
Sleeping, in my misfortunes made secure
Both by thy hand and by a conscience sound,
I must be wak't for giues, for robes impure;
For all disgrace that on me wrath could lay,
And see the worst of shame, ere I saw day,
When I least thought that others cruelty
Should haue wrought more than thine owne clemency?

Crat. *Philotas*, whatsoeuer glosse you lay
Vpon your rotten cause, it is in vaine;
Your pride, your carriage, euer did bewray
Your discontent, your malice, and disdaine:
You cannot palliat michiefe, but it will
Th'row all the faireſt couerings of deceit
Be alwayes seene. We know those streames of ill
Flow'd from that head that fed them with conceit.
You softer malecontents, you entertaine
All humors, you all factions must embrace;
You vaunt your owne exployts, and you disdaine
The Kings proceedings, and his stile disgrace;
You promise mountaines, and you draw men on
With hopes of greater good than hath been seene;
You bragg'd of late, that something would be done
Whereby your Concubine should be a Queene.
And now we see the thing that should be done;
But, God be praiſ'd, we see you first vndone.

Phi. Ah, do not make my nature if it had
So pliable a sterne of disposition,
To turne to euery kindnesse, to be bad,

For

For doing good to men of all condition.
Make not your charity to interpret all
Is done for fauour, to be done for ſhow,
And that we, in our bounties prodigall,
Vpon our ends, not on mens needs beſtow.
Let not my one dayes errour make you tell,
That all my life-time I did neuer well;
And that becauſe this falles out to be ill,
That what I did, did tend vnto this ill.
It is vniuſt to ioyne t'a preſent fact
More of time paſt, than it hath euer had
Before to do withall, as if it lackt
Sufficient matter els to make it bad.
I do confeſſe indeed I wrote ſomething
Againſt this title of the ſonne of *Ioue*,
And that not of the King, but to the King
I freely vs'd theſe words out of my loue:
And thereby hath that dangerous liberty
Of ſpeaking truth, with truſt on former grace,
Betrai'd my meaning vnto enmity,
And draw'n an argument of my diſgrace:
So that I ſee, though I ſpeake what I ought,
It was not in that manner as I ought.
And God forbid, that euer ſouldiers words
Should be made liable vnto miſdeeds,
When fainting in their march, tir'd in the fight,
Sicke in their tent, ſtopping their wounds that bleeds.
Or haue and iolly after conqueſt got,
They ſhall out of their heate vſe words vnkinde;
Their deeds deſerue, to haue them rather thought
The paſſion of the ſeaſon, than their minde:
For ſouldiers ioy, or wrath, is meaſureleſſe,
Rapt with an inſtant motion: and we blame,
We hate, we prayſe, we pity in exceſſe,
According as our preſent paſſions frame.
Sometimes to paſſe the Ocean we would faine,

Some-

Sometimes to other worlds, and ſometimes ſlacke
And idle, with our conqueſts, entertaine
A ſullen humor of returning backe:
All which conceits one trumpets ſound doth end,
And each man running to his ranke, doth loſe
What in our tents diſlikt vs, and we ſpend
All that conceiued wrath vpon our foes.
And words, if they proceede of leuity,
Are to be ſcorn'd; of madneſſe, pitied;
If out of malice or of iniury,
To be remiſs'd or vnacknowledged:
For of themſelues, they vaniſh by diſdaine,
But if purſude, they will be thought not vaine.

Crat. But words, according to the perſon way,
If his deſignes are haynous, ſo are they:
They are the tinder of ſedition ſtill,
Wherewith you kindle fires inflame mens will.

Phi. Craterus, you haue th'aduantage of the day,
The law is yours, to ſay what you will ſay:
And yet doth all your gloſſe but beare the ſence
Only of my misfortune, not offence.
Had I pretended miſchiefe to the King,
Could not I haue effected it without
Dymnus? Did not my free acceſſe bring
Continuall meanes t'haue brought the ſame about?
Was not I, ſince I heard the thing diſcride,
Alone, and arm'd, in priuate with his Grace?
What hindred me, that then I had not tride
T'haue done that miſchiefe, hauing time and place?

Crat. Philotas, euen the Prouidence aboue,
Protectreſſe of the ſacred ſtate of Kings,
That neuer ſuffers treachery to haue
Good counſell, neuer in this caſe but brings
Confuſion to the actors, did vndo
Your hearts in what you went about to do.

Phi. But yet deſpaire, we ſee, doth thruſt men on,

Se'ing

Se'ing no way els,t'vndo ere be vndon.

Crat. That ſame deſpaire doth likewiſe let me fall
In that amaze,they can do nought at all.

Phi. Well,well,my Lords,my ſeruice hath made know'n
The faith I owe my Souereigne,and the State,
Philotas forwardneſſe hath euer ſhow'n
Vnto all nations,at how high a rate
I priz'd my King,and at how low my blood,
To do him honour and my country good.

Eph. We blame not what y'haue been,but what you are;
We accuſe not here your valour,but your fact,
Not to haue beene a leader in the warre,
But an ill ſubiect in a wicked act;
Although we know,thruſt rather with the loue
Of your owne glory,than with duty lead,
You haue done much; yet all your courſes proue
You tide ſtill your atchieuements to the head
Of your owne honour,when it hath beene meet
You had them layd downe at your Souereignes feet.
God giues to Kings the honour to command,
To ſubiects all their glory to obay,
Who ought in time of war as rampiers ſtand,
In peace as th'ornaments of State aray.
The King hath recompens'd your ſeruices
With better loue than you ſhew thankfulneſſe.
By grace he made you greater than you were
By nature he; you receiu'd that which he was not tide
To giue to you: his gift was far more deere
Than all you did,in making you imployd.
But ſay your ſeruice hath deſeru'd it all,
This one offence hath made it odious all:
And therefore here in vaine you vſe that meane,
To plead for life,which you haue cancell'd cleane.

Phi. My Lord,you far miſtake me,if you deeme
I plead for life,that poore weake blaſt of breath,
From which ſo I ran with light eſteeme,

And

And ſo well haue acquainted me with death:
No, no, my Lords, it is not that I feare,
It is mine honour that I ſeeke to cleare;
And which, if my diſgraced cauſe would let
The language of my heart be vnderſtood,
Is all which I haue euer ſought to get,
And which, O leaue me now, and take my blood.
Let not your enuy go beyond the bound
Of what you ſeeke: my life ſtands in your way,
That is your ayme, take it; and do not wound
My reputation with that wrong, I pray.
If I muſt needs be made the ſacrifice
Of enuy, and that no oblation will
The wrath of Kings, but only blood, ſuffice,
Yet let me haue ſome thing left that is not ill.
Is there no way to get vnto our liues,
But firſt to haue our honour ouerthrowne?
Alas, though grace of Kings all greatneſſe giues,
It cannot giue vs vertue, that's our owne.
Though all be theirs our hearts and hands can do,
Yet that by which we do is only ours.
The trophees that our blood erects vnto
Their memory, to glorifie their pow'rs,
Let them enioy: yet onely to haue done
Worthy of grace, let not that be vndone;
Let that high ſwelling riuer of their fame
Leaue humble ſtreames, that feed them yet their name.
O my deare father, didſt thou bring that ſpirit,
Thoſe hands of vallour, that ſo much haue done
In this great worke of *Aſia*, this to merit,
By doing worthily, to be vndone?
And haſt thou made this purchaſe of thy ſword,
To get ſo great an Empire for thy Lord,
And ſo diſgrac'd a graue for thee and thine,
T'extinguiſh by thy ſeruice all thy line?
One of thy ſonnes by being too valourous,

But

But fiue dayes ſince, yet O well, loſt his breath;
Thy deare *Nicanor* th'halfe arch of thy houſe;
And here now the other at the barre of death,
Stands ouercharg'd with wrath in far worſe caſe,
And is to be confounded with diſgrace;
Thy ſelfe muſt giue th'acquitance of thy blood,
For others debts, to whom thou haſt done good:
Which, if they would a little time afford,
Death would haue taken it without a ſword.
Such the rewards of great imployments are,
Hate killes in peace, whom Fortune ſpares in warre.
And this is that high grace of Kings we ſeeke,
Whoſe fauour and whoſe wrath conſumes alike.

Eph. Lo here the miſery of Kings, whoſe cauſe
How euer iuſt it be, how euer ſtrong,
Yet in reſpect they may, their greatneſſe drawes
The world to thinke they euer do the wrong.
But this foule fact of yours, you ſtand vpon
Philotas, ſhall, beſide th'apparency
Which all the world ſees plaine, ere we haue done,
By your owne mouth be made to ſatisfie
The moſt ſtiffe partialiſt that will not ſee.

Phi. My mouth will neuer proue ſo falſe (I truſt)
Vnto my heart, to ſhew it ſelfe vniuſt;
And what I here do ſpeake, I know, my Lords,
I ſpeake with mine owne mouth, but other where
What may be ſayd, I ſay, may be the words
Not of my breath, but fame that oft doth erre,
Let th'oracle of *Ammon* be inquir'd
About this fact, who, if it ſhall be true,
Will neuer ſuffer thoſe who haue conſpir'd
Againſt *Ioues* ſonne, t'eſcape without their due:
But will reueale the truth: or if this ſhall
Not ſeeme conuenient, why then lay on all
The tortures that may force a tongue to tell
The ſecret'ſt thought that could imagine ill.

Bel. What need we ſend to know more than we know?
That were to giue you time to acquant your friends
With your eſtate, till ſome combuſtion grow
Within the campe to haſten on your ends,
And that the gold and all the treaſury
Committed to your fathers cuſtody
In *Medea*, now might arme his deſp'rat troups
To come vpon vs, and to cut our throats.
What, ſhall we aske of *Ioue*, that which he hath
Reueal'd already? But let's ſend to giue
Thanks, that by him the King hath ſcap't the wrath
Of thee, diſloyall traytor, and doth liue.

Guar. Let's teare the wretch in pieces, let vs rend
With our owne hands the traytors paricide.

Alex. Peace *Belon*, ſilence louing ſouldiers.
You ſee, my Lords, out of your iudgements graue,
That all excuſes ſickly colours haue,
And he that hath thus falſe and faithleſſe beene
Muſt find out other gods and other men
Whom to forſweare, and whom he may deceiue;
No words of his can make vs more beleeue
His impudence: and therefore, ſeeing tis late,
We, till morning, do diſmiſſe the Court.

ACTVS. V. CHORVS.

Græcian *and* Perſian.

Perſian.

VVEll, then I ſee there is ſmall difference
Betwixt your ſtate and ours, you ciuill Greeks,
You great contriuers of free gouernments,
Whoſe skill the world from out all countries ſeeks,
Thoſe whom you call your Kings, are but the ſame
As are our Souereigne tyrants of the Eaſt;
I ſee they only differ but in name,

The

The effects they ſhew, agree, or neere at leaſt.
Your great men here, as our great Satrapaes,
I ſee layd proſtrate are with baſeſt ſhame,
Vpon the leaſt ſuſpect or iealouſies
Your Kings conceiue, or others enuies frame;
Only herein they differ, That your Prince
Proceeds by forme of law t'effect his end;
Our Perſian Monarch makes his frowne conuince
The ſtrongeſt truth: his ſword the proceſſe ends
With preſent death, and makes no more ado:
He neuer ſtands to giue a gloſſe vnto
His violence, to make it to appeare
In other hew than that it ought to beare,
Wherein plaine dealing beſt his courſe commends:
For more h'offends who by the law offends.
What need hath Alexander *ſo to ſtriue*
By all theſe ſhewes of forme, to find this man
Guilty of treaſon, when he doth contriue
To haue him ſo adiudg'd? Do what he can,
He muſt not be acquit, though he be cleere,
Th'offender, not th'offence, is puniſht heere.
And what auailes the fore-condemn'd to ſpeake?
How euer ſtrong his cauſe, his ſtate is weake.

Græ. *Ah, but it ſatisfies the world, and we*
Thinke that well done which done by law we ſee.

Per. *And yet your law ſerues but your priuate ends,*
And to the compaſſe of your pow'r extends:
But is it for the maieſty of Kings,
To ſit in iudgement thus themſelues, with you?

Græ. *To do men iuſtice, is the thing that brings*
The greateſt maieſty on earth to Kings.

Per. *That, by their ſubalternate miniſters*
May be per form'd as well, and with more grace:
For, to command it to be done, infers
More glory, than to do. It doth imbaſe
Th'opinion of a pow'r; in vulgar ſo

That

That ſacred preſence, which ſhould neuer go,
Neuer be ſeene, but euen as gods, below,
Like to our Perſian King in glorious ſhow;
And who, as ſtarres affixed to their ſpheare,
May not deſcend to be from what they are. (men.

Græ. *Where Kings are ſo like gods, there ſubiects are not*

Per. *Your king begins this courſe, and what will you be then?*

Græ. *Indeed ſince proſperous fortune gaue the raine*
To head ſtrong pow'r and luſt, I muſt confeſſe,
We Grecians haue loſt deeply by our gaine,
And this our greatneſſe makes vs much the leſſe:
For by th'acceſſion of theſe mighty States,
Which Alexander *wonderouſly hath got,*
He hath forgot himſelfe and vs, and rates
His ſtate aboue mankind, and ours at nought.
This hath thy pompe (O feeble Aſia*) wrought,*
Thy baſe adorings hath transform'd the King
Into that ſhape of pride, as he is brought
Out of his wits, out of acknowledging
From whence the glory of his greatneſſe ſprings,
And that it was our ſwords that wrought theſe things,
How well were we within the narrow bounds
Of our ſufficient yeelding Macedon,
Before our Kings inlarg'd them with our wounds,
And made theſe ſallies of ambition!
Before they came to giue the regall law
To thoſe free States which kept their crownes in aw!
They by theſe large dominions are made more,
But we be come far weaker than before.
What get we now by winning, but wide minds
And weary bodies, with th'expence of blood?
What ſhould ill do, ſince happy fortune findes
But miſery, and is not good though good?
Action begets ſtill action, and retaines
Our hopes beyond our wiſhes, drawing on
A neuer ending circle of orr paines,

That

That makes vs not haue done, when we haue done.
What can giue bounds to Alexanders *ends,*
Who counts the world but ſmall, that call's him great;
And his deſires beyond his pray diſtends,
Like beaſts, that murder more than they can eat?
When ſhall we looke his trauels will be done,
That tends beyond the Ocean and the Sunne?
What diſcontentments will there ſtill ariſe
In ſuch a Campe of Kings, to inter-ſhocke
Each others greatneſſe, and what mutinies
Will put him from his comforts, and will mocke
His hopes, and neuer ſuffer him to haue
That which he hath of all which Fortune gaue?
And from Philotas *blood (O worthy man)*
Whoſe body now rent on the torture lies,
Will ſlow that vaine of freſh conſpiracies,
As ouerflow him will, do what he can:
For cruelty doth not imbetter men,
But them more wary makes than they haue been.
Per. *Are not your great men free from tortures then,*
Muſt they be likewiſe rackt as other men?
Græ. *Treaſon affoords a priuiledge to none,*
Who like offends hath puniſhment all one.

SNENA II.

Polidamas, Soſtratus.

Polidamas.

FRiend *Soſtratus*, come, haue you euer know'n
Such a diſtracted face of Court, as now;
Such a diſtruſtfull eye, as men are grow'n
To feare themſelues and all; and do not know
Where is the ſide that ſhakes not; who lookes beſt
In this foule day, th'oppreſſor or th'oppreſt?
What poſting, what diſpatches, what aduice!

What ſearch, what running, what diſcoueries!
What rumors, what ſuggeſtions, what deuice
To cleere the King, pleaſe people, hold the wiſe,
Retaine the rude, cruſh the ſuſpected ſort
At vnawares, ere they diſcerne th'are hurt!
So much the fall of ſuch a weighty Peere
Doth ſhake the State, and with him tumble downe
All whom his beames of fauours did vpbeare,
All who to reſt vpon his baſe were knowne:
And none, that did but touch vpon his loue,
Are free from feare to periſh with his loue.
My ſelf (whom all the world haue know'n t'imbrace
Parmenio in th'intireneſſe of my heart,
And euer in all battels, euery chace
Of danger, fought ſtill next him on that part)
Was ſeazed on this laſt night, late in my bed,
And brought vnto the preſence of the King,
To pay (I thought) the tribute of my head:
But O 'twas for a more abhorred thing!
I muſt redeeme my danger with the blood
Of this deare friend, this deare *Parmenio's* blood;
His life muſt pay for mine, theſe hands muſt gore
That worthy heart from whom they fought before.

Soſt. What, hath the King commanded ſuch a deed,
To make the hearts of all his ſubiects bleed?
Muſt that old worthy man *Parmenio* die?

Pol. O *Soſtratus*, he hath his doome to die,
And we muſt yeeld vnto neceſſity.
For comming to the King, and there receiu'd
With vnexpected grace, he thus began:
Polidamas, we both haue beene deceiu'd,
In holding friendſhip with that faithleſſe man
Parmenio, who, for all his glozing mine,
Thou ſeeſt hath fought to cut my thtoat and thine;
And thou muſt worke reuenge for thee and me:
And therefore haſt to *Media* ſpeedily,

Take

Take theſe two letters here, the one from me
Vnto my ſure and truſty ſeruants there,
The other ſigned with *Philotas* ſeale,
As if the ſame t'his father written were:
Carry them both, effect what I haue ſayd,
The one will giue th'acceſſe, the other ayd.
I tooke the letters, vow'd t'effect the ſame:
And here I go the inſtrument of ſhame.
Soſt. But will you charge your honor with this ſhame?
Pol. I muſt, or be vndone, with all my name:
For I haue left all th'adamantiue ties
Of blood and nature, that can hold a heart
Chain'd to the word, my brethren and allies,
The hoſtages to caution for my part:
And for their liues muſt I diſhonour mine;
Els ſhould the King rather haue turn'd this ſword
Vpon my heart, than forſt it impiouſly,
(Hauing done all faire ſeruice to his Lord,
Now to be imploy'd in this foule villany.)
Thus muſt we do who are inthrall'd to Kings,
Whether they will iuſt or vnlawfull things.
But now *Parmenio*; O, me thinkes I ſee
Thee walking in th'artificiall groue
Of pleaſant *Suſis*, when I come to thee,
And thou remembring all our ancient loue,
Haſtes to imbrace me, ſaying, O my friend,
My deare *Polidamas*, welcome my friend,
Well art thou come, that we may ſit and chat
Of all the old aduentures we haue run.
Tis long *Polidamas* ſince we two met,
How doth my ſouereigne Lord, how doth my ſon?
When I vile wretch, whil'ſt m'anſwere he attends,
With this hand giue the letter, this hand ends
His ſpeaking ioy, and ſtabb's him to the heart.
And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art
For all thy ſeruice: thou that didſt agree

For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*,
For *Alexander* I muſt now kill thee.
Such are the iudgements of the heauenly pow'rs
We others ruines worke, and others ours.
Cho. P. Why this is right, now *Alexander* takes
The courſe of pow'r; this is a Perſian tricke.
This is our way, here publike triall makes
No doubtfull noiſe, but buries clamor quicke.
Gra. Indeed now *Perſia* hath no cauſe to rue,
For you haue vs vndone, who vndid you.

NVNCIVS.

THis worke is done, the ſad Cataſtrophe
Of this great act of blood is finiſht now,
Philotas *ended hath the Tragedy.*
Cho. *Now my good friend, I pray thee tell vs how.*
Nun. *As willing to relate, as you to heare:*
A full-charg'd heart is glad to find an eare.
The Councell being diſmiſs'd from hence, and gone,
Still Craterus *plies the King, ſtill in his eare,*
Still whiſpering to him priuatly alone,
Vrging (it ſeem'd) a quicke diſpatch of feare:
For they who ſpeake but priuatly to Kings,
Do ſeldome ſpeake the beſt and fitteſt things.
Some would haue had him forthwith ſton'd to death,
According to the Macedonian courſe,
But yet that would not ſatisfie the breath
Of buſie rumour, but would argue force:
There muſt be ſome confeſſions made within.
That muſt abroad more ſatisfaction win,
Craterus, *with* Cænus, *and* Epheſtion,
Do mainly vrge to haue him tortured;
Whereto the King conſents, and thereupon
They three are ſent to ſee't accompliſhed.
Racks, irons, fires, the griſely torturers
And hideouſly prepar'd before his face.

Philotas

Philotas *all vnmou'd, vnchang'd appeares,*
As if he would deaths ougliest brow out-face,
And ſcorn'd the worſt of force, and askt them, Why
Then ſtai'd to torture the Kings enemy?
Cho. *That part was acted well, God grant we heare*
No worſe a Scene than this, and all goes cleare:
So ſhould worth act, and they who dare to fight
Againſt corrupted times, ſhould die vpright;
Such hearts Kings may diſſolue, but not defeat.
A great man where he falles he ſhould lie great,
Whoſe ruine, like the ſacred carcaſes
Of ſcattred Temples which ſtill reuerent lie,
And the religious honour them no leſſe
Than if they ſtood with all their gallantry.
But on with thy report.
Nun. *Straight were hot irons appli'd to ſere his fleſh,*
Then wreſting racks his coml, body ſtraine.
Then iron whips, and then the racke afreſh,
Then fire againe, and then the whips againe;
Which he endures with ſo reſolu'd a looke,
As if his mind were of another ſide
Than of his body, and his ſenſe forſooke
The part of nature, to be wholy tide
To honour, that he would not once conſent
So much as with a ſigh t'his puniſhment.
Cho. *Yet doth he like himſelfe, yet all is well,*
This argument no tyrant can refell;
This plea of reſolution winnes his cauſe
More right than all, more admiration drawes:
For we lone nothing more, than to renowne
Men ſtoutly miſerable, highly downe.
Nun. *But now?*
Cho. *We feare that But. O, if he ought deſcend,*
Leaue here, and let the Tragedy here end.
Let not the leaſt act now of his, at laſt,
Marre all his act of life and glory paſt.

Nun. *I muſt tell all, and therefore gine me leaue.*
Swoll'n with raw tumors, vlcered with the ierks
Of iron whips, that fleſh from bone had raz'd,
And no part free from wounds, it erks
His ſoule to ſee the houſe ſo foule defaſt,
Wherein his life had dwelt ſo long time cleane,
And therefore craues he, they would now diſmiſſe
His grieuous tortures, and he would begin
To open all wherein h'had done amiſſe.
Streight were his tortures ceaſt: and after they
Had let him to recouer ſenſe, he ſayd,
Now Craterus, *Say what you will haue me ſay:*
Wherewith, as if deluded or delaid,
Craterus *in wrath calles preſently againe*
To haue the tortures to be reapplied.
When, whatſoeuer ſecret of his heart
Which had beene fore-conceiu'd but in a thought,
What friend ſoeuer had but tooke his part
In common loue h'accus'd; and ſo forgot
Himſelfe, that now he was more forward to
Confeſſe, that they to vrge him thereunto,
Whether affliction had his ſpirits vndone,
Or ſeeing, to hide or vtter, all was one;
Both wayes lay death: and therefore he would vie
Now to be ſure to ſay enough to die,
And then began his fortunes to deplore,
Humbly beſought them whom he ſcorn'd before;
That Alexander (*where he ſtood, behind*
A Trauers, out of ſight) *was heard to ſpeake:*
I neuer thought, a man that had a mind
T'attempt ſo much, had had a heart ſo weake!
There he confeſt, that one Hegelochus,
When firſt the King proclaim'd himſelfe Ioues *ſonne,*
In cens'd his fathers heart againſt him thus,
By telling him, That now we were vndone,
If we endur'd, that he, which did diſdaine

To

To haue beene Philips *ſonne, ſhould liue and raigne.*
He that aboue the ſtate of man will ſtraine
His ſtile, and will not be that which we are,
Not only vs contemnes, but doth diſdaine
The gods themſelues, with whom he would compare.
We haue loſt Alexander, *loſt (ſaid he)*
The King, and fall'n on pride and vanity;
And we haue made a god of our owne blood,
That glorifies himſelfe, neglects our good.
Intolerable is this impious deed
To gods, whom he would match, to men he would exceed.
Thus hauing ouer night Hegelochus,
Diſcours'd, my father ſends next day
For me to heare the ſame: and there to vs
All he had ſayd to him he made him reſay,
Suppoſing, out of wine, the night before,
He might but idly raue. When he againe,
Far more inrag'd, in heat and paſſion more,
Vrg'd vs to cleere the State of ſuch a ſtaine,
Contur'd vs to redeeme the Common-weale,
And do like men, or els as men conceale.
Parmenio *thought, whil'ſt yet* Darius *ſtood,*
This courſe was out of ſeaſon, and thereby
Th'extinguiſhing of Alexanders *blood*
Would not profit vs, but th'others pow'rs
Might make all th'Orient and all Aſia *ours,*
That courſe we lik't, to that our counſell ſtands,
Thereto we tide our oaths and gaue our hands.
And as for this, he ſaid, for Dymnus *plot,*
Though he were cleere, yet now he cleer'd him not.
And yet the force of racks at laſt could do
So much with him, as he confeſt that too,
And ſayd, that fearing Bactra *would detaine*
The King too long, he haſt'ned on his ends,
Leſt that his father, Lord of ſuch a traine

And ſuch a wealth, on whom the whole depends,
Should, being aged, by his death preuent
Theſe his deſignes, and fruſtrate his intent.
Cho. *O would we had not heard his latter iarre:*
This all his former ſtraines of worth doth marre.
Before this laſt his ſpirits commends,
But now he is vnpitied of his friends.
Nun. *Then was* Demetrius *likewiſe brought in place,*
And put to torture, who denies the deed.
Philotas *he auerres it to his face.*
Demetrius *ſtill denies. Then he eſpide*
A youth, one Calin, *that was ſtanding by,*
Calin, *ſayd he, how long wilt thou abide*
Demetrius *vainly to auouch a lie?*
The youth, that neuer had beene nam'd before
In all his tortures gaue them cauſe to geſſe
Philotas *car'd not now to vtter more*
Than had bee e priuy to his practiſes.
And ſeeing they had as much as they deſir'd,
They with Demetrius *ſton'd him vnto death:*
And all whom Dymnus *nam'd to haue conſpir'd,*
With grieuous tortures now muſt loſe their breath:
And all that were alik'd, which could not flie,
Are in the hands of iuſtice now to die.
Cho. *What, muſt the puniſhment arriue beyond*
Th'offence! not with th'offender make an end!
Nun. *They all muſt die who may be fear'd in time*
To be the heires vnto their kindreds crime.
All other puniſhments end with our breath,
But treaſon is purſu'd beyond our death.
Cho. *The wrath of Kings doth ſeldome meaſure keepe,*
Seeking to cure bad parts they lance too deepe.
When puniſhment like lightning ſhould appeare
To few mens hurt, but vnto all mens feare,
Great elephants and lions murder leaſt,
Th'ignoble beaſt is the moſt cruell beaſt.

But

But all is well, if by the mighty fall
Of this great man, the King be ſafely freed:
But if this Hydra *of ambition ſhall*
Haue other heads to ſpring vp in his ſteed,
Then hath he made but way for them to riſe,
Who will aſſault him with freſh treacheries.
The which may teach vs to obſerue this ſtraine,
To admire high hill's, but liue within the plaine.

The Apology.

THE wrong application, and miſconceiuing of this Tragedy of *Philotas*, vrges me worthy Readers, to anſwere for mine innocency, both in the choice of the ſubiect, and the motiues that long ſince induced me to write it, which were firſt the delight I tooke in the Hiſtory it ſelfe as it lay, and then the aptneſſe, I ſaw it had to fall eaſily into act, without interlacing other inuention, then it properly yeelded in the owne circumſtances, we were ſufficient for the worke, and a lawfull repreſenting of a Tragedy. Beſides aboue eight yeares ſince, meeting with my deare friend D. *Lateware*, (whoſe memory I reuerence) in his Lords Chamber, and mine, I told him the purpoſe I had for *Philotas*, who ſayd that himſelfe had written the ſame argument, and cauſed it to be preſented in S^t^. *Iohns* Colledge in *Oxford*, where as I after heard, it was worthily and with great applauſe performed. And though, I ſayd, he had therein preuented me, yet I would not deſiſt, whenſoeuer my Fortunes would giue me peace,

And ſuch a wealth, on whom the whole depends,
Should being aged, by his death preuent
Theſe his deſignes, and fruſtrate his intent.

Cho. *O would we had not heard his latter iarre:*
This all his former ſtraines of worth doth marre.
Before this laſt his ſpirits commends,
But now he is vnpitied of his friends.

Nun. *Then was* Demetrius *likewiſe brought in place,*
And put to torture, who denies the deed.
Philotas *he auerres it to his face.*
Demetrius *ſtill denies. Then he eſpide*
A youth, one Calin, *that was ſtanding by,*
Calin, *ſayd he, how long wilt thou abide*
Demetrius *vainly to auouch a lie?*
The youth, that neuer had beene nam'd before
In all his tortures gaue them cauſe to geſſe
Philotas *car'd not now to vtter more*
Than had bee e priuy to his practiſes.
And ſeeing they had as much as they deſir'd,
They with Demetrius *ſton'd him vnto death:*
And all whom Dymnus *nam'd to haue conſpir'd,*
With grieuous tortures now muſt loſe their breath:
And all that were all'd, which could not flie,
Are in the hands of iuſtice now to die.

Cho. *What, muſt the puniſhment arriue beyond*
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peace, to try what I could doe in the ſame ſubiect, where vnto both hee, and who were preſent, incouraged me as to an example worthy of note. And liuing in the Country, about foure yeares ſince, and neere halfe a yeare before the late Tragedy of ours, (whereunto this is now moſt ignorantly reſembled) vnfortunately fell out heere in *England*, I began the ſame, and wrote three Acts thereof, as many to whom I then ſhewed it can witneſſe, purpoſing to haue had it preſented in Bath by certaine Gentlemens ſonnes, as a priuate recreation for the Chriſtmas, before the Shrouetide of that vnhappy diſorder. But by reaſon of ſome occaſion then falling out, and being called vpon by my Printer for a new impreſſion of my workes, with ſome additions to the ciuill Warres, I intermitted this other ſubiect. Which now lying by mee, and driuen by neceſſity to make vſe of my pen, and the Stage to bee the mouth of my lines, which before were neuer heard to ſpeake but in ſilence, I thought the repreſenting ſo true a Hiſtory, in the ancient forme of a Tragedy, could not but haue had an vnreproueable paſſage with the time, and the better ſort of men, ſeeing with what idle fictions, and groſſe follies, the Stage at this day abuſed mens recreations. And withall taking a ſubiect that lay (as I thought, ſo farre from the time, and ſo remote a ſtranger from the climate of our preſent courſes, I could not imagine that Enuy or ignorance could poſſibly haue made it, to take any particular acquaintance with vs, but as it hath a generall alliance to the frailty of greatneſſe, and the vſuall workings of ambition, the perpetuall ſubiects of bookes and Tragedies.

And for *Philotas*, it is plaine, that his fathers greatneſſe opened firſt the way to *Alexanders* ſuſpition and the enuy of the Nobility, and then his owne vanting with diſpiſing the new title conferred by the Oracle of *Ammon*. Vpon the King, begat and notion of his diſlike of the State; and indeede *Alexanders* drawing a pedegree from Heauen, with aſſu-

aſſuming the *Perſian* magnificence, was the cauſe that withdrew many, the hearts of the Nobility and people from him; and by *Philotas* owne confeſſion, was that which gaue a purpoſe to him and his father to haue ſubuerted the King, when he had eſtabliſhed *Aſia*, and freed them from other feares.

And this concealing of the treaſon reuealed vnto him, howſoeuer he excuſed it, ſhewed how much his heart was alienated from his allegiancy. Which being by *Epheſtion*, and *Craterus*, two the moſt graue and worthy Councellors of *Alexander* prouidently diſcerned, was proſecuted in that manner, as became their neereneſſe, and deereneſſe with their Lord and Maiſter, and fitting the ſafety of the State, in the caſe of ſo great an aſpirer: Who, had he not beene preuented (howſoeuer popularly in the Army it might be otherwiſe deemed) he had no doubt turned the courſe of the gouernment vpon his father or himſelfe, or elſe imbroyling it, made it monſtrous body with many heads, as it afterwards proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. For though the affection of the multitude (whom he did mignion) and who, as I ſayd, lookes ſtill vpon mens fortunes not the cauſe, diſcerned not his ends, nor peraduenture himſelfe, that knew not how large they might be, nor how much his heart would hold, nor of what capacity would be his ambition, if occaſion were offered: Yet ſome more cleere-ſighted, as if rayſed by a diuine prouidence to put off that State, till the full period of diſſolution, (which after followed was come) ſaw well, to how hie a ſtaine he had ſet his hopes by his affected carriage. And *Craterus*, who ſo wiſely purſued this buſineſſe is deemed to haue beene one of the moſt honeſt men that euer followed *Alexander* in all his actions, and one that was true vnto him euen after his death. And for any reſemblance, that thorough the ignorance of the Hiſtory may be applied to the late Earle of *Eſſex*. It can hold in no proportion but only in his weakneſſes, which I would wiſh all that loue his me-

mory

mory not to reuiue. And for mine owne parts hauing beene perticularly beholding to his bounty, I would to God his errors and disobedience to his Soueraigne, might by so deepe buried vnderneath the earth, and in so low a tombe from his other parts, that hee might neuer be remembred among the examples of disloyalty in this Kingdome, or paraleld with Forreine Conspirators.

***

SAM. DANIEL.

FINIS.

HYMENS TRIVMPH.

A Paſtorall Tragicomædie.

Preſented at the Queenes Court in the *Strand, at her Maieſties magnificent entertainement of the Kings moſt excellent* Maieſty, being at the Nuptials of the Lord *Roxborough.*

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES for
SIMON WATERSON.
1623.

TO THE MOST EXCELlent Maieſty of the Higheſt-borne *Princeſſe*, ANNE *of Denmarke, Queene* of England, Scotland, France, *and Ireland.*

HEre, what your ſacred influence begat
(Moſt lou'd, and moſt reſpected Maieſty)
With humble heart, and hand, I conſecrate
Vnto the glory of your memory:
As being a piece of that ſolemnity,
Which your Magnificence did celebrate
In hallowing of thoſe roofes (you rear'd of late)
With fires and chearefull hoſpitality
Whereby, and by your ſplendent Worthines,
Your name ſhall longer liue then ſhall your walls:
For, that faire ſtructure goodneſſe finiſhes,
Beares off all change of times, and neuer falls.
And that is it hath let you in ſo farre
Into the heart of *England* as you are.
And worthily, for neuer yet was Queene
That more a peoples loue haue merited
By all good graces, and by hauing beene
The meanes our State ſtands faſt eſtabliſhed
And bleſt by your bleſt wombe, who are this day
The higheſt-borne Queene of *Europe*, and alone
Haue brought this land more bleſſings euery way,
Then all the daughters of ſtrange Kings haue done.

For,

For, we by you no claimes, no quarrells haue
No factions, no betraying of affaires:
You do not ſpend our blood, nor ſtates, but ſaue:
You ſtrength vs by alliance, and your haires.
Not like thoſe fatall marriages of *France*,
For whom this Kingdome hath ſo dearely paid,
Which onely our afflictions did aduance:
And brought vs farre more miſeries, then aid.
Renowned *Denmarke*, that haſt furniſhed
The world with Princes, how much do we owe
To thee for this great good thou didſt beſtow,
Whereby we are both bleſt, and honoured?
Thou didſt not ſo much hurt vs heretofore,
But now thou haſt rewarded vs farre more.
But what do I on this high ſubiect fall
Here, in the front of this low Paſtorall?
This a more graue, and ſpacious roome requires
To ſhew your glory, and my deepe deſires.

Your Maieſties moſt

Humble Seruant,

SAM. DANIEL.

THE

The Prologue.

Hymen oppoſed by *Auarice*, *Enuy*, and *Iealouſie*, the diſturbers of quiet marriage, *firſt enters.*

Hymen.

IN this diſguiſe and Paſtorall attire,
Without my ſaffron robe, without my torch,
Or other enſignes of my duty:
I Hymen *am come hither ſecretly,*
To make Arcadia *ſee a worke of glory,*
That ſhall deſerue an euerlaſting ſtory.
Here, ſhall I bring you two the moſt entire
And conſtant louers that were euer ſeene,
From out the greateſt ſuffrings of anoy
That fortune could inflict, to their full ioy:
Wherein no wild, no rude, no antique ſport,
But tender paſſions, motions ſoft, and graue,
The ſtill ſpectators muſt expect to haue.
For, theſe are onely Cynthias *recreatiues*
Made vnto Phœbus, *and are feminine;*
And therefore muſt be gentle like to her,
Whoſe ſweet affections mildely moone and ſtirre.
And here, with this white wand, will I effect
As much, as with my flaming torch of Loue:
And with the power thereof, affections moone
In theſe faire nymphes, and ſhepheards round about.
Enuy. *Stay* Hymen, *ſtay; you ſhall not haue the day*
Of this great glory, as you make account:
We will herein, as we were euer wont,
Oppoſe you in the matches you addreſſe,
And vndermine them with diſturbances.

Hym. *Now, do thy worſt, baſe* Enuy, *thou canſt do,*
Thou ſhalt not diſappoint my purpoſes.
Auarice. *Then will I,* Hymen, *in deſpite of thee,*
I will make Parents croſſe deſires of loue,
With thoſe reſpects of wealth, as ſhall diſſolue
The ſtrongeſt knots of kindeſt faithfulneſſe.
Hym. *Hence, greedy* Auarice; *I know thou art*
A hagge, that do'ſt bewitch the mindes of men:
Yet ſhall thou haue no at all herein.
Ieal. *Then will I,* Hymen, *do thou what thou canſt;*
I will ſteale cllоſely into linked hearts;
And ſhake their veines with cold diſtruſtfulneſſe;
And euer keepe them waking in their feares,
With ſpirits, which their imagination reares,
Hym. *Diſquiet* Iealouſie, *vile fury, thou*
That art the ougly monſter of the mind,
Auant, be gone, thou ſhalt haue nought to do
In this faire worke of ours, nor euermore
Canſt enter there, where honour keepes the doore.
And therefore hideous furies, get you hence,
This place is ſacred to integrity,
And cleane deſires: your ſight moſt loathſome is
Vnto ſo well diſpos'd a company.
Therefore be gone, I charge you by my powre,
We muſt haue nothing in Arcadia, *ſowre.*
Enuy. Hymen, *thou canſt not chaſt vs ſo away,*
For, looke how long as thou mak'ſt marriages,
So long will we produce incumbrances.
And we will in the ſame diſguiſe, as thou,
Mixe vs amongſt the ſhepheards, that we may
Effect our worke the better, being vnknowne;
For, ills ſhew other faces then their owne.

THE

The Speakers.

Thirſis.
Palamon, friend to *Thirſis*.
Clarindo, *Siluia* diſguiſed, the beloued of *Thirſis*, ſuppoſed to be ſlaine by wild beaſts.
Cloris, a Nymph whom *Clarindo* ſerued, and in loue with *Thirſis*.
Phillis, in loue with *Clarindo*.
Montanus, in loue with *Phillis*.
Lydia, Nurſe to *Phillis*.
Dorcas. } Forreſters.
Siluanus. }
Medorus, father to *Siluia*.
Charinus, father to *Thirſis*.
Chorus of Shepheards.

ACTVS.

ACTVS. I. SCENA. I.

Thirſis, Palamon.

SO to be reft of all the ioyes of life,
How is it poſſible *Palamon*, I
Should euer more a thought retaine
Of the leaſt comfort vpon earth againe
No, I would hate this heart, that hath receiu'd
So deepe a wound, if it ſhould euer come
To be recur'd, or would permit a roome
To let in any other thing then griefe.
Pal. But *Thirſis* you muſt tell me what is the cauſe?
Thi. Thinke but what cauſe I haue; when hauing paſs'd
The heates, the colds, the trembling agonies
Of feares, and hopes, and all the ſtrange aſſaults
Of paſſion, that a tender heart could feele
In the attempt, and purſuite of his loue.
And then to be vndone, when all was done,
To periſh in the hauen, after all
Thoſe Ocean ſuffrings, and euen then to haue
My hopefull Nuptiall bed, turn'd to a graue.
Pal. Good *Thirſis* by what meanes, I pray thee tell
Thi. Tell thee? alas *Palamon*, how can I tell
And liue? doeſt thou not ſee theſe fields haue loſt
Their glory, ſince that time *Siluia* was loſt?
Siluia, that onely deckt, that onely made
Arcadia ſhine; *Siluia* who was (ah woe the while)
So miſerable rent from off the world.

So rapt away, as that no ſigne of her,
No peece was left to tell vs by what meanes:
Safe onely this poore remnant of her vaile,
All torne, and this deere locke of her rent haire;
Which holy reliques here I keepe with me,
The ſad memorialls of her diſmall fate.
Who ſure deuoured was vpon the ſhore
By rauenous beaſts, as ſhe was walking there
Alone, it ſeemes; perhaps in ſeeking me
Or els retir'd to meditate apart
The ſtory of our loues, and heauy ſmart.

Pal. This is no newes, you tell, of *Siluias* death.
That was long ſince: why ſhould you waile her now?

Thi. Long ſince *Palemon*? thinke you any length
Of time can euer haue a powre to make
A heart of fleſh not mourne, not grieue, not pine?
That knows, that feels, that things as much as mine.

Pal. But *Thirſis*, you know how her father meant
To match her with *Alexis*, and a day
To celebrate the nuptials was prefixt.

Thi. True, he had ſuch a purpoſe, but in vaine,
As oh it was beſt knowne vnto vs twaine.
And hence it grew that gaue vs both our feares,
That made our meeting ſtealth, our parting teares.
Hence was it, that with many a ſecret wile,
We rob'd our lookes th'onlookers to beguile.
This was the cauſe, oh miſerable cauſe,
That made her by her ſelfe to ſtray alone,
Which els God knows, ſhe neuer ſhould haue done.
For had our liberty as open beene,
As was our loues, *Siluia* had not beene ſeene
Without her *Thirſis*, neuer had we gone.
But hand in hand, nor euer had miſchance
Tooke vs aſunder; ſhe had alwayes had
My body interpos'd betwixt all harmes.

And

And her. But ah we had our liberty
Layd fast in prison when our loues were free.
Pal. But how knowst thou her loue was such to thee?
Thi. How do I know the Sun, the day from night?
Pal. Womens affections do like flashes proue,
They oft shew passion when they feele small loue.
Thi. Ah do not so prophane that precious sexe,
Which I must euer reuerence for her sake,
Who was the glory of her kind; whose heart
In all her actions so transparant was
As I might see it cleere and wholy mine,
Alwayes obseruing truth in one right line.
How oft hath she beene vrg'd by fathers threats,
By friends perswasions, and *Alexis* sighs,
And teares and prayers, to admit his loue,
Yet neuer could be wonne? how oft haue I
Beheld the braueſt heardsmen of these plaines,
(As what braue heardsman was there in the plaines
Of all *Arcadia*, that had not his heart
Warm'd with her beames) to seeke to win her loue.
Ah I remember well (and how can I
But euer more remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt, when as we sate and sigh'd
And look'd vpon each other, and conceiu'd
Not what we ayld, yet something we did ayle.
And yet were well, and yet we were not well;
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kisse, then sigh, then looke: and thus
In that first garden of our simpleneſſe
We spent our child-hood: but when yeeres began
To reape the fruite of knowledge, ah how then
Would she with grauer looks, with sweet stern brow
Check my presumption and my forwardnes,
Yet still would giue me flowers, still would me shew

What she would haue me, yet not haue me know.

Pal. Alas with what poore Coyne are louers paid,
And taken with the smallest bayte is laid?

Thi. And when in sport with other company,
Of Nimphes and Shepheards we haue met abroade
How would she leape a loofe, and watch mine eye
Which way it went? and when at Barly breake
It came vnto my turne to rescue her,
With what an earnest wife, and nimble pace
Would her affection make her feet to run
And farther run then to my hand? her race
Had no stop but my bosome where no end.
And when we were to breake againe, how late
And loath her trembling hand would part with mine,
And with how slow a pace would she set forth
To meet the 'ncounting party, who contends
T'attaine her, scarce affording him her fingers ends?

Pal. Fie *Thirsis*, with what fond remembrances
Doest thou these idle passions entertaine?
For shame leaue off to waste your youth in vaine,
And feede on shadowes: make your choice anew.
You other Nimphes shall find, no doubt will be
As louely, and as faire; and sweete as she.

Thi. As faire and sweete as she? *Palamon*, peace
Ah what can pictures be vnto the life,
What sweetnesse can be found in Images?
Which all Nimphes do besides her riches to me
She only was a reall creature, she,
VVhose memory must take vp all of me.
Should I another loue, then must I haue,
Another heart, for this is full of her,
And euermore shall be: her forme is drawne
At length, and whole, and liue, this table in
A story, and is all of her; and all
Wrought in the liuelyest colours of my blood

And can there be a roome for others heere?
Should I disfigure such a peece, and blot
The perfectst workmanship that loue euer wrought.
Palamon no, ah no, it cost too deere,
It must remaine intire whilst life remaines,
The monument of her and of my paines.
Pal. Thou maist be such a fond Idolater
To die for loue; though that were very strange.
Loue hath few Saints, but many confessors,
And time no doubt will raze out all these notes,
And leaue a roome at length for other thoughts.
Thi. Yes when there is no spring, no tree, no groue
In all *Arcadia* to record our loue;
And tell me where we were (the time we were)
How we did meete together, what we said;
Where we did ioy, and where we sat dismaid;
And then I may forget her, not before.
Till then I must remember one so deere,
When euery thing I see tells me of her:
And you deere Reliques of that martred Saint,
My heart adores, you the perpetuall booke
Whereon when teares permit, my eyes still looke
Ah you were with her last, and till my last
You must remaine with me, you were reseru'd
To tell me she was lost, but yet alas,
You cannot tell me how: would you could (hold,
White spotlesse vaile, cleare type of her Woman-
Which whilome couerdst the most louely face
That euer eye beheld. Was there no message sent
From her by thee? Ah yes, there sentence was;
Here is a T made with her blood, as if
Shee would haue written, Thesaus, and subscribed
In seeking thee; sure so I should haue done,
And so I reade it, and shall euer so.
And thou sweet remnant of the fairest haire,

That

That euer wau'd with winde. Ah thee I found
When her I hop'd to finde, wrapt in a round,
Like to an O, the character of woe:
As if to say, *O Thirsis*, I die thine.
This much you tell me yet, dumbe messengers,
Of her last minde; and what you cannot tell
That I must thinke, which is the most extreame
Of wofulnesse, that any heart can thinke.

Pal. There is no dealing with this man, I see,
This humour must be let to spend it selfe
Vnto a lesser substance, ere that we
Can any way apply a remedy.
But I lament his case, and so I know
Do all that see him in this wofull plight:
And therefore will I leaue him to himselfe,
For sorrow that is full, hate others sight.

Thir. Come boy, whilst I contemplate these remaines
Of my lost loue, vnder this myrtle tree,
Record the dolefull'st song, the sighingst notes,
That musicke hath to entertaine bad thoughts.
Let it be all at flats my boy, all graue,
The tone that best befits the griefe I haue.

The Song.

Had sorrow euer fitter place
To act his part,
Then in my heart,
Where it takes vp all the space?
Where is no veine
To entertaine
A thought that knowes another face
Nor will it serue mine haste,
Therein to be;
But onely there,

To

To whom I still possession gaue:
Thou in thy name
Must holde the same,
Vntill thou bring vs to the graue.

Pal. So boy, now leaue me to my selfe, that I
May be alone to griefe, entire to misery.

SCEN. II.

Cloris. Clarinda.

NOw gentle boy *Clarinda*, hast thou brought
My flockes into the field?
Cla. Mistris I haue.
Clo. And hast thou told them?
Cla. Yes.
Clo. And are there all?
Cla. All.
Clo. And hast thou left them safe my boy?
Cla. Safe.
Clo. Then whilst they feede, *Clarinda*, I must vse
Thy seruice in a serious businesse.
But thou must doe it well my boy.
Cla. The best I can.
Clo. Do'st thou know *Thirsis*?
Cla. Yes.
Clo. But know'st him well?
Cla. I haue good reason to know *Thirsis* well.
Clo. What reason boy?
Cla. I ought haue seene the man.
Clo. Why then he knowes thee too?
Cla. Yes I suppose, vnlesse he hath forgotten me of late.
Clo. But hath he heard thee sing my boy?
Cla. He hath.
Clo. Then doubtles he doth well remember thee.

Well,

Well, vnto him thou must a message do
From thy sad mistres *Cloris*; but thou must
Doe it exactly well, with thy best grace,
Best choice of language, and best countenance.
I know thou canst doe well, and hast a speech
And fashion pleasing to performe the same.
Nor can I haue a fitter messenger
In this imployment then thy selfe my boy.
For sure me thinkes, noting thy forme and grace.
That thou hast much of *Siluia* in thy face:
Which if he shall perceiue as well as I,
Sure, he will giue the audience willinglie.
And for her sake, if not for mine, heare out
Thy message; for he still (though she be dead)
Holds sparkles of her vnextinguished.
And that is death to me: for though sometimes
Siluia and I most deere companions were,
Yet when I saw he did so much preferre
Her before me, I deadly hated her;
And was not sorry for her death, and yet
Was sorry she should come to such a death.
But to the purpose goe to *Thirsis*, boy:
Say, thou art *Cloris* seruant, sent to be
The messenger of her distressed teares:
Who languishes for him, and neuer shall
Haue comfort more, vnlesse he giue it her.

Cla. I will.

Clo. Nay but stay boy, ther's something else.
Tell him, his cruelty makes me vndoe
My modesty, and to put on that part
Which appertaines to him, that is to wooe:
And to disgrace my Sexe, to shew my heart,
Which no man else could haue had powre to doe.
And that vnlesse he doe restore me backe
Vnto my selfe, by his like loue to me,
I cannot liue.

Cla.

Cla. All this I'le tell him too.

Clo. Nay but ſtay boy, there is yet more:
Tell him, it will no honour be to him,
When euer it ſhall come to be made knowne,
That he hath beene her death that was his owne.
And how his loue hath fatall beene to two
Diſtreſſed Nymphes.

Cla. This will I tell him too.

Clo. Nay but ſtay boy, wilt thou ſay nothing elſe?
As of thy ſelfe, to waken vp his loue?
Thou mayſt ſay ſomething which I may not ſay,
And tell him how thou holdſt me full as faire,
Yea and more faire, more louely, more compleate
Then euer *Siluia* was. More wiſe, more ſtai'd,
How ſhee was but a light and wauering maid.

Cla. Nay there I leaue you, that I cannot ſay.

Clo. What ſayſt thou boy?

Cla. Nothing, but that I will
Endeauour all I can to worke his loue.

Clo. Doe good my boy: but thou muſt yet adde more,
As from thy ſelfe, and ſay, what an vnkind
And barbarous part it is to ſuffer thus
So beauteous and ſo rare a Nymph to pine
And periſh for his loue; and ſuch a one,
As if ſhee would haue ſtoop'd to others flame,
Hath had the gallantſt heardſmen of theſe fields
Fall at her feete: all which ſhe hath deſpiſ'd,
Hauing her heart before by thee ſurpriz'd.
And now doth nothing elſe, but ſit and mourne:
Speake *Thirſis*, weepe *Thirſis*, ſigh *Thirſis*, and
Sleepe *Thirſis* when ſhe ſleepes, which is but rare.
Beſides, good boy thou muſt not ſticke to ſweare,
Thou oft hah ſeene me ſowne, and ſinke to ground
In theſe deepe paſſions, wherein I abound.
For ſomething thou maiſt ſay beyond the truth,
By reaſon of my loue, and of thy youth.

Doe

Doe, good *Clarindo* ſweare, and vow thus much.
But do'ſt thou now remember all I ſay,
Do'ſt thou forget no parcell of my ſpeech,
Shall I repeate the ſame againe to thee?
Or els wilt thou rehearſe it vnto mee?
That I may know thou haſt it perfect, boy.

Cla. It ſhall not need: be ſure I will report,
What you enioyne me, in moſt earneſt ſort.

Clo. Ah doe good boy. Although I feare it will,
Auaile me little: for I doubt his heart
Is repoſſeſſed with another loue.

Cla. Another loue? Who may that be, I pray?

Clo. With *Amarillis*, I haue heard: for they
Are thought, will in the end make vp a match.

Cla. With *Amarillis*? Well, yet will I goe,
And try his humour whether it be ſo?

Clo. Goe good *Clarindo*, but thou muſt not faile
To worke effectually for my auaile.
And doe not ſtay, returne with ſpeed good boy,
My paſſions are to great, t'indure delay.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Clarindo ſolus.

THirſis in loue with *Amarillis*? then
In what a caſe am I? what doth auaile,
This altred habite, that belies my Sexe?
Whar boots it t'haue eſcap'd from Pirats hands
And with ſuch wiles to haue deceiu'd their wills,
If I returne to fall on worſer ills?
In loue with *Amarillis*? is that ſo?
Is *Siluia* then forgot? that hath endur'd
So much for him? doe all theſe miſeries
(Cauſ'd by his meanes) deſerue no better hire?
VVas it the greateſt comfort of my life,

To

To haue return'd, that I might comfort him?
And am I welcom'd thus? ah did mine eyes
Take neuer reſt, after I was arriu'd
Till I had ſeene him, though vnknowne to him?
Being hidden thus, and couer'd with diſguiſe
And maſculine attire, to temporize
Vntill *Alexis* mariage day be paſt,
VVhich ſhortly as I heare will be: and which
VVould free me wholly from my fathers feare:
VVho if he knew I were return'd, would yet
Vndoe I doubt that match, to match me there.
Which would be more then all my ſuffrings were.
Indeed me thought when I beheld the face
Of my deere *Thirſis*, I beheld a face
Confounded all with paſſion, which did much
Afflict my heart: but yet I little thought
It could haue beene for any others loue.
I did ſuppoſe the memory of me,
And of my rapture, had poſſeſt him ſo,
As made him ſhew that countenance of woe.
And much adoe had I then to forbeare
From caſting me into his armes, and yeild
What comfort my poore ſelfe could yeild, but that
I thought our ioyes would not haue bin complete,
But might haue yeilded vs anoyes as great,
Vnleſſe I could come wholly his, and cleer'd
From all thoſe former dangers which we fear'd:
Which now a little ſtay (though any ſtay
Be death to me) would wholly take away.
And therefore I reſolu'd my ſelfe to beare
This burthen of our ſufferings yet a while,
And to become a ſeruant in this guiſe,
To her I would haue ſcorned otherwiſe:
And be at all commands, to goe, and come,
To trudge into the fields, early, and late.
Which though I know, it misbecomes my ſtate:

Yet

Yet it becomes my fortune, which is that,
Not *Phillis* whom I ſerue: but ſince I ſerue,
I will doe what I doe moſt faithfully.
But *Thirſis*, is it poſſible that thou
Shouldſt ſo forget me, and forgoe thy vow?
Or is it but a flying vaine report,
That ſlanders thine affection in this ſort?
It may be ſo, and God grant it may be ſo:
I ſhall ſoone finde if thou be falſe or no:
But ah here comes my Fury, I muſt flie.

ACT. I. SCEN. IIII.

Phillis. Clarindo.

AH cruell youth, whither away ſo faſt?
Cla. Good *Phillis* do not ſtay me, I haue haſt.
Phi. What haſt ſhoudſt thou haue but to comfort me,
Who hath no other comfort but in thee?
Cla. Alas thou do'ſt but trouble me in vaine,
I cannot helpe thee: t' is not in my powre.
Phil. Not in thy powre *Clarindo*? ah if thou
Hadſt any thing of manlines, thou wouldſt.
Cla. But if I haue not, what doth it auaile
In this ſort to torment thy ſelfe and me?
And therefore pre-thee *Phillis* let me goe.
Phil. Ah whither canſt thou go, where thou ſhalt be
More deerely lou'd and cheriſht then with me?
Cla. But that my purpoſe cannot ſatisfie,
I muſt be gone, there is no remedie.
Phi. O cruell youth, will thy heart nothing moue?
Shew me yet pittie, if thou ſhew not loue.
Cla. Beleeue me *Phillis* I do pittie thee;
And more, lament thy error, ſo farewell.
Phi. And art thou gone hard-hearted youth? haſt thou
Thus diſappointed my deſires, and let

My

My ſhame t'afflict me worſer then my loue?
Now in what caſe am I, that neither can
Recall my modeſtie, nor thee againe?
Ah were it now to do againe, my paſſions ſhould
Haue ſmothred me to death, before I would
Haue ſhew'n the ſmalleſt ſparkle of my flame.
But it is done, and I am now vndone.
Ah hadſt thou beene a man, and had that part
Of vnderſtanding of a womans heart,
My words had beene vnborne, onely mine eies
Had beene a tongue enough to one were wiſe.
But this it is, to loue a boy, whoſe yeares.
Conceiues not his owne good, nor weighes my teares.
But this diſgrace I iuſtly haue deſeru'd.

SCEN. V.

Lidia. Phillis.

SO *Phillis* haue you, and y'are rightly ſeru'd.
Haue you diſdain'd the gallanſt Forreſtrs,
And braueſt heardſmen all *Arcadia* hath,
And now in loue with one is not a man?
Aſſure your ſelfe this is a iuſt reuenge
Loue takes, for your miſpriſion of his powre.
I told you often there would come a time,
When you would ſure be plagu'd for ſuch a crime:
But you would laugh at me, as one you thought
Conceiu'd not of what mettall you were wrought.
Is this you, who would wonder any nimphes
Could euer be ſo fooliſh as to loue?
Who is ſo fooliſh now? *Phil.* Peace *Lidia*, peace,
Adde not more griefe t'a heart that hath too much,
Do not inſult vpon her miſery,
VVhoſe flame, God wot, needs water, and not oyle
Thou ſeeſt I am vndone, caught in the toyle

Of an intangling miſchiefe: tell me how
I may recouer, and vnwinde me now.

Lid. That doth require more time, we wil apart
Conſult thereof, be you but rul'd by me,
And you ſhall finde, I, yet, will ſet you free.

Exeunt.

The ſong of the firſt Chorus.

Loue is a ſickneſſe full of woes,
All remedies refuſing:
A plant that with moſt cutting growes,
Moſt barren with beſt vſing.
Why ſo?
More we enioy it, more it dyes,
If not enioy'd, it ſighing cries,
Hey ho.
Loue is a torment of the minde,
A tempeſt euerlaſting;
And Ioue hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full nor faſting.
Why ſo?
More we enioy it, more it dies,
If not enioyd, it ſighing cries,
Hey ho.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Siluanus. Dorcas. Montanus.

IN what a meane regard are we now held,
We actiue and laborious forreſters?
Who though our liuing rurall be and rough,
Yet heretofore were we for valour priz'd,
And well eſteem'd in all good companies:
Nor would the daintieſt nymphs that vallyes haunt
Or fields inhabite, euer haue deſpis'd

Out

Our ſiluane ſongs, nor yet our plaine diſcourſe;
But gracefully accepted of our skill,
And often of our loues, when they haue ſeene
How faithfull and how conſtant we haue beene.
Dor. It's true *Siluanus*, but you ſee the times
Are altred now, and they ſo dainty growne,
By being ador'd, and woo'd, and followed ſo
Of thoſe vnſinowed amorous heardſmen, who
By reaſon of their rich and mighty flockes,
Supply their pleaſures with that plenteouſneſſe,
As they diſdaine our plainneſſe, and do ſcorne
Our company, as men rude and ill borne.
Sil. Well, ſo they doe; but *Dorcas* if you marke
How oft they doe miſcarry in their loue,
And how diſloyall theſe fine heardſmen prooue;
You ſhall perceiue how their aboundant ſtore
Payes not their expectation, nor deſires.
Witneſſe theſe groues wherein they oft deplore
The miſerable paſſions they ſuſtaine;
And how perfidious, wayward, and vnkinde,
They finde their loues to be; which we, who are
The eyes, and eares of woods, oft ſee and heare.
For hither to theſe groues they muſt reſort,
And here one wayles apart the vſage hard
Of her diſordred, wilde, and wilfull mate:
There mournes another her vnhappy ſtate,
Held euer in reſtraint, and in ſuſpect:
Another to her truſty confident,
Laments how ſhe is matcht to ſuch a one
As cannot giue a woman her content.
Another grieues how ſhee hath got a foole,
Whoſe bed, although ſhe loath, ſhe muſt endure.
And thus they all vnhappy by that meanes
Which they accompt would bring all happineſſe;
Moſt wealthely are plagu'd, with rich diſtreſſe.
Dor. And ſo they are, but yet this was not wont

To be the faſhion here; there was a time
Before *Arcadia* came to be diſeas'd
With theſe corrupted humours reigning now,
That choiſe was made of vertue and deſert,
Without reſpect of any other endes:
When loue was onely maſter of their hearts,
And rul'd alone: when ſimple thoughts produc'd
Plaine honeſt deedes, and euery one contends
To haue his fame to follow his deſerts,
And not his ſhewes; to be the ſame he was,
Not ſeem'd to be: and then were no ſuch parts
Of falſe deceiuings plaid, as now we ſee.
But after that accurſed greedineſſe
Of wealth began to enter and poſſeſſe
The hearts of men, integritie was loſt,
And with it they themſelues, for neuer more;
Came they to be in their owne powre againe.
That Tyrant vanquiſht them, made them all ſlaues,
That brought baſe ſeruitude into the world,
Which elſe had neuer bin; that onely made
Them to endure all whatſoeuer weights
Powre could deuiſe to lay vp their necke.
For rather then they would not haue, they would not be
But miſerable. So that no deuice
Needes elſe to keepe them vnder, they themſelues
Will beare farre more then they are made, themſelues
VVill adde vnto their fetters, rather then
They would not be, or held to be great men.
Sil. Then *Dorcas*, how much more are we to prize
Our meane eſtate, which they ſo much deſpiſe?
Conſidering that we doe enioy thereby,
The deareſt thing in nature, *Liberty*.
And are not tortur'd with thoſe hopes and feares,
Th'affliction layd on ſuperfluities,
VVhich make them to obſcure, and ſerue the times:
But are content with what the earth, the woods

And

And riuers reere doe readily afforde
And therewithall furniſh our homely borde.
Thoſe vnbought cates pleaſe our vnlearned throats
That vnderſtand not dainties, euen as well
As all their delicates, which doe but ſtuffe
And not ſuſtaine the ſtomacke: and indeede
As wel obſeruing belly doth make much
For liberty; for hee that can but liue,
Although with rootes, and haue no hopes, is free
Without the verge of any ſou'rainty.
And is a Lord at home, commands the day
As his till night, and then repoſes him
At his owne houres, thinkes on no ſtratagem
But how to take his game, hath no deſigne
To croſſe next day: no plots to vndermine.

Dor. But why *Montanus* do you looke ſo ſad?
What is the cauſe your minde is not as free
As your eſtate? what, haue you had of late
Some coy repulſe of your diſdainfull nymph,
To whom loue hath ſubdu'd you? who indeede
Our onely maſter is, and no Lord elſe
But he, hath any power to vexe as here;
Which had he not, we too too happy were.

Mon. In troth I muſt confeſſe, when now you two
Found me in yonder thicket, I had loſt
My ſelfe, by hauing ſeene that which I would
I had not had theſe eyes to ſee; and iudge
If I great reaſon haue not to complaine:
You ſee I am a man, though not ſo gay
And delicate clad, as are your fine
And amorous dainty heardſmen; yet a man,
And that not baſe, not vn-allyde to *Pan*;
And of a ſpirit doth not degenerate
From my robuſtious manly anceſtours,
Being neuer foild in any wraſtling game,
But ſtill haue borne away the chiefeſt prize

In euery braue and actiue exerciſe.
Yet uot withſtanding that diſdainfull mayd,
Prowd *Phillis*, doth deſpiſe me and my loue,
And will not daigne ſo much as here me ſpeake,
But doth abiure, forſooth, the thought of loue.
Yet ſhall I tell you (yet aſham'd to tell;)
This coy vnlouing ſoule, I ſaw ere while
Soliciting a youth, a ſmooth fac'd boy,
Whom in her armes ſhe held (as ſeem'd to me,
Being cloſely buſht a prety diſtance off.)
Againſt his will; and with ſtrange paſſion vrg'd
His ſtay, who ſeem'd, ſtruggled to get away,
And yet ſhe ſtaid him, yet intreates his ſtay.
At which ſtrange ſight, imagine I that ſtood
Spectatour, how confoundedly I ſtood,
And hardly could forbeare from running in
To claime for mine, if euer loue had right,
Thoſe her imbraces caſt away in ſight:
But ſtaying to behold the end, I ſtaid
Too long; the boy gets looſe, her ſelfe retires,
And you came in; but if I liue, that boy
Shall dearely pay for his misfortune, that
He was beloued of her, of whom I would
Haue none on earth beloued, but my ſelfe.

Dor. That were to bite the ſtone, a thing vniuſt,
To puniſh him for her conceiued luſt.

Mon. Tuſh, many in this world we ſee are caught,
And ſuffer for misfortune, not their fault.

Sil. But that would not become your manlines,
Montanus, it were ſhame for valiant men.
To doe vnworthily.

Mon. Speake not of that, *Siluanus*, if my rage
Irregular be made, it muſt worke like effects.

Dor. Theſe are but billowes, tumbling after ſtormes,
They laſt not long, come let ſome exerciſe
Diuert that humour, and conuert your thoughts

To

To know your ſelfe; ſcorne her who ſcorneth you;
Idolatrize not ſo that Sexe, but hold
A man of ſtrawe more then a wife of gold.

Exeunt.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Lidia. Phillis.

YOu muſt not *Phillis*, be ſo ſenſible
Of theſe ſmall touches which your paſſion makes
Phi. Small touches *Lidia*, do you count them ſmall?
Can there vnto a woman worſe befall
Then hath to me? what? haue not I loſt all
That is moſt deare to vs, loue and my fame?
Is there a third thing *Lidia* you can name
That is ſo precious as to match with theſe?
Lid. Now filly girle, how fondly do you talke?
How haue you loſt your fame; what for a few
Ill fauour'd louing words, vttred in ieaſt
Vnto a fooliſh youth? Cannot you ſay
You did but to make triall how you could,
If ſuch a peeuiſh qualme of paſſion ſhould
(As neuer ſhall) oppreſſe your tender heart,
Frame your conceit to ſpeake, to looke, to ſigh
Like to a heart-ſtrooke louer; and that you
Perceiuing him to be a baſhfull youth,
Thought to put ſpirit in him, and make you ſport.
Phi. Ah *Lidia*, but he ſaw I did not ſport,
He ſaw my teares, and more, what ſhall I ſay?
He ſaw too much, and that which neuer man
Shall euer ſee againe whil'ſt I haue breath.
Lid. Are you ſo ſimple as you make your ſelfe?
What did he ſee? a counterfeited ſhew
Of paſſion, which you may, if you were wiſe,
Make him as eaſily to vnbeleeue,

As what he neuer ſaw; and thinke his eyes
Conſpir'd his vnderſtanding to deceiue.
How many women, thinke you, being eſpide
In neerer-touching caſes by miſchance,
Haue yet not onely ſac'd their louers downe
For what they ſaw, but brought them to beleeue
They had not ſeene the thing which they had ſeene,
Yea and ſo ſweare it too; and to condemne
Themſelues? ſuch meanes can wit deuiſe
To make mens mindes vncredit their owne eies.
And therefore let not ſuch a toy as this
Diſeaſe your thoughts: and for your loſſe of loue,
It is as much as nothing. I would turne
A paſſion vpon that ſhould ouerturne
It cleane, and that is wrath; one heate
Expels another. I would make my thoughts of skorne
To be in height ſo much aboue my loue,
As they ſhould eaſe and pleaſe me more by farre.
I would diſdaine to caſt a looke that way
Where he ſhould ſtand, vnleſſe it were in skorne,
Or thinke a thought of him, but how to worke
Him all diſgrace that poſſibly I could.
Phi. That *Lidia* can I neuer doe, let him
Do what he will to me: report my ſhame,
And vaunt his fortune, and my weakneſſe blame.
Lid. Nay as for that, he ſhall be ſo well charmd
Ere I haue done, as you ſhall feare no tales.
Phi. Ah *Lidia*, could that be without his harme,
How bleſſed ſhould I be: But ſee where comes
My great tormentor, that rude Forreſter.
Good *Lidia* let vs flie, I hate his ſight
Next to the ill I ſuffer: let vs flie,
We ſhall be troubled with him wofully.
Lid. Content you *Phillis*, ſtay and heare him ſpeake:
We may make vſe of him more then you thinke.
Phil. What vſe can of ſo groſſe a peece be made?

Lid.

Lid. The better vſe be ſure, for being groſſe,
Your ſubtler ſpirits full of their fineſſes,
Serue their owne turnes in others buſineſſes.

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Montanus. Lidia. Phillis.

VVHat pleaſure can I take to chaſe wild beaſts,
When I my ſelfe am chac'd more egarly
By mine owne paſſions, and can finde no reſt?
Let them who haue their heart at libertie,
Attend thoſe ſports. I cannot be from hence,
Where I receiu'd my hurt, here muſt I tread
The maze of my perplexed miſerie.
And here ſee where ſhee is the cauſe of all?
And now, what ſhall I doe? what ſhall I ſay?
How ſhall I looke? how ſtand? which vtter firſt?
My loue or wrath? Alas I know not which.
Now were it not as good haue beene away,
As thus to come, and not tell what to ſay?
Phil. See *Lidia* ſee, how ſauagely hee lookes,
Good let vs goe, I neuer ſhall endure
To heare him bellow. *Lid.* Prethee *Phillis* ſtay
And giue him yet the hearing, in reſpect
Hee loues you, otherwiſe you ſhew your ſelfe
A ſauage more then hee. *Phil.* Well, if I heare,
I will not anſwere him a word, you ſhall reply,
And prethee *Lidia* doe, reply for mee.
Lid. For that we ſhall, *Phillis*, doe well enough
When he begins, who ſeemes is very long
To giue the onſet, ſure the man is much
Perplexed, or he ſtudies what to ſay.
Phil. Good *Lidia* ſee how he hath trickt himſelfe,
Now ſure this gay freſh ſuite as ſeemes to mee
Hangs like green Iuy on a rotten tree.

Lid.

Lid. Some beasts do weare gray beards beside your goates:
And beare within him, this suit bewraies yong thoughts.
Mon. Ah was it not enough to be oppresst
With that confounding passion of my loue
And her disdaine, but that I must be torne
With wrath and enuy too, and haue no veine
Free from the racke of sufferings, that I can
Nor speake nor thinke but most distractedly?
How shall I now begin, that haue no way
To let out any passion by it selfe,
But that they all will thrust together so
As none will be expressed as they ought?
But something I must say now I am here.
And be it what it will, loue, enuie, wrath,
Or all together in a comberment,
My words must be like me, perplext and rent,
And so I'le to her. *Phi. Lidia*, see he comes.
Lid. He comes indeed, and as me thinkes doth shew
More trouble in his face by farre, then loue.
Mon. Faire *Phillis*, and too faire for such a one,
Vnlesse you kinder were, or better then
I know you are: how much I haue endur'd
For you, although you scorne to know, I feele,
And did imagine, that in being a man
Who might deserue regard, I should haue bin
Prefer'd before a boy. But well, I see
Your seeming and your being disagree.
Phil. What *Lidia*, doth he brawle? what meanes he thus
To speake and looke in this strange sort on me.
Mon. Well modest *Phillis*, neuer looke so coy,
These eyes beheld you dallying with a boy.
Phil. Me with a boy, *Montanus*? when? where? how?
Mon. To day, here, in most lasciuious sort.
Lid. Ah, ha, he sawe you *Phillis*, when
This morning you did striue with *Cloris* boy
To haue your Garland, which he snatcht away,

And

And kept it from you by ſtrong force and might:
And you againe laid hold vpon the ſame,
And held it faſt vntill with much adoe
He wrung it from your hands, and got away.
And this is that great matter which he ſaw.
Now fye *Montanius* fye, are you ſo groſſe,
T'imagine ſuch a worthy Nymph as ſhee
Would be in loue with ſuch a youth as he?
Why now you haue vndone your credit quite,
You neuer can make her amends for this
So impious a ſurmiſe, nor euer can
Shee, as ſhee reaſon hath, but muſt deſpiſe
Your groſſeneſſe; who ſhould rather haue come in
And righted her, then ſuffer ſuch a one
To offer an indignity ſo vile,
And you ſtand prying in a buſh the while.
Mon. What do I heare? what, am I not my ſelfe?
How? haue mine eyes double vndone me then?
Firſt ſeeing *Phillis* face, and now her fact,
Or elſe the fact I ſaw, I did not ſee?
And ſince thou haſt my vnderſtanding wrong'd,
And traytour-like giuen falſe intelligence,
Whereby my iudgement comes to paſſe amiſſe.
And yet I thinke my ſenſe was in the right:
And yet in this amaze I cannot tell,
But howſoere, I in an errour am,
In louing, or beleeuing, or in both.
And therefore *Phillis*, at thy feet I fall,
And pardon craue for this my groſſe ſurmiſe.
Lid. But this, *Montanius*, will not now ſuffiſe,
You quite haue loſt her, and your hopes and all.
Mon. Good *Lidia* yet intreate her to relent,
And let her but command me any thing
That is within the power of man to do,
And you ſhall finde *Montanius* will performe
More then a Gyant, and will ſtead her more

Then

Then all the Heardſmen in *Arcadia* can.
Lid, Shee will command you nothing; but I wiſh
You would a little terrifie that boy
As he may neuer dare to vſe her name
But in all reuerence as is fit for her.
But doe not you examine him a word;
For that were neither for your dignity,
Nor hers, that ſuch a boy as he ſhould ſtand
And iuſtifie himſelfe in ſuch a caſe,
Who would but faine vntruths vnto your face.
And herein you ſome ſeruice ſhall performe,
As may perhaps make her to thinke on you.
Mon. Alas, this is a worke ſo farre, ſo low
Beneath my worth, as I account it none,
Were it t'incounter ſome fierce mountaine beaſt
Or Monſter, it were ſomething fitting mee.
But yet this will I doe, and doe it home,
Aſſure you *Lidia*: as I liue I will.
Phil. But yet I would not haue you hurt the youth,
For that were neither grace for you nor mee.
Mon. That as my rage will tollerate muſt be.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Cloris. *Clarindo.*

HEere comes my long expected meſſenger,
God grant the newes hee bring may make amends
For his long ſtay; and ſure, I hope it will.
Me thinkes his face bewraies more iollytie
In his returning then in going hence.
Cla. Well, all is well; no *Amarillis* hath
Supplanted *Silvias* loue in *Thirſis* heart,
Nor any ſhall: but ſee where *Cloris* lookes
For what I ſhall not bring her at this time.
Clo. *Clarindo* thought my longing would be faine
Diſpatch'd

Diſpatch'd at once,and heare my doome pronounc'd
All in a word of either life or death,
Yet doe not tell it but by circumſtance.
Tell me the manner vvhere,and how thou foundſt
My *Thirſis*, what hee ſaid, how look'd, how far'd,
How he receiu'd my meſſage, vſed thee;
And all in briefe, but yet be ſure tell all,
Cla. All will I tell,as neere as I can tell.
Firſt after tedious ſearching vp and downe,
I found him all alone, like a hurt Deare,
Got vnder couer in a ſhadie groue,
Hard by a little chriſtall purling ſpring,
Which but one ſullen note of murmur held;
And where no Sunne could ſee him,where no eye
Might ouerlooke his louely primacy.
There in a path of his owne making,trode
Bare as a common way, yet led no way
Beyond the turnes he made(which were but ſhort)
With armes a croſſe, his hat downe on his eyes
(As if thoſe ſhades yeelded not ſhade ynough,
To darken them) he walkes with often ſtops,
Vneuen pace, like motions to his thoughts.
And when he heard me comming, for his eares
Were quicker watches then his eyes,it ſeem'd;
Hee ſuddenly lookes vp, ſtaies ſuddenly,
And with a brow that told how much the ſight
Of any interrupter troubled him,
Beheld me, without ſpeaking any word,
As if expecting what I had to ſay.
I finding him in this confus'd diſmay,
Who heretofore had ſeene him otherwiſe:
I muſt confeſſe, (for tell you all I muſt.)
A trembling paſſion ouerwhelmd my breaſt,
So that I likewiſe ſtood confus'd and dumbe,
And onely lookt on him,as he on me.
In this ſtrange poſture like two ſtatues we

Remaind

Remaind a while; but with this difference ſet:
He bluſht, and I look'd pale; my face did ſhew
Ioy to ſee him, his trouble to be ſeene.
At length bethinking me for what I came,
What part I had to act, I rowzd my ſpirits,
And ſet my ſelfe to ſpeake; although I wiſht
He would haue firſt begun; and yet before
A word would iſſue, twiſe I bowd my knee,
Twice kiſt my hand; my action ſo much was
More ready then my tongue: at laſt I told
Whoſe meſſenger I was, and how I came
To intimate the ſadde diſtreſſed caſe
Of an afflicted Nymph, whoſe onely helpe
Remaind in him: he when he heard the name
Of *Cloris*, turnes away his head, and ſhrinkes,
As if he grieued that you ſhould grieue for him.
Clo. No, no, it troubled him to heare my name,
Which he deſpiſes, is he ſo peruers
And wayward ſtill? ah then I ſee no hope.
Clarindo, would to God thou hadſt not gone,
I could be, but as now, I am vndone.
Cla. Haue patience Miſtres, and but keare the reſt.
When I perceiu'd his ſuffrings, with the touch
And ſodaine ſtop it gaue him, preſently
I layd on all the waights that motion might
Procure, and him beſought, adiur'd, invok'd,
By all the rights of Nature, pietie,
And manlines, to heare my meſſage out.
Told him how much the matter did import
Your ſafety and his fame. How he was bound
In all humanity to right the ſame.
Clo. That vvas vvell done my boy, vvhat ſaid he then?
Cla. Hee turnes about, and fixt his eyes on mee,
Content to giue his eares a quiet leaue,
To heare me, vvhen I faild not to relate
All vvhat I had in charge; and all he heares,

And

And lookes directly on me all the vvhile.
Clo. I doubt he noted thee more then thy vvords,
But now *Clarindo*, vvhat vvas his reply?
Cla. Thus. Tell faire *Cloris*, my good boy, how that
I am not ſo diſnatured a man,
Or ſo ill borne, to diſeſteeme her loue,
Or not to grieue, (as I protect I doe)
That ſhe ſhould ſo afflict her ſelfe for mee.
But. *Clo.* Ah now comes that bitter vvord of But
Which makes all nothing, that vvas ſaid before.
That ſmooths and vvounds, that ſtroakes and daſhes more
Then flat denyals, or a plaine diſgrace.
But tell me yet vvhat followed on that *But*?
Cla. Tell her (ſaid hee) that I deſire ſhee would
Redeeme her ſelfe at any price ſhee could,
And neuer let her thinke on mee, vvho am
But euen the barke, and outſide of a man,
That trades not vvith the liuing, neither can
Nor euer vvill keepe other company.
Then vvith the dead. My *Siluias* memory
Is all that I muſt euer liue vvithall.
With that his teares, vvhich likewiſe forced mine,
Set me againe vpon another racke
Of paſſion ſo, that of my ſelfe I ſought
To comfort him the beſt I could deuiſe.
And I beſought him that it vvould not be
Tranſported thus. But know that vvith the dead
He ſhould no more conuerſe: and how his loue
Was liuing, that vvould giue him all content,
And vvas all his intire, and pure, and vviſht
To liue no longer then ſhee ſhould be ſo.
When more I vvould haue ſaid, he ſhooke his head
And vvild me ſpeake no further at that time,
But leaue him to himſelfe, and to returne
Againe anone, and he vvould tell me more;
Commending me for hauing done the part

Both

Both of a true and mouing meſſenger.
And ſo I tooke my leaue, and came my vvay.
Clo. Returne againe? no, to what end,
If hee be conceited, and ſo fond
To entertaine a ſhadow; I haue done,
And vviſh, that I had neuer done ſo much.
Shall I deſcend below my ſelfe, to ſend
To one is not himſelfe? Let him alone
With his dead Image: you ſhall goe no more.
Haue I here fram'd vvith all the art I could
This Garland deckt vvith all the various flowres,
Arcadia yeeld, in hope hee vvould ſend backe
Some comfort, that I might therwith haue crown'd
His loue, and vvitneſs'd mine, in thendles round
Of this faire ring, the Character of faith?
But now he ſhall haue none of it, I rather vvill
Rend it in peeces, and diſhatter all
Into a Chaos, like his formeles thoughts.
But yet thou ſaiſt hee vvild thee to returne,
And he vvould tell thee more.
Cla. Yes ſo hee ſaide.
Clo. Perhaps thy vvords might yet ſo vvorke vvith him
As that hee takes this time to thinke on them,
And then I ſhould doe vvrong to keepe thee backe.
Well thou ſhalt goe, and carry him from mee
This Garland, vvorke it vvhat effect it vvill.
But yet I know it vvill doe nothing. Stay
Thou ſhalt not goe, for ſure hee ſaid but that
To put thee off, that he might be alone
At his idolatrie, in vvorſhipping,
A nothing, but his ſelfe made images.
But yet he may be vvearied with thoſe thoughts
As hauing worne them long, and end they muſt:
And this my meſſage comming in fit time,
And moouingly deliuered, may take hold:
He ſaid thou wert a moouing meſſenger.

Clarindo,

Clarindo, did he not?

Cla. Yes ſo he ſayd.

Clo. Well, thou ſhalt goe; and yet if any thought
Of me ſhould moue him, he knowes well my minde
(If not too well,) and where he may me finde.
Thou ſhalt not goe *Clarindo*, nor will I
Diſgrace me more with importunity:
And yet if ſuch a motion ſhould take fire,
And finde no matter ready, it would out,
And opportunities muſt not be ſlackt
Clarindo, thou ſhalt go, and as thou goeſt,
Looke to my flocke, and ſo God ſpeed thee well.

SCEN. V.

Clarindo, alias Silvia ſolus.

VVEll, this imployment makes for my auaile,
For hereby haue I meanes to ſee my loue;
Who likewiſe ſees me, though he ſees me not;
Nor do I ſee him as I would I did.
But I muſt by ſome meanes or other make
Him know I liue; and yet not ſo as he
May know that I am I, for feare we might
Miſcary in our ioyes by ouer haſte.
But it is more then time his ſuffrings were
Releeu'd in ſome cloſe ſort; and that can I deuiſe
No way to doe, but by relating how
I heard of an eſcape a nymph did make
From pirats lately, and was ſafe return'd.
And ſo to tell ſome ſtory that containes
Our fortunes and our loues, in other names;
And wiſh him to expect the like euent;
For I perceiue him very well content
To heare me ſpeake; and ſure he hath ſome note,
Although ſo darkly drawne, as that his eyes

Cannot expreſly reade it; yet it ſhowes
Him ſomething, which he rather feeles, then knowes.

The ſong of the ſecond Chorus.

Deſire that is of things vngot,
See what trauaile it procureth,
And how much the minde endureth,
To gaine what yet it gaineth not:
For neuer was it paid,
The charge defraide,
According to the price of thought.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Charinus, the father of *Thirſis*. *Palamon*.

PAlamon, you me thinkes might ſomething worke
With *Thirſis* my aggrieued ſonne, and ſound
His humour what it is: and why he thus
Afflicts himſelfe in ſolitarineſſe.
You two were wont to be moſt inward friends,
And glad I was to ſee it; knowing you
To be a man well tempred, fit to ſort
With his raw youth; can you do nothing now,
To win him from this vile captiuity
Of paſſion, that withholdes him from the world?

Pal. In troth, *Charinus*, I haue oftentimes,
As one that ſuffred for his grieuances,
Aſſayd to finde a way into the cauſe
Of his ſo ſtrange diſmay; and by all meanes
Aduis'd him make redemption of himſelfe,
And come to life againe, and be a man
With men: but all ſerues not, I finde him lockt
Faſt to his will, alleadge I what I can.

Char. But will he not impart to you the cauſe?

Pal.

Pal. The cauſe is loue;but it is ſuch a loue,
As is not to be had. *Cha.* Not to be had?
Palamon,if his loue be regular,
Is there in all *Arcadia* any ſhe,
Whom his ability, his ſhape,and worth
May not attaine,he being my onely ſonne?
Pal. She is not in *Arcadia* whom he loues,
Nor in the world,and yet he deerely loues.
Cha. How may that be,*Palamon*? tell me plaine.
Pal. Thus plainly;he's in loue with a dead woman
And that ſo farre,as with the thought of her
Which hath ſhut out all other,he alone
Liues,and abhorres to be,or ſeene, or knowne,
Cha. What was this creature could poſſeſſe him ſo?
Pal. Faire *Silvia*,old *Mederus* daughter,who
Was two yeares paſt reported to be ſlaine
By ſauage beaſts vpon our Country ſhore.
Cha. Is that his griefe? alas, I rather thought
It appertain'd vnto anothers part
To wayle her death: *Alexis* ſhould doe that
To whom her father had diſpoſed her,
And ſhe eſteemed onely to be his.
Why ſhould my ſonne afflict him more for her,
Then doth *Alexis*,who this day doth wed
Faire *Galatea*,and forgets the dead?
And here the ſhepheards come to celebrate
His ioyfull nuptials with all merriment,
Which doth increaſe my cares,conſidering
The comforts other parents do receiue:
And therefore good *Palamon* worke all meanes
You can to win him from his peeuiſh will,
And draw him to theſe ſhewes,to companies,
That others pleaſures may inkindle his,
And tell him what a ſinne he doth commit,
To waſte his youth in ſolitarineſſe,
And take a courſe to end vs all in him.

Pal. Assure your selfe *Charinus*, as I haue
So will I still imploy my vtmost powre,
To saue him; for me thinkes it pitty were,
So rare a peece of worth should so be lost,
That ought to be preserued at my cost.

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Charinus. Medorus.

Medoras come, we two must sit, and mourne
Whilst others reuell. We are not for sports,
Or nuptiall shewes, which will but shew vs more
Our miseries, in being both depriu'd,
The comforts of our issue, which might haue
(And was as like to haue) made our hearts
As ioyfull now, as others are in theirs.

Med. Indeed *Charinus*, I for my part haue
Iust cause to grieue amidst these festiuals,
For they should haue beene mine. This day I should
Haue seene my daughter *Siluia* how she would
Haue womand it; these rites had beene her grace,
And she had sat in *Galateas* place.
And now had warm'd my heart to see my blood
Preseru'd in her; had she not beene so rapt
And rent from off the liuing as she was.
But your case is not pararell with mine,
You haue a sonne, *Charinus*, that doth liue,
And may one day to you like comforts giue.

Cha. Indeed I haue a sonne; but yet to say he liues,
I cannot; for who liues not to the world,
Nor to himselfe, cannot be sayd to liue:
For euer since that you your daughter lost,
I lost my sonne: for from that day he hath
Imbrak'd in shades and solitarinesse,
Shut himselfe vp from light or company

Of

Of any liuing: and as now I heard,
By good *Palamon*, vowes ſtill ſo to doe.
Med. And did your ſonne, my daughter loue ſo deare?
Now good *Charinus*, I muſt grieue the more,
If more my heart could ſuffer then it doth;
For now I feele the horrour of my deede,
In hauing croſt the worthieſt match on earth.
Now I perceiue why *Siluia* did refuſe
To marry with *Alexis*, hauing made
A worthier choice; which oh had I had grace
To haue foreſeene, perhaps this diſmall chance
Neuer had beene, and now they both had had
Ioy of their loues, and we the like of them.
But ah my greedy eye, viewing the large
And ſpacious ſheep-walkes ioyning vnto mine,
Whereof *Alexis* was poſſeſt, made me,
As worldlings doe, deſire to marry grounds,
And not affections, which haue other bounds.
How oft haue I with threats, with promiſes,
With all perſwaſions, ſought to win her minde
To fancy him, yet all would not preuaile?
How oft hath ſhe againe vpon her knees
With teares beſought me; Oh deare father mine
Doe not inforce me to accept a man
I cannot fancy: rather take from me,
The life you gaue me, then afflict it ſo.
Yet all this would not alter mine intent,
This was the man ſhe muſt affect or none.
But ah what ſinne was this to torture ſo
A heart forevow'd vnto a better choice,
Where goodneſſe met in one the ſelfe ſame point,
And vertues anſwer'd in an equall ioynt?
Sure, ſure, *Charinus*, for this ſinne of mine
The gods bereaſt me of my child, and would
Not haue her be, to be without her heart,
Nor me take ioy where I did none impart.

Cha. Medorus, thus we ſee mans wretchedneſſe
That learnes this errours but by their ſucceſſe,
And when there is no remedie; and now
VVe can but wiſh it had beene otherwiſe.
Med. And in that wiſh *Charinus* we are rackt;
But I remember now I often haue
Had ſhadowes in my ſleepe that figures bare
Of ſome ſuch liking twixt your childe and mine.
And this laſt night a pleaſing dreame I had
(Though dreames of ioy makes wakers minds more ſad)
Me thought my daughter *Siluia* was return'd
In moſt ſtrange faſhion, and vpon her knees
Craues my good will for *Thirſis*, otherwiſe
She would be gone againe and ſeene no more.
I at the ſight of my deare childe, was rapt
VVith that exceſſe of ioy, as gaue no time
Either for me to anſwere her requeſt,
Or leaue for ſleepe to figure out the reſt,
Cha. Alas *Medorus*, dreames are vapours, which
Ingendred with day thoughts, fall in the night
And vaniſh with the morning; are but made
Afflictions vnto man, to th'end he might
Not reſt in reſt, but toile both day and night.
But ſee here comes my ſolitarie ſonne:
Let vs ſtand cloſe *Modorus* out of ſight,
And note how he behaues himſelfe in this
Affliction, and diſtreſſed, caſe of his.

SCEN. III.

Thirſis ſolus.

THis is the day, the day, the lamentable day
Of my deſtruction, which the Sun hath twice
Return'd vnto my griefe, which keepe one courſe
Continually with it in motion like.

But

But that they neuer ſet: this day doth claime
Th'eſpeciall tribute of my ſighes and teares,
Though euery day I duely pay my teares
Vnto that ſoule which this day left the world.
And yet I know not why? me thoughts the Sun
Aroſe this day with farre more cheerefull raies
With brighter beames, then vſually it did
As if it would bring ſomething of releaſe
Vnto my cares, or elſe my ſpirit hath had
Some manner of intelligence with hope
Wherewith my heart is vnacquainted yet:
And that might cauſe mine eie with quicker-ſence,
To note th'appearing of the eie of heauen;
But ſomething ſure I feele which doth beare vp
The weight of ſorrow eaſier then before.

SCEN. IV.

Palamon. Thirſis.

VVHat *Thirſis* ſtill in paſſion? ſtill one man?
For ſhame ſhew not your ſelfe ſo weakely ſet,
So feebly ioynted that you cannot beare
The fortunes of the world like other men.
Beleeue me *Thirſis* you much wrong your worth:
This is to be no man, to haue no powers.
Paſſions are womens parts, actions ours.
I was in hope t'haue found you otherwiſe.
Thir. How? otherwiſe *Palamon?* do not you
Hold it to be a moſt heroicke thing
To act one man, and do that part exact?
Can there be in the world more worthineſſe
Then to be conſtant? is there any thing
Shewes more a man? What, would you haue me change?
That were to haue me baſe, that were indeed
To ſhew a feeble heart, and weakely ſet.

No no *Palæmon*, I ſhould thinke my ſelfe
The moſt vnworthy man of men, ſhould I
But let a thought into this heart of mine
That might diſturbe or ſhake my conſtancy.
And thinke *Palæmon* I haue combates too,
To be the man I am, being built of fleſh,
And hauing round about me traytors too
That ſeeke to vndermine my powres, and ſteale
Into my weakeneſſes, but that I keepe
Continuall watch and ward vpon my ſelfe,
Leaſt I ſhould be ſurpriz'd at vnawares
And taken from my vowes with other ſnares.
And euen now at this inſtant I confeſſe,
Palæmon, I doe feele a certaine touch
Of comfort, which I feare to entertaine;
Leaſt it ſhould be ſome ſpie, ſent as a traine
To make diſcouery of what ſtrength I am.
Pal. Ah worthy *Thirſis*, entertaine that ſpirit
What euer elſe thou doe: ſet all the doores
Of thine affections open thereunto.
Thir. Palæmon no. Comfort and I haue beene
So long time ſtrangers, as that now I feare
To let it in, I know not how t' acquaint
My ſelfe therewith, being vſed to conuerſe
With other humours, that affect me beſt.
Nor doe I loue to haue mixt company
VVhereto I muſt of force my ſelfe apply.
Pal. But *Thirſis* thinke that this muſt haue an end,
And more it would approoue your worth to make
The ſame your worke, then time ſhould make it his.
Thir. End ſure it muſt *Palæmon*, but with me:
For ſo I by the Oracle was told
That very day wherein I loſt the day
And light of comfort that can neuer riſe
Againe to me: when I the ſaddeſt man
That euer breath'd before thoſe Altars fell,

And

And there beſought to know what was become
Of my deare *Siluia*, whether dead, or how
Reaft from the world: but that I could not learne.
Yet thus much did that voice diuine returne:
Goe youth, reſerue thy ſelfe, the day will come
Thou ſhalt be happy, and returne againe.
But when ſhall be the day demanded I,
The day thou dyeſt, replide the Oracle.
So that you ſee, it will not be in theſe
But in th'Elizian fields, where I ſhall ioy,
The day of death muſt bring me happineſſe.
Pal. You may miſtake the meaning of thoſe words
Which is not knowne before it be fulfill'd.
Yeeld you to what the gods command, if not
Vnto your friends deſires: reſerue your ſelfe
For better dayes, and thinke the Oracle
Is not vntrue, although not vnderſtood.
But howſoeuer, let it not be ſaid
That *Thirſis* being a man of ſo rare parts,
So vnderſtanding and diſcreete, ſhould pine in loue
And languiſh for a ſilly woman thus:
To be the fable of the vulgar, made
A ſcorne, and laught at, by inferiour wits.
Thir. In loue *Palamon*? know you what you ſay?
Doe you eſteeme it light to be in loue?
How haue I beene miſtaken in the choice
Of ſuch a friend, as I held you to be,
That ſeemes not, or elſe doth not vnderſtand
The nobleſt portion of humanity,
The worthieſt peece of nature ſet in man?
Ah know that when you mention loue, you name
A ſacred miſtery, a Deity,
Not vnderſtood of creatures built of mudde,
But of the pureſt and refined clay
Whereto th'eternall fires their ſpirits conuey.
And for a woman, which you prize ſo low,

Like

Like men that doe forget whence they are men;
Know her to be th'eſpeciall creatue, made
By the Creator of the complement
Of this great Architect the world; to hold
The ſame together, which would other wiſe
Fall all aſunder: and is natures chiefe
Vicegerent vpon earth-ſupplies her ſtate.
And doe you hold it weakeneſſe then to loue?
And loue ſo excellent a miracle
As is a woman, ah then let mee
Still be ſo weake, ſtill let me loue and pine!
In contemplation of that cleane, cleare ſoule,
That made mine ſee that nothing in the world
Is ſo ſupreamely beautifull as it.
Thinke not it was thoſe colours white and red
Laid but on fleſh, that could affect me ſo.
But ſomething elſe, which thought holds vnder locke
And hath no key of words to open it.
They are the ſmalleſt peeces of the minde
That paſſe this narrow organ of the voyce.
The great remaine behinde in that vaſt orbe
Of th'apprehenſion, and are neuer borne.
And therefore if your iudge cannot reach
Vnto the vnderſtanding of my Caſe,
You doe not well to put your ſelfe into
My Iury, to condemne me as you doe.
Let th'ignorant out of their dulneſſe laugh
At theſe my ſufferings, I will pitty them
To haue beene ſo ill borne, ſo miſcompos'd
As not to know vvhat thing it is to loue.
And I to great *Apollo* here appeale
The ſoueraigne of the Muſes, and of all
Well tun'd affections, and to *Cinthia* bright,
And glorious Lady of cleere faithfulneſſe;
Who from aboue looke down with blisfull beames
Vpon our humble groues, and ioy the hearts

Of

Of all the world, to ſee their mutuall loues;
They can iudge what worthineſſe there is
In worthy loue. Therefore *Palamon* peace,
Vnleſſe you did know better what it were.
And this be ſure, when as that fire goes out
In man, he is the miſerableſt thing
On earth, his day-light ſets, and is all darke
And dull within; no motions of delight,
But all oppreſt, lies ſtruggling with the weight
Of worldly cares: and this olde *Damon* ſaies,
Who well had felt what loue was in his daies.
Pal. Well *Thirſis*, well, how euer you do guilde
Your paſſions, to indeere them to your ſelfe,
You neuer ſhall induce me to beleeue,
That ſickneſſes can be of ſuch effect.
And ſo farewell, vntill you ſhall be well.

SCEN. V.

Medorus. Carinus.

O Gods, *Carinus*, what a man is this?
Who euer heard of ſuch a conſtancy?
Had I but knowne him in enioying him,
As now I doe, too late in looſing him,
How bleſt had beene mine age? but ah I was
Vnworthy of ſo great a bleſſedneſſe.
Cha. You ſee, *Medorus*, how no counſell can
Preuaile to turne the current of his his will,
To make it run in any other courſe
Then what it doth; ſo that I ſee it muſt
Eſteeme him irreuocably loſt.
But harke, the ſhepheards feſtiuals begin,
Let vs from hence, where ſadneſſe were a ſin.

Here

Here was preſented a rurall marriage, conducted with this Song

From the Temple to the Boord,
From the Boord vnto the Bed,
We conduct your maidenhead:
Wiſhing Hymen *to affoord*
All the pleaſures that he can,
Twixt a woman and a man.

ACT. IIII. SCEN. I.

Thirſis Solus.

I Thought theſe ſimple woods, theſe gentle trees
Would, in regard I am their daily gueſt,
And harbour vnderneath their ſhady rooſes,
Nor haue conſented to delude my griefes;
And mocke my miſeries with falſe reports:
But now I ſee they will afflict me too.
For as I came by yonder ſpreading Beech
Which often hath the Secretary beene
To my ſad thoughts, while I haue reſted me
(If loue had euer reſt) vnder his gentle ſhade,
I found incaru'd, and faire incaru'd, theſe words:
Thy Siluia, Thirſis, *liues; and is return'd.*
Ah me, that any hand would thus adde ſcorne
Vnto affliction; and a hand ſo faire
As this may ſeeme to be; which were more fit,
Me thinkes, for good, then to doe iniurie;
For ſure no vertue ſhould be ill imploy'd.
And which is more; the name of *Siluia* was
Caru'd in the ſelfe ſame kind of Character
Which ſhe aliue did vſe, and wherewithall
Subſcrib'd her vowes to me, who knowes it beſt;
Which ſhewes the fraud the more, and more the wrong.

Therefore

Therefore you Starres of that high Court of Heauen,
Which doe reueale deceits, and puniſh them,
Let not this crime, to counterfeit a hand
To couzin my deſires, eſcape the doome.
Nor let theſe riots of intruſion, made
Vpon my lowneſſe, by ſtrange company
Afflict me thus, but let me haue ſome reſt.
Come then, refreſher of all liuing things,
Soft ſleepe, come gently, and take truce with theſe
Oppreſſours, but come ſimple and alone.
Without theſe Images of fantaſie,
Which hurt me more then thou canſt do me good:
Let me not ſleepe, vnleſſe I could ſleepe all.

SCEN. III.

Palamon. Thirſis.

ALas, he here hath laid him downe to reſt,
It were now ſinne his quiet to moleſt;
And God forbid I ſhould; I will retire
And leaue him, for I know his griefes require
This poore relieuement of a little ſleepe.
Thir. What ſpirit here haunts me? what no time free?
Ah, is it you *Palamon*? would to God
You would forbeare me but a little while:
You ſhew your care of me too, much in this
Vnſeaſonable loue, skarce kindneſſe is.
Pal. Good *Thirſis*, I am ſorry I ſhould giue
The leaſt occaſion of diſeaſe to you;
I will be gone and leaue you to your reſt.
Thir. Doe good *Palamon*, go your way, farewell;
And yet *Palamon* ſtay, perhaps you may
By charmes you haue, cauſe ſleepe to cloſe mine eyes;
For you were wont, I doe remember well,
To ſing me Sonnets, which in paſſion I

Compoſed

Compoſed in my happier dayes, when as
Her beames inflam'd my ſpirits, which now are ſet.
And if you can remember it, I pray
Sing me the ſong, which thus begins: Eyes hide my loue,
Which I did write vpon the earneſt charge
Shee gaue vnto me, to conceale our loue.

The Song.

Eyes hide my loue, and doe not ſhew
To any but to her my notes,
Who onely doth that cipher know,
Wherewith we paſſe our ſecret thoughts:
Belie your lookes in others ſight;
And wrong your ſelues to doe her right.

Pal. So now hee ſleepes, or elſe doth ſeeme to ſleepe;
But howſoeuer, I will not trouble him.

SCEN. III.

Clarindo. Thirſis.

SEe where he lies, whom I ſo long to ſee;
Ah my deare *Thirſis*, take thy quiet reſt,
I know thou needſt it, ſleepe thy fill, ſweet loue
Let nothing trouble thee; be calme oh windes,
Be ſtill you heards, chirp not ſo loud ſweet birds,
Leſt you ſhould wake my loue: thou gentle banke
That thus are bleſt to beare ſo deare a weight,
Be ſoft vnto thoſe dainty lymmes of his,
Plie tender graſſe, and render ſweet refreſh
Vnto his weary ſenſes, whilſt he reſts.
Oh could I now but put of this diſguiſe,
With thoſe reſpects that fetter my deſire
How cloſely would I neighbour that ſweet ſide?

But

But ſtay, he ſtirres; I feare my heart hath brought
My feete too neare, and I haue wakened him.
Thir. It will not be, ſleepe is no friend of mine,
Or ſuch a friend, as leaues a man, vvhen moſt
He needes him. See a new aſſault: vvho now:
Ah tis the boy that vvere vvith me erewhiles,
That gentle boy; I am content to ſpeake
With him, he ſpeakes ſo pretily, ſo ſweet,
And vvith ſo good reſpectiue modeſty:
And much reſembles one I knew once vvell:
Come hither gentle boy, vvhat haſt thou there?
Cla. A token ſent you from the Nymph I ſerue.
Thi. Keepe it my boy, and weare it on thy head.
Cla. The gods forbid, that I, a ſeruant, ſhould
Weare on my head, that vvhich my Miſtreſſe hath
Prepar'd for yours: Sir, I beſeech you vrge
No more a thing ſo ill becomming me.
Thi. Nay ſure I thinke, it better vvill become
Thy head then mine; and therefore boy, thou muſt
Needes put it on.
Cla. I truſt your lowneſſe hath not ſo
Vnciuil'd you, to force a meſſenger
To doe againſt good manners, and his vvill.
Thi. No, good my boy, but I intreate thee now
Let me but put it on, hold ſtill thy head,
It ſhall not be thy act, but onely mine:
Let it alone good boy, for if thou ſaw'ſt
How vvell it did become thee, ſure thou vvouldſt.
Now, canſt thou ſing my boy ſome gentle ſong?
Cla. I cannot ſing, but I could vveepe.
Thi. Weepe, vvhy?
Cla. Becauſe I am not as I wiſh to be.
Thi. Why ſo are none; be not diſpleas'd for this;
And if you cannot ſing, tell me ſome tale
To paſſe the time.
Cla. That can I doe, did I but know what kinde

Of tale you lik't.
Thi. No merry tale my boy, nor yet too ſad,
But mixed, like the tragicke Comedies.
Cla. Then ſuch a tale I haue, and a true tale,
Beleeue me Sir, although not written yet
In any booke, but ſure it will, I know
Some gentle ſhepheard, moou'd with paſſion, muſt
Record it to the vvorld, and vvell it vvill
Become the vvorld to vnderſtand the ſame.
And this it is: There vvas ſometimes a Nymph,
Iſulia nam'd, and an *Arcadian* borne;
Faire can I not auouch ſhee vvas, but chaſt,
And honeſt ſure, as the euen vvill prooue;
Whoſe mother dying, left her very young
Vnto her fathers charge, vvho carefully
Did breed her vp, vntill ſhee came to yeares
Of vvomanhood, and then prouides a match
Both rich, and young, and fit enough for her.
But ſhee, vvho to another ſhepheard had
Call'd *Sirthis*, vow'd her loue, as vnto one
Her heart eſteem'd more vvorthy of her loue,
Could not by all her fathers meanes be vvrought
To leaue her choice; and to forget her vow.
Thi. No more could my deare *Siluia* be from me.
Cla. Which cauſed much affliction to them both,
Phi. And ſo the ſelfe ſame cauſe did vnto vs.
Cla. This Nymph one day, ſurcharg'd vvith loue & griefe,
Which commonly (the more the pitty) dwell
As Inmates both together, vvalking forth
With other Maydes to fiſh vpon the ſhoare;
Eſtrayes apart, and leaues her company;
To entertaine her ſelfe vvith her owne thoughts:
And vvanders on ſo farre, and out of ſight,
As ſhee at length vvas ſuddenly ſurpriz'd
By Pyrats, vvho lay lurking vnderneath
Thoſe hollow rocks, expecting there ſome prize.

And

And notwithſtanding all her pitious cryes,
Intreaty, teares, and prayers, thoſe fierce men
Rent haire, and vaile, and carried her by force
Into their ſhip, vvhich in a little Creeke
Hard by, at Anckor lay, and preſently hoys'd ſaile,
And ſo away. *Thi.* Rent haire and vaile? and ſo
Both haire and vaile of *Silvia*, I found rent,
Which heere I keepe with mee. But now alas
What did ſhee? what became of her my boy?
Cla. When ſhee was thus inſhipp'd, and woefully
Had caſt her eyes about to view that hell
Of horrour, whereunto ſhee was ſo ſuddenly
Implung'd, ſhee ſpies a woman ſitting with a child
Sucking her breaſt, which was the Captaines wife.
To her ſhee creepes, downe at her feet ſhee lyes;
O woman, if that name of woman may
Moue you to pitty, pitty a poore maid,
The moſt diſtreſſed ſoule that euer breath'd.
And ſaue me from the hands of theſe fierce men,
Let me not be defil'd, and made vncleane,
Deare woman now: and I will be to you
The faithfull'ſt ſlaue that euer Miſtreſſe ſeru'd;
Neuer poore ſoule ſhall be more dutifull,
To doe what euer you command, then I.
No toile will I refuſe; ſo that I may
Keepe this poore body cleane and vndeflowr'd,
Which is all I will euer ſeeke. For know
It is not feare of death layes me thus low,
But of that ſtaine will make my death to bluſh.
Thi. What would not all this moue a womans heart?
Cla. All this would nothing mooue the womans heart,
Whom yet ſhee would not leaue, but ſtill beſought;
Oh woman, by that Infant at your breaſt,
And by the paines it coſt you in the birth,
Saue me, as euer you deſire to haue
Your babe to ioy and proſper in the world.

Which will the better proſper ſure, if you
Shall mercy ſhew, which is with mercy paid.
Then kiſſes ſhee her feet, then kiſſes too
The Infants feet, and oh ſweet babe (ſaid ſhee)
Could'ſt thou but to thy mother ſpeake for me,
And craue her to haue pitty on my caſe;
Thou might'ſt perhaps preuaile with her ſo much
Although I cannot; child, ah could'ſt thou ſpeake.
The Infant, whether by her touching it
Or by inſtinct of nature, ſeeing her weepe,
Lookes earneſtly vpon her, and then lookes
Vpon the mother, then on her againe,
And then it cryes, and then on either lookes:
Which ſhee perceiuing, bleſſed child, ſaid ſhee,
Although thou canſt not ſpeake, yet do'ſt thou cry
Vnto thy mother for me. Heare thy child
Deare mother, it's for me it cryes,
It's all the ſpeech it hath: accept thoſe cryes,
Saue me at his requeſt from being defilde;
Let pitty mooue thee, that thus mooues thy childe.
The woman, though by birth and cuſtome rude,
Yet hauing veynes of nature, could not bee
But peircible, did feele at length the point
Of pitty, enter ſo, as out guſht teares
(Not vſuall to ſterne eyes) and ſhee beſought
Her husband to beſtow on her that prize.
With ſafegard of her body at her will.
The Captaine ſeeing his wife, the childe, the nymph,
All crying to him in this pitious ſort;
Felt his rough nature ſhaken too, and grants
His wiues requeſt, and ſeales his grant with teares;
And ſo they wept all foure for company,
And ſome beholders ſtood not with dry eyes;
Such paſſion wrought the paſſion of their prize.
Thi. In troth my boy, and euen thy telling it
Mooues me likewiſe, thou dooſt ſo feelingly

Report

Report the ſame, as if thou hadſt beene by.
But I imagine now how this poore nymph
When ſhee receiu'd that doome, was comforted?
Cla. Sir, neuer was there pardon, that did take
Condemned from the blocke, more ioyfull then
This graunt to her. For all her miſery
Seem'd nothing to the comfort ſhee receiu'd.
By being thus ſaued from impurity:
And from the womans feet ſhee would not part,
Nor truſt her hand to be without ſome hold
Of her, or of the child, ſo long as ſhee remain'd
Within the ſhip, which in few dayes arriues
At *Alexandria*, whence theſe Pirats were;
And there this woefull maide for two yeares ſpace
Did ſerue, and truly ſerue this Captaines wife,
Who would not looſe the benefit of her
Attendance for her profit otherwiſe.
But daring not in ſuch a place as that
To truſt her ſelfe in womans habite, crau'd
That ſhe might be appareld like a boy,
And ſo ſhee was, and as a boy ſhee ſeru'd.
Thi. And two yeares tis, ſince I my *Siluia* loſt.
Cla. At two yeares end, her Miſtreſſe ſends her forth
Vnto the Port for ſome commodities,
Which whilſt ſhee ſought for, going vp and down
Shee heard ſome Merchant men of *Corinth* talke,
Who ſpake that language the *Arcadians* did,
And were next neighbours of one continent.
To them all wrapt with paſſion, down ſhe kneeles,
Tels them ſhee was a poore diſtreſſed boy,
Borne in *Arcadia*, and by Pirats tooke
And made a ſlaue in *Egypt*, and beſought
Then, as the fathers were of children, or
Did hold their natiue countrey deare, they would
Take pitty on her, and relieue her youth
From that ſad ſeruitude wherein ſhee liu'd:

For vvhich ſhee hop'd that ſhee had friends aliue
vvould thanke them one day, and reward them too;
If not, yet that ſhee knew the Heauens vvould doe.
The Merchants moou'd vvith pitty of her caſe,
Being ready to depart, tooke her vvith them,
And landed her vpon her countrey coaſt.
Where vvhen ſhee found her ſelfe, ſhee proſtrate falls,
Kiſſes the ground, thankes giues vnto the gods,
Thankes them vvho had beene her deliuerers.
And on ſhee trudges through the deſart woods,
Climes ouer craggy rockes, and mountaines ſteepe,
Wades thorough riuers, ſtruggles thorough bogs,
Suſtained onely by the force of loue;
Vntill ſhee came vnto the natiue plaines,
Vnto the fields, vvhere firſt ſhee drew his breath.
There lifts ſhee vp her eyes, ſalutes the ayre,
Salutes the trees, the buſhes, flowres, and all:
And oh deare *Sirthis*, heere I am, ſaid ſhee,
Heere, notwithſtanding all my miſeries.
I am the ſame I was to thee; a pure,
A chaſt, and ſpotleſſe maide: oh that I may
Finde thee the man, thou didſt profeſſe to be.
Thi. Or elſe no man, for boy who truly loues,
Muſt euer ſo; that dye will neuer out:
And who but would loue truly ſuch a ſoule?
Cla. But now, the better to haue notice how
The ſtate of things then ſtood, and not in haſte
To caſt her ſelfe on new incumbrances,
Shee kept her habite ſtill, and put her ſelfe
To ſerue a nymph, of whom ſhee had made choice
Till time vvere fitting to reueale her ſelfe.
Thi. This may be *Siluias* caſe; this may be ſhee;
But it is not: let mee conſider vvell:
The teller, and the circumſtance agree.

SCEN.

SCEN. III.

Montanus. Thirſis. Chorus.

AH ſirrha, haue I found you? are you heere
You princock boy? & with your garland on?
Doth this attire become your peeuiſh head?
Come, I muſt teach you better manners, boy.
He ſtabs Clarindo, *and raſhes off his garland.*
So *Phillis*, I haue done my taske, and heere
I bring the Trophey to confirme the ſame.
Thi. Ah monſter man, vile wretch, what haſt thou done?
Alas, in what a ſtrait am I ingaged heere?
If I purſue reuenge, I leaue to ſaue.
Helpe, helpe, you gentle ſwaines, if any now be neare,
Helpe, helpe: ah harke, euen Eccho helpes me cry helpe.
Cho. What meanes this outcry? ſure ſome ſauage beaſt
Diſturbs our heards, or elſe ſome Wolfe hath ſeaz'd
Vpon a Lambe. *Thi.* A worſe thing then a Wolfe,
More bloody then a beaſt, hath murthered here
A gentler creature then a Lambe: therefore
Good ſwaines purſue, purſue the homicide.
That ougly wretch, *Montanus*, who hath ſtabd
This ſilly creature heere, at vnawares.
Cho. Montanus? why, we met him but euen now,
Deckt with a garland, grumbling to himſelfe;
We will attach that villaine preſently:
Come ſirs, make haſte, and let vs after him.

SCEN. IIII.

Palæmon. Thirſis.

ALas, what accident is here falne out?
My deare friend *Thirſis*, how comes this to paſſe?
Thi. That monſter man *Montanus*, heere hath ſtab'd

A harmleſſe youth, in meſſage ſent to me.
Now good *Palæmon* helpe me hold him vp,
And ſee if that we can recouer him.
Pal. It may be *Thirſis*, more his feare then hurt:
Stay him a while, and I will haſte and ſend
For *Lamia*, who with oyntments, oyles and herbes
If any helpe remaine, will helpe him ſure.
Thi. Do good *Palæmon*, make what haſt you may
Seeke out for helpe, and be not long away.
Alas ſweet boy, that thou ſhould'ſt euer haue
So hard miſfortune, comming vnto me,
And end thy tale with this ſad tragedy;
That tale which well reſembled *Siluias* caſe,
Which thou reſembleſt; for ſuch browes had ſhe.
Such a proportion'd face, and ſuch a necke.
What haue we here, the mole of *Siluia* too?
What and her breaſts? what? and her haire? what all?
All *Siluia*? yes, all *Siluia*, and all dead.
And art thou thus return'd againe to me?
Art thou thy ſelfe, that ſtrange deliuered nymph?
And didſt thou come to tell me thine eſcape
From death to die before me? had I not
Enough to doe, to wayle reported harmes
But thou muſt come to bleed within my armes?
Was not one death ſufficient for my griefes
But that thou muſt die twice? why thou wert dead
To me before. Why? muſt thou dye againe?
Ah, better had it beene ſtill to be loſt
Then thus to haue beene found; yet better found
Though thus, then ſo loſt as was thought before.
For howſoeuer, now I haue thee yet
Though in the ſaddeſt faſhion that may be.
Yet *Siluia* now I haue thee, and will I
No more for euer part with thee againe:
And we this benefit ſhall haue thereby
Though fate would not permit vs both to haue

One bed, yet *Siluia* we ſhall haue one graue.
And that is ſomething, and much more then I
Expected euer could haue come to paſſe.
And ſure the gods but onely ſent thee thus
To fetch me; and to take me hence with thee;
And *Siluia* ſo thou ſhalt. I ready am
T'accompany thy ſoule, and that with ſpeed.
The ſtrings I feele, are all diſſolu'd, that hold
This woefull heart, reſeru'd it ſeemes for this,
And well reſeru'd, for this ſo deare an end.

SCEN. V.

Cloris. Palamon.

SO, we haue tooke the villaine, and him bound
Faſt to an Oake, as rugged as himſelfe.
And there he ſtares and gapes in th'ayre, and raues
Like a wilde beaſt. that's taken in the toyle:
And ſo he ſhall remaine, till time we ſee
What will become of this his ſauage act.
Cheere *Thirſis*, *Lamia* will come preſently
And bring the beſt preſeruatiues ſhe hath.
What now? Who lyes diſcouered heere? Ay me,
A woman dead? Is this that boy transform'd?
Why, this is *Siluia*. O good *Thirſis* how
Comes this to paſſe? Friend *Thirſis*, *Thirſis* ſpeake.
Good *Thirſis* tell me. Out alas he ſownes,
As well as ſhe, and both ſeeme gone alike.
Come gentle heardſmen, come and carry them
To yonder ſheepe-cote quickly, that we may
(If poſſible) recouer them againe.
If not performe thoſe rites that appertaine
Vnto ſo rare a couple. Come my friends, make haſt.

The fourth Song of the Chorus.

Qu. *Were euer chaſt and honeſt hearts*
Expos'd vnto ſo great diſtreſſes?
Anſ. *Yes: they that act the worthieſt parts,*
Moſt commonly haue worſt ſucceſſes.
Great fortunes follow not the beſt,
It's vertue that is moſt diſtreſt.

Then fortune why doe we admire
The glory of thy great exceſſes?
Since by thee what men acquire,
Thy worke and not their worths expreſſes.
Nor doſt thou raiſe them for their good:
But t'haue their illes more vnderſtood.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Chorus. Palamon.

DId euer yet *Arcadia* heare before
Of two ſo worthy louers, as we find
Thirſis and *Siluia* were? or euer had
Cleare truth, and ſimple conſtant honeſty,
So lamentable an euent as this?
But heere comes foorth *Palamon*, we ſhall now
Learne all of him, what hath beene done within.
Pal. Goe *Pollio*, ſummon all th' *Arcadia* youth
Heere, round about, and will them to prepare
To celebrate with all delights they can
This ioyfull houre, that hath reſtor'd to vs
The worthieſt paire of hearts that euer were.
Will them to ſhew the height of muſiques art,
And all the ſtraines of cunning they can ſhew:
That we may make theſe rockes and hilles about,

Ring

Ring with the Eccho of redoubled notes.
And will *Charinus* and *Medorus* too,
The aged parents of this worthy paire,
To come with ſpeed, whoſe ioy, good ſoules, wil be
More then their ſpeed; and yet their ſpeed I know,
Will be beyond th'allowance of their yeares,
When they ſhall vnderſtand this happy newes.
And ſummon likewiſe all the traine of nymphes
That glorifie our plaines, and all that can
Giue honour to this day.
Goe *Pollio* haſt away, and as you go
Vnbind *Montanus* that rude ſauage ſwaine:
And though he be vnworthy to be here,
Yet let him come. He hath beene in his dayes
Held a good fellow, howſoeuer now
His rage and loue tranſported him in this.
Cho. *Palamon*, we are glad to ſee you thus
Delightfull, now we hope there is good newes.
Pal. Good newes my friends, and I will tell it you,
Siluia and *Thirſis* being to my cottage brought,
The skilfull *Lamia* comes and ſearcht the wound
Which *Siluia* had receiu'd of this rude ſwaine,
And finding it not deadly, ſhe applide
Thoſe remedies ſhe knew of beſt effect.
And binds it vp, and powres into her mouth
Such cordiall waters as reuiue the ſpirits:
And ſo much wrought, as ſhe at length perceiu'd
Life was not quite gone out, but lay oppreſt.
With like endeauours we on *Thirſis* worke,
And miniſtred like Cordials vnto him:
At length we might heare *Siluia* fetch a groane,
And therewithall *Thirſis* perceiu'd to moue,
Then *Thirſis* fet a groane, and *Siluia* mou'd
As if their liues were made both of one peece.
Whereat we ioyd, and then remou'd and ſet
Each before other and held vp their heads,

And

And chaf'd their temples, rub'd and ſtroak'd their cheekes:
Wherewith firſt *Siluia* caſt vp her dimme eyes,
And preſently did *Thirſis* lift vp his.
And then againe they both together ſigh'd,
And each on other fixt an vnſeeing eye:
For yet t'was ſcarſe the twylight of their new
Returning day, out of the night of death.
And though they ſaw, they did not yet perceiue
Each other, and yet both turn'd to one point
As toucht alike, and held their lookes direct.
At length we might perceiue, as life began
T'appeare; and make the morning in their eyes,
Their beames were cleerer, and their opener lookes
Did ſhew as if they tooke ſome little note
Of each the other: yet not ſo as they
Could thorowly diſcerne who themſelues were.
And then we tooke and ioyn'd their hands in one
And held them ſo a while, vntill we ſealt
How euen each others touch, the motion gaue
Vnto their feeling, and they trembling wrung
Their hands together, and ſo held them lockt,
Lookt ſtill vpon each other, but no words at all.
Then we call'd out to *Thirſis Thirſis* looke,
It is thy *Siluia* thou here holdſt, ſhe is
Return'd, reuiu'd and ſafe. *Siluia*, behold thou haſt
Thy *Thirſis*, and ſhalt euer haue him thine.
Then did we ſet them both vpon their feete
And there they ſtood in act, euen as before
Looking vpon each other, hand in hand:
At laſt we ſaw a bluſhing red appeare
In both their cheekes, which ſenſe ſent as a lampe
To light their vnderſtanding. And forthwith
The teares guſht forth their eyes, which hindred them
A while from ſeeing each other, till they had
Cleared them againe. And then as if new wak'd
From out a fearefull dreame, they ſtand and doubt

Whether

Whether they were awake indeed, or elſe
Still in a dreame, diſtruſting their owne eyes.
Their long indured miſeries, would not
Let them beleeue their ſudden happineſſe,
Although they ſaw it: till with much adoe
They had confirm'd their credit, and had kiſt
Each other and imbrac'd, and kiſt againe,
And yet ſtill dumbe: their ioy now ſeem'd to be
Too buſie with their thoughts, t'allow them words.
And then they walkt a little, then ſtood ſtill,
Then walkt againe, and ſtill held other faſt
As if they fear'd, they ſhould be loſt againe.
And when at laſt they ſpake, it was but thus,
O *Silvia*, and O *Thirſis*, and there ſtopt.
We, leſt our ſight and preſence (being there
So many) hinder might the paſſage of
Their modeſt, ſimple, and vnpractis'd loue,
Came all our way, and onely *Lamia* left
Whoſe ſpirit, and that ſufficient skill ſhe hath
Will ſerue no doubt, to ſee they ſhall doe well.
Cho. Well may they do deere couple, who haue thus
Grac'd our *Arcadia* with their faithfulneſſe.

SCEN. II.

Phillis. Lidia. Cloris.

VVHat ſhall we now do *Lidia*? now am I
Vtterly ſham'd: this youth turn'd woman is.
Clarindo, *Siluia* is become; how now?
Can I for euer looke on her againe?
Or come in any company for ſhame?
Now muſt I needs be made a common ieaſt
And laughing ſtocke to euery one that ſhall
But heare how groſſely I behau'd my ſelfe.
Lid. Faith *Phillis* as it is falne out, your caſe

Is

Is very crazy, and to make it whole
There is no way but euen to laugh it out,
And ſet as good a face, as you can doe
Vpon the matter, and ſay thus: How you
Knew well enough it was no man whom you
Affected ſo, who neuer could loue man
Nor euer would, and that by meere inſtinct
And ſimpathy of Sexe, you fancied him.
So put it off, and turne it to a ieaſt,
Phi. That ſhall I neuer do, but euer bluſh
Either, to thinke what ſhe will thinke of me,
Who did bewray my ſelfe ſo fooliſhly.
Lid. Are you here *Cloris*, you are bleſt to day
For being miſtres vnto ſuch a boy:
You may reioyce that euer this fell out.
Clo. Reioyce? ah *Lidia*, neuer was there nymph
Had more occaſion to be ſad then I,
For I am quite vndone and ſham'd hereby.
For I imploy'd this my ſuppoſed boy
In meſſage vnto *Thirſis*, whom I lou'd
I muſt confeſſe, more dearely then my life:
And told him all the ſecrets of my heart.
And therefore with what face can euer I
Looke vpon them that know thus much by me?
No *Lidia*, I will now take *Thirſis* courſe:
Hide me for euer in theſe deſert woods,
And neuer come in company againe;
They ſhall not laugh at me in their great ioyes.
Lid. But *Cloris*, I would laugh with them, were I as you.
And howſoeuer felt my ſelfe within,
Yet would I ſeeme be otherwiſe without.
Cannot you ſay, that you knew well enough
How it was *Siluia* that you intertain'd,
Although you would not ſeeme to take ſuch note;
And thereupon imploy'd her in that ſort
To *Thirſis*, knowing who it was would giue

To him the greateſt comfort vpon earth.
And thus faire Nymphes you fitly may excuſe
Theſe ſimple ſlips, and know that they ſhall ſtill
Haue croſſes with their piles, who thus do play
Their fortunes with their loues, as you two did
But you muſt frame your countenance thereto
And looke with other faces then your owne.
As many elſe do here, who in their parts
Set ſhining lookes vpon their cloudy hearts.
And let vs mixe vs with this company
That here appeares with mirth and iollity.

The Song of the fifth Chorus.

Who euer ſaw ſo faire a ſight,
Loue and vertue met aright:
And that wonder Conſtancy,
Like a Comet to the eye
Seldome euer ſeene ſo bright?
Sound out aloud ſo rare a thing,
That all the Hilles and Vales may ring.

Looke Louers looke, with paſſion ſee.
If that any ſuch there bee:
As there cannot but be ſuch
Who doe feele that noble touch
In this glorious company,
Sound out aloud, &c.

Vlyſſes *and the* Syren.

Syren

COme worthy Greeke *Vlyſſes* come,
Poſſeſſe theſe ſhores with me,
The Windes and Seas are troubleſome,
And here we may be free
Here may we ſit and view their toyle
That trauaile in the deepe,
And ioy the day in mirth the while,
And ſpend the night in ſleepe.

Vlyſſ. Faire Nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with eaſe,
Then would I come and reſt with thee,
And leaue ſuch toiles as theſe.
But here it dwels, and here muſt I
With danger ſeeke it forth,
To ſpend the time luxuriouſly,
Becomes not men of worth.

Syr. Vlyſſes, O be not deceiu'd
With that vnreall name,
Tis honour is a thing conceiu'd,
And reſts on others fame.
Begotten onely to moleſt,
Our peace and to beguile.
(The beſt thing of our life) our reſt,
And giue vs vp to toyle.

Vlyſſ. Delicious Nymph, ſuppoſe there were
Nor honour, nor report.

Yet

Yet manlineſſe would ſcorne to weare,
The time in idle ſport,
For toyle doth giue a better touch,
To make vs feele our ioy,
And eaſe findes tediouſnes as much
As labour yeelds annoy.

Syr. Then pleaſure likewiſe ſeemes the ſhore,
Whereto tendes all your toyle,
Which you forgo to make it more,
And periſh oft the while.
Who may diſport them diuerſly,
Find neuer tedious day,
And eaſe may haue variety,
As well as action may.

Vlyſſ. But natures of the nobleſt frame
Theſe royles and dangers pleaſe,
And they take comfort in the ſame,
As much as you in eaſe,
And with the thought of actions paſt,
Are recreated ſtill:
When pleaſure leaues a touch at laſt,
To ſhew that it was ill.

Syr. That doth opinion onely cauſe,
That's out of cuſtome bred,
Which makes vs many other lawes,
Then euer Nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our ſports are without blood,
The world we ſee by warlike wights
Receiues more hurt then good.

Vlyſſ. But yet the ſtate of things require
Theſe motions of vnreſt:

And

And theſe great Spirits of high deſire
Seeme borne to turne them beſt.
To purge the miſchiefes that increaſe,
And all good order mar,
For oft we ſee a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war.

Syr. Well, well *Vlyſſes* then I ſee,
I ſhall not haue thee here:
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there,
I muſt be wonne that cannot win,
Yet loſt were I not wonne,
For beauty hath created bin,
T'vndoe, or be vndone.

THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

A Paſtorall Trage-Comedie preſented to her Maieſty and her Ladies, by the Vniuerſity of Oxford *in Chriſts Church, in* Auguſt. 1605.

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

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The Names of the Actors.

Melibaus. } two ancient *Arcadians.*
Ergaſtus. }
Colax, a corrupted traueller.
Techne, a ſubtle wench of *Corinth.*
Amyntas. } the louers of *Cloris.*
Carinus. }
Cloris.
Palamon. } Iealous Louers.
Siluia. }
Mirtillus.
Dorinda.
Amarillis, in loue with *Carinus.*
Daphne, abuſed by *Colax.*
Alcon, a Quack-ſaluer.
Lincus, a Petty-fogger.
Montanus. the father of *Amyntas.*
Acryſius, the father of *Cloris.*

To

To the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie.

THat which their zeale, whoſe onely zeale was bent
To ſhew the beſt they could that might delight
Your royall minde, did lately repreſent
Renown'd Empreſſe to your Princely ſight:
Is now the offring of their humbleneſſe,
Here conſecrated to your glorious name;
Whoſe happy preſence did vouchſafe to bleſſe
So poore preſentments, and to grace the ſame:
And though it be in th'humbleſt ranke of words,
And in the loweſt region of our ſpeach,
Yet is it in that kinde, as beſt accords
With rurall paſſions, which vſe not to reach
Beyond the groues, and woods where they were bred:
And beſt become a clauſtrall exerciſe,
Where men ſhut out retyr'd, and ſequeſtred
From publike faſhion, ſeeme to ſympathize
With innocent, and plaine ſimplicity:
And living here vnder the awfull hand
Of diſcipline, and ſtrict obſeruancy,
Learne but our weakeneſſes to vnderſtand,
And therefore dare not enterprize to ſhow
In lowder ſtile the hidden myſteries,
And arts of Thrones, which none that are below
The Sphere of action, and the exerciſe
Of power can truely ſhew: though men may ſtraine
Conceipt aboue the pitch where it ſhould ſtand,
And forme more monſtrous figures then containe
A poſſibility, and goe beyond.

The nature of thoſe managements ſo farre,
As oft their common decency they marre:
Whereby the populaſſe (in whom ſuch skill
Is needleſſe) may be brought to apprehend
Notions, that may turne all to a taſt of ill
What euer power ſhall do, or might intend:
And thinke all cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing ſimple, and ſincerely done:
Yet the eye of practiſe, looking downe from hie
Vpon ſuch ouer-reaching vanity,
Sees how from error t'error it doth flote,
As from an vnknowne Ocean into a Gulfe:
And how though th'Woolfe, would counterfeit the Goate,
Yet euery chinke bewrayes him for a Woolfe.
And therefore in the view of ſtate t'haue ſhow'd
A counterfeit of ſtate had beene to light
A candle to the Sunne, and ſo beſtow'd
Our paines to bring our dimneſſe vnto light.
For maieſty, and power, can nothing ſee
Without it ſelfe, that can ſight-worthy be.
And therefore durſt not we but on the ground,
From whence our humble Argument hath birth,
Erect our Scene, and thereon are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the earth,
From whence we pluckt the flowers that here we bring;
Which if at their firſt opening they did pleaſe,
It was enough, they ſerue but for a ſpring,
The firſt ſent is the beſt in things as theſe:
A muſicke of this nature on the ground,
Is euer wont to vaniſh with the ſound.
But yet your royall goodneſſe may raiſe new,
Grace but the Muſes they will honour you.

Chi non fa, non falla.

The

THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

ACTVS. I. SCENA. I.

Ergastus. Melibæus.

HOw is it *Melibæus* that we finde
Our Country,faire *Arcadia*,so much chang'd
Fromwhat it was,that was thou knoweſt of late,
The gentle region of plaine honeſty,
The modeſt ſeat of vndiſguiſed truth,
Inhabited with ſimple innocence
And now,I know not how, as if it were,
Vnhallowed,and diueſted of that grace,
Hath put off that faire nature which it had,
And growes like ruder countries,or more bad.
Mel. Indeed *Ergaſtus* I haue neuer knowne,
So vniuerſall a diſtemperature,
In all parts of the body of our ſtate,
As now there is; nor euer haue we heard
So much complaining of diſloyalty,
Among'ſt your yonger Nymphes,nor euer found
Our heardſmen ſo deluded in their loues,
As if there were no faith on either ſide.
We neuer had in any age before
So many ſpotleſſe Nymphes, ſo much diſtain'd
VVith blacke report,and wrongfull infamy,
That few eſcape the tongue of malice free.
Erg. And me thinkes too,our very aire is chang'd,
Our wholeſome climate growne more maladies

The fogges, and the Syrene offends vs more
(Or we may thinke ſo, then they did before)
The windes of Autumne, now are ſayd to bring
More noyſomneſſe, then thoſe do of the Spring:
And all of vs feele new infirmities,
New Feuers, new Catarres, oppreſſe our powers,
The milke wherewith we cur'd all maladies,
Hath either loſt the nature, or we ours.

Mel. And we that neuer were accuſtomed
To quarrell for our bounds, how do we ſee
Montanus and *Acryſius* interſtriue
How farre their ſeuerall Sheep-walkes ſhould extend,
And cannot be agreed to what we can:
As if ſome vnderworking hand ſtrake fire,
To th'apt inkindling tinder of debate,
And foſtred their contention and their hate.

Erg. And me thinkes too, the beauty of our Nymphes
Is not the ſame as it was wont to be.
That Roſie hew, the glory of the Cheeke,
Is either ſtolne, or elſe they haue forgot,
To bluſh with ſhame, or to be pale with feare:
Or elſe their ſhame doth make them alwayes bluſh
For alwayes doth their beauties beare one hew,
And either Nature's falſe, or that vntrue.

Mel. Beſides their various habits grow ſo ſtrange,
As that although their faces certaine are,
Their bodies are vncertaine euery day,
And alwayes differing from themſelues ſo farre,
As if they skorn'd to be the ſame they are.
And all of vs are ſo transform'd, that we
Diſcerne not an *Arcadian* by th'attyre,
Our ancient Paſtorall habits are deſpis'd,
And all is ſtrange, hearts, clothes, and all diſguis'd.

Erg. Indeed vnto our griefe we may perceiue,
The whole complection of *Arcadia* chang'd,
Yet cannot finde the occaſion of this change:

But

But let vs with more wary eye obſerue
Whence the contagion of theſe cuſtomes riſe,
That haue infected thus our honeſt plaines,
With cunning diſcord, idle vanity,
Deceiptfull wrong, and cauſleſſe infamy,
That by th'aſſiſtance of our grauer Swaines,
We now at firſt, may labour to preuent
The further courſe of miſchiefes, and reſtore
Our late cleane woods, to what they were before.

Mel. Content *Ergaſtus*, and euen here will be
A place conuenient for ſo fit a worke:
For here our Nymphs, and heardſmen on this greene,
Do vſually reſort, and in this Groue
We may obſerue them beſt, and be vnſeene.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Colax. Techne.

COme my deare *Techne*, thou and I muſt plot
More cunning proiects yet, more ſtrange deſignes
Amongſt theſe ſimple groſſe *Arcadians* here,
That know no other world, but their owne plaines,
Nor yet can apprehend the ſubtle traines
We lay, to mocke their rurall ignorance.
But ſee, here comes two of their amorous Swaines
In hote contention, let vs cloſe conuay
Our ſelues, here vnderneath this couerture,
And ouer heare their paſſionate diſcourſe.

Tech. Colax, this place well ſuch a purpoſe fits,
Let vs ſit cloſe, and faith, it ſhall goe hard,
Vnleſſe we make ſome profit by their wits.

Carnius. Amyntas.

Car. Now found *Amyntas*, how cam'ſt thou poſſeſt
With ſuch a vaine preſumption, as thou art,

To thinke that *Cloris* ſhould affect thee beſt,
When all *Arcadia* knowes I haue her heart?
Am. And how *Carmus* canſt thou be ſo mad,
T'imagine *Cloris*, can, or doth loue thee,
When by ſo many ſignes as I haue had,
I finde her whole affection bent to me?
Car. What are thoſe ſignes by which you come to caſt,
And calculate the fortune of your hopes?
Am. More certaine ſignes, then thou canſt euer ſhew.
Car. But they are more then ſignes, that I can ſhew,
Am. Why let each then produce the beſt I can
To proue which may be thought the likelieſt man.
Car. Content *Amyntas*, and do thou begin.
Am. And I am well contented to begin.
Firſt if by chance, whil'ſt ſhe at Barley-breake
With other Nymphes, do but perceiue me come,
Streight lookes her cheeke with ſuch a Roſie red,
As giues the ſetting Sunne vnto the Weſt
When morrow tempeſts are prefigured.
Car. Euen ſo that hew prognoſticates her wrath,
Which brings to thee the ſtormy windes of ſighes.
Am. And if I finde her with her fellow Nymphes
Gathering of ſtowers by ſome ſweet Riuers ſide,
At my approach ſhe ſtraight way ſtands vpright,
Forgets her worke, and downe lets ſlide her lap,
And out fall all her flowers, vpon the ground.
Car. So doth the ſilly ſheepe forget to feed,
When it perceiues the greedy Wolfe at hand.
Am. And if ſhe meet but with my dog ſhe takes
And ſtrokes him on the head playes with his eares,
Spits in his mouth, and claps him on the backe,
And ſayes, come, come *Melampus* go with me.
Car. She may loue what is thine, but yet hate thee.
Am. Whilſt at a Chryſtall ſpring the other day,
She waſht her louely face, and ſeeing me come,
She takes vp water with her dainty hand,

And

And with a downe-caſt looke beſprinckles me.

Car. That ſhewes that ſhee vvould gladly quench in thee
The fire of loue, or elſe like loue doth beare,
As did the *Delian* Goddeſſe, vvhen ſhe caſt
Diſdainefull vvater on *Acteons* face.

Am. As *Siluia* one day, ſate vvith her alone,
Binding of certaine choice ſelected hearbes
To her left arme againſt bewitching ſpels,
(And I at the inſtant comming) ſhee perceiu'd
Her pulſe vvith farre more violence to beat
(As ſhe'after told me) then it did before.

Car. The like is felt vvhen natures enemy,
The hatefull feauer doth ſurpriſe our powers.

Am. And euen but yeſternight, ſhe going before
With other maides, and ſeeing me following her,
Lees fall this dainty Noſegay, hauing firſt
Beſtow'd a kiſſe thereon to th'end I might
Receiue it ſo, and with it doe the like.

Car. Poore withred fauours, they might teach the know,
That ſhee eſteemes thee, and thy loue as light
As thoſe dead flowers, ſhee vvore but for a ſhow,
The day before, and caſt away at night.

Am. Now friend *Carinus*, thou that muttereſt ſo
At theſe plaine ſpeaking figures of her loue,
Tell by vvhat ſigne thou doeſt her fauours proue?

Car. Now ſilly man, doeſt thou imagine me
So fond to blab the fauours of my loue?

Am. Was't not a pact agreed twixt thee & me?

Cor. A pact to make thee tell thy ſecrecy.

Am. And haſt thou then betrayd my eaſie truſt,
And dallied with my open ſimpleneſſe?

Car. And fitly art thou ſeru'd, that ſo wilt vaunt
The imagin'd fauours, of a gentle Nymph;
And this is that vvhich makees vs feele that dearth
Of grace, t'haue kindnes at ſo hie a rate.
This makes them vvary how they doe beſtow

The leaſt regard of common curteſie,
When ſuch as you, poore, credulous deuout,
And humble ſoules, make all things miracles
Your faith conceiues, and vainely doe conuert
All ſhadowes to the figure of your hopes.
Am. Carinus now thou doeſt me double wrong,
Firſt to deride my eaſie confidence,
And then vpbrayd my truſt, as if my tongue
Had heere prophan'd faire *Cloris* excellencie,
In telling of her mercies, or had ſin'd
In vttering th'honour of a modeſt grace
Beſtowing comfort, in ſo iuſt a caſe.
Ca. Why man, thou haſt no way deſeru'd her loue.
Am. Deſert I cannot vrge, but faith I can,
If that may haue reward, then happy man.
Ca. But you know how I ſau'd her from the hands
Of that rude Satyre, vvho had elſe vndone
Her honour vtterly; and therefore ought
My loue of due raigne ſoueraigne in her thought.
Am. But how that free, and vnſubdued heart,
Infranchis'd by the Charter of her eyes,
Will beare the impoſition of a due
I doe not ſee, ſince loue knew neuer Lord
That could command the region of our will.
And therefore vrge thy due, I for my part,
Muſt plead compaſſion, and a faithfull heart.
Car. Plead thou thy faith, whilſt I will get thy loue,
For you kinde ſoules doe ſeldome gracefull proue.
Am. The more vnkind they, who ſhould better way
Our honeſt vowes, and loue for loue repay,
But oft they beare the penance of their will,
And for the wrong they doe, they ſpeed as ill.

SCEN.

SCEN. III.

Colax. Techne.

Col. Alas poore fooles, how hotely they contend
Who ſhall poſſeſſe a prey that's yet vngot.
But *Techne*, I muſt by thy helpe foreſtall
The mart of both their hopes, and whilſt they ſhall
Purſue the Ayre, I muſt ſurpriſe their gaine.
And fitly now thou maiſt occaſion take
By theſe aduantages diſcouered here,
T'impreſſe in *Choris* tender heart that touch
Of deepe diſlike of both their vanteries,
As may conuert her wholly vnto me.

Tec. Why will you then *Dorindas* loue forſake,
For whom you traueld ſo, and made me take
Such labour to intice her to your loue?

Col. Tuſh *Techne* we deſire not what we haue,
But what we would, our longings neuer ſtay
With our attaynings, but they goe beyond.

Tec. And vvhy? *Dorinda* is as faire as ſhe.

Col. That I confeſſe, but yet that payes not me,
For *Cloris* is another, and tis that,
And onely that, vvhich *Techne* I deſire.
Some thing there is peculiar, and alone
To euery beauty that doth giue an edge
To our deſires, and more vve vvill conceiue
In that vve haue not them in that vve haue.
And I haue heard, abroad vvhere beſt experience,
And vvit is learnd, that all the faireſt choyce
Of vvoemen in the vvorld, ſerue but to make
One perfect beauty, vvhereof each brings part.
One hath a pleaſing ſmile, and nothing elſe:
Another but ſome ſilly Mole to grace
Th'are of a diſproportion'd face;
Another pleaſes not but vvhen ſhe ſpeakes,

And

And ſome in ſilence onely gracefull are:
Some till they laugh, we ſee, ſeeme to be faire,
Some haue their bodies good, their geſtures ill,
Some pleaſe in Motion, ſome in ſitting ſtill,
Some are thought louely, that haue nothing faire,
Some againe faire that nothing louely are.
So that we ſee how beauty doth conſiſt
Of diuers peeces, and yet all at ract
And therefore vnto all my loue aſpires,
As beauty varies, ſo doth my deſires.
Tec. Ah but yet *Colax* doe not ſo much wrong
Vnto a Nymph, now when thou haſt ſubdu'd
And won her heart, and knowſt ſhe holdſt thee deare.
Col. Tuſh wrong is as men thinke it, and I ſee
It keepes the world the beſt in exerciſe
That elſe would languiſh, and haue nought to doe.
Diſcord in parts, makes harmon in the whole.
And ſome muſt laugh, whilſt other ſome condole.
And ſo it be not of the ſide we are.
Let others beare it, what neede we to care.
And now *Dorinda* ſomething hath to doe,
Now, ſhe may ſit, and thinke, and vexe and plot,
For eaſe, and ioyning of her full delight
Would but haue dull'd her ſpirits, and marrd her quite.
Tec. Alas, yet I muſt pitty her poore ſoule
In this diſtreſſe, I being on my ſelfe
Of the frayle corporation, and doe know
That ſhe will take it very grieuouſly.
And yet in troth ſh'is ſeru'd but well inow,
That would neglect *Mirtillus* honeſt loue,
And truſt ſtrong proteſtations, and new othes,
Be wonne with garded words, and gawdy clothes.
Col. Well, well, *Dorinda* ſhall not waile alone,
She ſhall haue others to conſort her mone:
For ſince my laſt returne from *Telos* Court
I haue made twenty of their coyeſt Nymphs

Turne louers, with a few proteſting words
And ſome choyce complementall periuries;
I made *Palæmon*, to ſuſpect the faith
Of his chaſt *Siluia*, and chaſt *Siluia* his,
In hope thereby to worke her loue to me.
I wrought coy *Daphne* to infringe her vow
Made to *Menalcas*, and I told her how
Thoſe fetters which ſo heauily were laid
Vpon our free affections, onely were
But cuſtomary bands, not naturall.
And I thinke *Techne* thou haſt done thy part,
Here in this gentle region of kind hearts,
Since thou cam'ſt hither, for I ſee thou thriu'ſt.

Tec. Indeed whilſt I in *Corinth* doe remaine,
I hardly could procure the meanes to liue,
There were ſo many of my trade, that ſold
Complexions, dreſſings, tiffanies and tyres,
Deuiſors of new faſhions and ſtrange wyers
Bedbrokers, Night wormes, and Impreſſitors
That though I knew theſe arts as well as they
Yet being ſo many we could get ſmall pay.
Here, who but *Techne* now is all in all?
Techne is ſent for, *Techne* onely ſhewes
New ſtrange deuiſes to the choyceſt Nymphes:
And I thinke *Techne* teaches them thoſe trickes,
As they will not forget againe in haſt.
I haue ſo opened their vnapt conceits
Vnto that vnderſtanding of themſelues,
As they will ſhew in time they were well taught.
If they obſerue my rules, and hide a fault.

Col. Ah well done *Techne*. Thus muſt thou and I
Trade for our profit with their ignorance,
And take our time, and they muſt haue their chance.
But pray thee *Techne*, doe not thou forget
To lay a traine for *Cloris*. So adue.

Tec. *Colax* I will not, and the rather too,

For

For that I beare a little leaning loue
To ſweet *Amyntas*, for me thinkes he ſeemes
The louelieſt Shepheard all *Arcadia* yeelds
And I would gladly intercept his loue.

SCEN. IIII.

Melibæus. Ergaſtus.

SO this is well, Here's one diſcouery made;
Here are the heads of that diſtemperature,
From whence theſe ſtrange deban'ſhments of our Nymphes
And vile deluding of our Shepheards ſprings:
Here is a monſter, that hath made his luſts
As wide as is his will, and left his will
Without all bonds, and cares not whom he wrongs,
So that he may his owne deſires fulfill,
And being all foule himſelfe, would make all ill.
This is that *Colax* that from forraine lands,
Hath brought home that infection that vndoes
His countrey goodneſſe, and impoyſons all.
His being abroad would marre vs quite at home.
Tis ſtrange to ſee, that by his going out,
He hath out-gone that natiue honeſty,
Which here the breeding of his countrey gaue.
For here I doe remember him a child,
The ſonne of *Nicogmus* of the Hill,
A man though low in fortune, yet in minde
High ſet, a man ſtill practiſing
T'aduance his forward ſonne beyond the traine
Of our *Arcadian* breed, and ſtill me thought
I ſaw a diſpoſition in the youth,
Bent to a ſelfe conceited ſurlineſſe,
With an inſinuating impudence.

Erg. A man the fitter made for Courts abroad
Where I would God he had remained ſtill,

With

With thoſe looſe-liuing wanton Sybarites,
Where luxurie, had made her outmoſt proofe.
From whence I heare he comes,and hither brings
Their ſhames,to brand vs with the like reproach.
And for this other viper which you ſaw,
I doe remember how ſhe came of late
For ſuccour to theſe parts, and ſought to teach
Our younger maides to dreſſe,and trie our Flaxe,
And vſe the Diſtaffe, and to make a hem,
And ſuch like skill being skill enough for them,
But ſince I ſee ſhe hath preſum'd to deale
In points of other ſcience, different farre
From that plaine Art of honeſt huſwifery,
And as it ſeemes hath often made repaire
Vnto the neighbour Cities round about,
From whom ſhe hath theſe ſtrange diſguiſes got
T'abuſe our Nymphes,and as it ſeemes deſires,
To ſute their mindes,as light as their attires,
But we ſhall ſoone preuent this growing plague,
Of pride,and folly, now that ſhe deſcry
The true ſymptoma of this malady,
And by this ouerture thus made we truſt
We ſhortly ſhall diſcouer all the reſt.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Siluia. Cloris.

O *Cloris*, here haue thou and I full oft
Sate and beene merry,in this ſhady Groue.
Here haue we ſung full many a Rundelay,
Told Riddles, and made Noſegayes,laught at loue,
And other paſſions, whilſt my ſelfe was free,
From that intollerable miſery,
Whereto affection now inuaſſels me.
Now *Cloris* I ſhall neuer more take ioy

To

To ſee, or to be ſeene, with mortall eye,
Now ſorrow muſt be all my company.
Clo. Why *Silvia*, whence ſhould all this griefe ariſe?
Sil. I am vndone *Cloris*, let that ſuffice.
Clo. Tell me ſweet *Silvia*, how comes that to paſſe?
Sil. O *Cloris* if thou be as once I was
Free, from that miſerable plague of loue,
Keepe thee ſo ſtill, let my affliction warne
Thy youth, that neuer man haue power to moue
Thy heart to liking, for beleeue me this,
They are the moſt vnfaithfull impious race
Of creatures on the earth; neuer beleeue
Their proteſtations, nor their vowes, nor teares,
All is deceit, none meanes the thing he ſweares.
Truſt a mans faith? nay rather will I goe
And giue my ſelfe a prey to ſauage beaſts,
For all they ſeeke, and all they labour for,
Is but t'vndoe vs, and when that is done,
They goe and triumph on the ſpoile the'haue won.
Truſt men, or take compaſſion when they grieue,
O *Cloris* to cheriſh and relieue
The frozen Snake, which with our heat once warmd,
Will ſting vs to the heart in recompence,
And O no maruell tho the Satyre ſhund,
To liue with man, when he perceiu'd he could,
With one and the ſame breath blow heat and cold.
Who would haue euer thought *Palamons* othes
Would haue prou'd falſe? who would haue iudgd the face
That promis'd ſo much faith, and honeſty?
Had beene the viſor but of treachery?
Clo. Is't poſſible *Palamon* ſhould b'vntrue?
Sil. Tis poſſible, *Palamon* is vntrue.
Clo. If it be ſo, deare *Silvia*, I thinke then
That thou ſaiſt truth, there is no truſt in men.
For I proteſt I neuer ſaw a face
That promis'd better of a heart then his,

And

And if he faile, whoſe faith then conſtant is?
Sil. O *Cloris* if thou didſt but know how long,
And with what earneſt ſuite, he ſought my loue,
What vowes he vs'd, what othes, what teares among,
What ſhewes he made, his conſtancy to prooue,
You would admire: and then againe to ſee
How I although I lou'd him with my heart
Stood out, and would by no meanes vrged be,
To ſhew the leaſt affection of my part.
For I had heard that, which (O now too well)
I finde, that men were cunning, and would not
Regard the thing that eaſily was got.
Clo. Silvia, indeed and I haue heard ſo too.
Sil. And therefore I would try him, and not ſeeme
His vowes, nor proteſtations to eſteeme,
At length one day, here in this ſelfe-ſame place,
(Which I ſhall euer, and good cauſe I haue
To thinke on whilſt I liue) walking with me,
After he had vrged me moſt earneſtly:
O *Silvia*, ſaid he, ſince nor oath, nor vow,
Nor teares, nor prayers, haue the powers to moue,
Nor all that I can doe, can make thee know
How true a heart, I offer to thy loue;
I muſt try ſome way elſe to ſhew the ſame,
And make thy vndiſcerning wilfull youth
Know, though too late, (perhaps vnto thy ſhame)
Thy vvayward error, and my conſtant truth:
When thou maiſt ſigh, and ſay in griefe of minde,
Palamon lou'd, and *Silvia* vvas vnkinde.
With that vvringing my hand, he turnes away,
And though his teares vvould hardly let him looke,
Yet ſuch a looke did through his teares make way,
Hs ſhew'd how ſad a farewell there he tooke.
And vp towards yonder craggy rocke he goes,
His armes incroſs'd, his head downe on one ſide,
With ſuch a mournfull pace, as ſhewd his woes

Way'd heauier then his paſſions could abide:
Faine vvould I haue recald him backe; but ſhame,
And modeſtie could not bring forth his name:
And faine vvould I haue followed, yet me thought
It did not fit the honour of a maide
To follow one, yet ſtill I ſent from me,
T'attend his going, feare, and a carefull eye.
At length vvhen he vvas gotten to the top,
I might perceiue how vvith infolded armes.
And lookes vp bent to heauen, he ſtands and turnes
His vvofull face vnto the other ſide,
Whereas that hideous fearefull downfall is:
And ſeem'd as if he vvould haue throwne him off:
And as I thought, vvas now vpon the point:
When my affrighted powers could hold no more,
But pitty breaking all thoſe bands of ſhame,
That held me back; I ſhrikd, and ran God knowes,
With all the ſpeede my feeble feete could make,
And clammering vp at length (vvith much adoe)
Breathleſſe I got and tooke him by the hand,
And glad I had his hand, and vvas not come
Too late to haue it, and I puld him backe:
But could not ſpeake one vvord, no more did he,
Senſe ſeem'd to faile in him, and breath in me.
And one before I vvent, and led him on,
And downe conducted him into this plaine,
And yonder loe, vnder that fatall tree,
Looke *Cloris* there, euen in that very place,
We ſate vs downe, my arme about his necke,
Which *Ione* thou know'ſt held neuer man before:
There onely did my teares conferre vvith his,
Words we had none, it vvas inough to thinke,
For paſſion vvas too buſie now vvithin,
And had no time to come abroad in ſpeech.
And though I vvould haue ſpoken, yet me thought
I ſhould not, but my ſilence told him this,

That

That told too much, that all I was was his.
Clo. Well *Silvia*, I haue heard ſo ſad a tale,
As that I grieue to be a woman borne,
And that by nature we muſt be expos'd
Vnto the mercy of vnconſtant men.
But what ſaid then *Palæmon* in the ende?
Sil. Oh what he ſaid, and what deepe vowes he made?
When ioy and griefe, had let his ſenſes looſe.
Witnſſe O gentle tree vnder whoſe ſhade,
We ſate the while; witneſſe if euer maide
Had more aſſurances by oathes of man.
And well may you beare witneſſe of this deede,
For in a thouſand of your barkes he hath
Incaru'd my name, and vnder wrote his vowes,
Which will remaine ſo long as you beare bowes.
But *Cloris*, learne this leſſon well of mee;
Take heed of pitty, pitty was the cauſe
Of my confuſion, pitty hath vndone
Thouſands of gentle natures, in our ſexe,
For pitty is ſworne ſeruant vnto loue,
And this be ſure, where euer it begin
To make the way, it lets your maiſter in.
Clo. But what aſſurance haue you of his fraud?
It may be you ſuſpect him without cauſe,
Sil. Ah *Cloris*, *Cloris*, would I had no cauſe,
He who beheld him wrong me in theſe woods,
And heard him courting *Niſa*, and proteſt
As deepe to her, as he had done to me,
Told me of all his wicked treachery,
Clo. Pray who was that? tell me good *Silvia*, tell.
Sil. Why it was *Colax*, one I know full well
Would not report vntruths to gaine the world,
A man of vertue, and of worthy parts,
He told me all, and more then I will ſhew
I would I knew not halfe of that I know,
Ah had he none but *Niſa* that baſe trull,

The ſcorne and ieſt of all *Arcadia* now
To ſerue his luſts, and falſifie his vow?
Ah had it yet beene any elſe, the touch
Of my diſgrace, had neuer beene ſo much
But to left for ſuch a one as ſhe,
The ſtale of all, what will folke thinke of me?
Cloris in troth, it makes me ſo much loath
My ſelfe, loath theſe woods, and euen hate the day,
As I muſt hide my griefes out of the way:
I will be gone, *Cloris*, I leaue thee here,
I cannot ſtay, and prethee, *Cloris*, yet
Pitty thy poore companion *Siluias* care,
And let her fortune make thee to beware.
Clo. Siluia adue, the Gods relieue thy woes,
Since men thus faile, and loue no pitty ſhowes,

SCENE II.

Cloris. Techne.

LOue? nay, I'me taught for louing whilſt I liue,
Siluia, thy counſell hath lockt vp my heart
So faſt from loue, as let from ſigh, and grieue,
And pine, and waile who vvill, I for my part
Will pitty none of all this race of men.
I ſee vvhat ſhowes ſoeuer they pretend,
Their loue is neuer deadly, none of theſe
That languiſh thus haue dide of this diſeaſe
That euer I could heare, I ſee all do
Recouer ſoone, that happen thereinto.
And if they did not, there were no great hurt,
They may indure, they are of ſtronger power,
Better their hearts ſhould ake, then they break ours.
Well had I not beene thus forewarnd to day,

Out

Out of all queſtion, I had ſhortly falne,
Into the melting humour of compaſſion too;
That tender pitty that betrayes vs thus.
For ſomething I began to feele, me thought,
To moue vvithin me, when as I beheld
Amyntas walke, ſo ſadly, and ſo pale,
And euer were I went, ſtill in my way,
His lookes bent all to me, his care of mee.
Which well I ſaw, but would not ſeeme to ſee.
But now he hath his arrent, let him goe,
Pitty ſhall neuer cure that heart of his
T'vndoe mine owne, the griefe is beſt where tis.

Tec. What *Cloris* all alone, now fie for ſhame,
How ill doth this become ſo faire a face,
And that freſh youth to be without your loue?

Clo. Loue *Techne*? I haue here as many loues
As I intend to haue whilſt I haue breath.

Tec. Nay that you haue not, neuer hault with me,
For I know two at leaſt poſſeſſors be
Of your kinde fauours as themſelues doe boaſt.

Clo. Boſt of my fauours, no man rightly can.
And otherwiſe, let them doe what they can.

Tec. No *Cloris* did not you the other night
A gallant Noſegay to *Amyntas* giue?

Clo. I neuer gaue him Noſegay in my life.

Tec. Then truſt me *Cloris* he doth wrong you much
For he produc'd it there in open ſight,
And vaunted to *Carinus*, that you firſt,
Did kiſſe the ſame, then gaue it vnto him,
And tolde too how farre gone you were in loue
What paſſion you would vſe, when he was by,
How you would ieſt with him, and wantonly
Caſt water in his face, call his dogge yours,
And ſhew him your affections by your eye.
And then *Carinus* on the other ſide
He vaunts that ſince he had redeemed you

Out of the Satyres hands, he could command
Your loue and all, that you were onely his.
This and much more, I heard them proteſt
Giue out of you how truly you know beſt.
Clo. Techne, their idle talke, ſhall not vexe me
I know the ground I ſtand on, and how free
My heart, and I, inioy our libretty,
And if *Amyntas*, hath interpreted
My lookes according to his owne conceit,
He hath miſtooke the text, and he ſhall finde
Great difference, twixt his commend, & my minde.
And for his Noſegay it ſhall make me take
More care after how I ſcatter flowers:
Let him preſerue it well, and let him make
Much of his gaines he gets no more of ours.
But thus had I beene ſeru'd, had I reueal'd
The leaſt regard of common courteſie
To ſuch as theſe: but I doe thanke the gods
I haue reſeru'd me, from that vanitie:
For euer I ſuſpected this to be
The vaine of men, and this now ſettles me.
And for *Carinus*, let him vaunt what good
He did for me, he can but haue againe
My hearty thankes, the payment for his paine,
And that he ſhall, and ought in woman hood.
And as for loue, let him goe looke on her
That ſits, and grieues, and languiſhes for him,
Poore *Amarillis*, who affects him deare,
And ſought his loue with many a wofull teare.
And well deſerues a better man then he,
Though he be rich *Lupinus* ſonne, and ſtands
Much on his wealth, and his abilitie,
She is witty, faire, and full of modeſtie.
And were ſhe of my minde, ſhe rather would
Pull out her eyes, than that ſhe would be ſeene,
To offer vp ſo deare a ſacrifice

To his wilde youth, that ſcornes her in that wiſe.
Tee. *Cloris* in troth, I like thy iudgement well,
In not affecting of theſe home-bred Swaines,
That know not how to manage true delight,
Can neither hide their loue, nor ſhew it right.
Who would be troubled with groſſe ignorance,
That vnderſtands not truely how to loue?
No *Cloris*, if thou didſt but know, how well
Thou art eſteem'd, of one that knowes indeed
How to obſerue thy worth, and his owne wayes
How to giue true delight, how to proceed
With ſecrecy, and wit, in all aſſayes,
Perhaps you might thinke one day of the man,
Clo. What is this creature then you praiſe a man?
Tee. A man? yes *Cloris*, what ſhould he be elſe?
Clo. Nought elſe, it is enough he be a man.
Tee. Yea and ſo rare a man as euer yet
Arcadia bred, that may be proud ſhe bred
A perſon of ſo admirable parts,
A man that knowes the world, hath ſeene abrod,
Brings thoſe perfections that doe truly moue,
A gallant ſpirit, and vnderſtanding loue.
O if you did but know how ſweet it were,
To come vnto the bed of of worthineſſe,
Of knowledge, of conceits, where ſtrange delights
With ſtrange diſcourſes ſtill ſhall entertaine
Your pleaſed thoughts, with freſh varietie,
Ah you would loath to haue your youth confin'de,
For euer more betweene the vnskilfull armes
Of one of theſe rude vnconceiuing Swaines,
Who would but ſeeme a trunke without a minde;
As one that neuer ſaw but theſe poore plaines,
Knowes but to keepe his ſheepe, and ſet his fold
Pipe on an Oaten Reede, ſome Rundelayes,
And daunce a Morrice on the holy dayes.
And ſo ſhould you be alwayes ſweetly ſped

With ignorance, and two fooles in a bed.
But with this other gallant ſpirit you ſhould
Be ſure to ouerpaſſe that tediouſneſſe,
And that ſociety which cloyes this life,
With ſuch a variable cheerefulneſſe,
As you will bleſſe the time t'haue beene his wife.
Clo. What hath this man you thus commend a name?
Tec. A name? why yes, no man but hath a name?
His name is *Colax*, and is one I ſweare
Doth honour euen the ground whereon you tread,
And oft, and many times God knowes,
Hath he with tender paſſion, talkt of you?
And ſaid; Well, there is one vvithin theſe vvoods
(Meaning by you) that yet of all the Nymphes
Mine eyes haue euer ſeene vpon the earth,
In all perfections doth exceede them all.
For all the beauties in that glorious Court
Of *Telos*, vvhere I liu'd, nor all the Starres
Of *Greece* beſide, could ſtarkle in my heart,
The fire of any heate but onely ſhee.
Then vvould he ſtay, and ſigh; and then againe
Ah vvhat great pitty ſuch a creature ſhould,
Be tide vnto a clogge of ignorance,
Whoſe body doth deſerue to be imbraced,
By the moſt mighty Moharch vpon earth.
Ah that ſhe knew her vvorth, and how vnfit
That priuate woods ſhould hide that face, that wit.
Thus hath he often ſaid, and this I ſay,
Obſerue him vvhen you vvill, you ſhall not ſee
From his hye fore-head to his ſlender foote,
A man in all parts, better made then he.
Clo, *Techne*, me thinkes, the praiſes that you giue
Shewes your owne loue, and if he be that man
You ſay, 'tvvere good you kept him for your ſelfe.
Tec. I muſt not loue impoſſibilities,
Cloris, he vvere a moſt fit man for you.

Clo. For me, alas *Techne* yon moue too late.
Tec. Why haue you paſt your promiſe t'any yet?
Clo. Yes ſure, my promiſe is already paſt.
Tec. And if it be, I truſt you are ſo wiſe
T'vnpaſſe the ſame againe for your owne good.
Clo. No that I may not when it is once paſt.
Tec. No *Cloris*, I preſume that wit of yours
That is ſo pierſiue, can conceiue how that
Our promiſe muſt not preiudice our good:
And that it is no reaſon that the tongue,
Tie the whole body to eternall wrong.
Clo. The Tongue is but the Agent of the heart,
And onely as commiſſioner allowd
By reaſon, and the will, for the whole ſtate,
Which warrants all it ſhall negotiate.
Tec. But prithee tell me to what ruſticke Swaine
You paſs'd your word to caſt away your ſelfe?
Clo. No I haue paſt my word to ſaue my ſelfe
Of treacherous men, and vow'd vnto my heart
Vntill I ſee more faith then yet I ſee,
None of them all ſhall triumph ouer me.
Tec. Nay then, and be no otherwiſe tis well,
We ſhall haue other time to talke of this.
But *Cloris* I haue fitted you in faith,
I haue here brought, the moſt conceipted tyre,
The rareſt dreſſing euer Nymph put on,
Worth ten of that you weare, that now me thinkes
Doth not become you, and beſides tis ſtale.
Clo. Stale why? I haue not worne it ſcarce a moneth.
Tec. A moneth, why you muſt change them twiſe a day
Hold hither *Cloris*, this was not well laid,
Here is a fault, you haue not mixt it well
To make it take, or elſe it is your haſte
To come abroad ſo ſoone into the Ayre.
But I muſt teach you to amend theſe faults,
And ere I ſhall haue done with you, I thinke,

I ſhall make ſome of theſe inamored youthes
To hang themſelues, or elſe runne madde for loue,
But goe let's trie this dreſſing I haue brought.

SCEN. III.

Palæmon. Mirtillus.

Mirtillus did *Dorinda* euer vow,
Or make thee any promiſe to be thine?
Mir. Palæmon no, ſhe neuer made me vow,
But I did euer hope ſhe would be mine.
For that I had deliuered vp my youth,
My heart, my all, a tribute to her eyes,
And had ſecur'd her of my conſtant truth,
Vnder ſo many ſpecialties,
As that although ſhe did not grant againe,
With any ſhew the acquittance of my loue,
Yet did ſhee euer ſeeme to entertaine
My affections, and my ſeruices t'approoue.
Till now of late I know not by what meane.
(Ill fare that meane) ſhe grew to that diſpight,
As ſhe not onely clowds her fauours cleane,
But alſo ſcorn'd to haue me in her ſight.
That now I am not for her loue thus mou'd,
But onely that ſhe will not be belou'd.
Pal. If this be all th'occaſion of thy griefe,
Mirtillus, thou art then in better caſe
Then I ſuppos'd, and therefore cheere thy heart,
And good cauſe too, being in the ſtate thou art,
For if thou didſt but heare the Hiſtory
Of my diſtreſſe, and what part I haue ſhar'd
Of ſad affliction, thou wilt then ſoone ſee
There is no miſery vnleſſe compar'd.
For all Arcadia, all theſe hills, and plaines,
Theſe holts, and woods and euery Chriſtall ſpring.

Can

Can teſtifie my teares, and tell my flames,
And with how cleane a heart, how cleere a faith
Palamon loued *Siluia*, and how long.
And when conſum'd with griefe, and dri'd with care,
Euen at the point to ſacrifice my life
Vnto her cruelty, then lo ſhe yeelds,
And was content for euer to be mine:
And gaue m'aſſurance vnderneath her hand,
Sign'd with a faithfull vow, as I conceiu'd,
And witneſſed with many a louely kiſſe,
That I thought ſure I had attain'd my bliſſe.
And yet (aie me) I got not what I got,
Siluia I haue, and yet I haue her not.

Mir. How may that be, *Palamon* pray thee tell?

Pal. O know *Mirtillus* that I rather could
Runne to ſome hollow caue, and burſt and die
In darknes, and in horror, then vnfold
Her ſhamefull ſtaine, and mine owne infamy.
But yet it will abroad, her impudence
Will be the trumpet of her owne diſgrace,
And fill the wide and open mouth of fame
So full, as all the world ſhall know the ſame.

Mir. Why what is *Siluia* falſe, or is ſhe gone?

Pal. *Siluia* is falſe and I am quite vndone.

Mir. Ah out alas who euer would haue thought,
That modeſt looke, ſo innocent a face,
So chaſt a bluſh, that ſhame-faſt countenance,
Could euer haue told how to wantoniſe?
Ah what ſhall we poore louers hope for now
Who muſt to win, conſume, and hauing wonne
With hard and much adoe muſt be vndone?

Pal. Ah but *Mirtillus* if thou didſt know who
Is now the man, her choice hath lighted on,
How would'ſt thou wonder, for that paſſes all,
That I abhoore to tell, yet tell I ſhall;
For all that would will ſhortly know't too well:

It is baſe *Thirſis* that wild hare-braine youth
Whom euer milk-maid in *Arcadia* skornes:
Thyrſis is now the man with vvhome ſhe walkes
Alone, in thickets, and in groues remote.
Thyrſis is all in all, and none but he,
With him ſhe dallies vnder euery tree,
Truſt women? ah *Mirtillus*, rather truſt
The Summer windes, th'Oceans conſtancy,
For all their ſubſtance is but leuity:
Light are their wauing vailes, light their attires,
Light are their heads, and lighter their deſires:
Let them lay on vvhat couerture they will
Vpon themſelues, of modeſty and ſhame,
They cannot hide the woman with the ſame,
Truſt women? ah *Mirtillus* rather truſt
The falſe deuouring Crocodiles of *Nile*,
For all they worke is but deceipt and guile:
What haue they but is fain'd? their haire is fain'd,
Their beauty fain'd, their ſtature fain'd, their pace,
Their ieſture, motion, and their grace is fain'd:
And if that all be fain'd without, vvhat then
Shall we ſuppoſe can be ſincere within?
For if they doe but vveepe, or ſing, or ſmile,
Smiles, teares, and tunes, are ingins to beguile;
And all they are, and all they haue of grace,
Conſiſts but in the out-ſide of a face,
O loue and beauty, how are you ordain'd
Like vnto fire, vvhoſe flames farre off delight,
But if you be imbrac'd conſume vs quite?
Why cannot vve make at a lower rate
A purchaſe of you, but that we muſt giue
The treaſure of our hearts, and yet not haue
What we haue bought ſo dearely for all that?
O *Silvia* if thou needs wouldſt haue beene gone,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue taken all away of thee;
And nothing left to haue remain'd with me.

Thou

Thou ſhould'ſt haue carried hence the portracture
VVhich thou haſt left behind within my heart,
Set in the table-frame of memory,
That puts me ſtill in minde of what thou wert,
VVhilſt thou wert honeſt, and thy thoughts were pure,
So that I might not thus in euery place.
VVhere I ſhall ſet my carefull foote, conferre
VVith it of thee, and euermore be told,
That here ſate *Siluia* vnderneath this tree,
And here ſhe walkt, and lean'd vpon mine arme,
There gathered flowers, and brought them vnto me.
Here by the murmurs of this ruſling ſpring,
She ſweetly lay, and in my boſome ſlept:
Here firſt ſhe ſhewd me comforts when I pinde:
As if in euery place her foote had ſtept,
If had left *Siluia* in a print behind.
But yet, O theſe were *Siluias* images,
Then whilſt her heart held faire, and ſhe was chaſte,
Now is her face all ſullied with her fact,
And why are not thoſe former prints defac'd?
VVhy ſhould ſhe hold, ſtill in the forme ſhe was,
Being now deform'd, and not the ſame ſhe was?
O that I could *Mirtillus* locke her out
Of my remembrance, that I might no more
Haue *Siluia* here, vvhen ſhe will not be here.

Mir. But good *Palæmon*, tell vvhat proofes haſt thou
Of her diſloyality, that makes thee ſhow
Theſe heauy paſſions, and to grieue ſo much?

Pal. *Mirtillus*, proofes, that are alas too plaine;
For *Colax* one thou knowſt can well obſerue
And iudge of loue, a man both ſtaid, and wiſe,
A gentle heardſman, out of loue, and care
He had of me, came and reported all:
And how he ſaw them diuers times alone,
Imbracing each the other in the woods.
Beſides ſhe hath of late with ſullaine lookes,

That

That ſhew'd diſliking, ſhunn'd my company,
Kept her a looſe, and novv I thinke to day,
Is gone to hide her quite out of the vvay.
But *Siluia* though thou go and hide thy face,
Thou canſt not hide thy ſhame, and thy diſgrace,
No ſecret thicket, groue, nor yet cloſe grot,
Can couer ſhame, and that immodeſt blot.
Ah didſt thou lend thy hand in kind remorſe,
To ſaue me from one death, to giue me a worſe?
Had it not yet beene better I had died,
By the vnſpotted honeſt cruelty,
Then now by thy diſgraced infamy?
That ſo I might haue carried to my graue,
The image of chaſte *Siluia* in my heart,
And not haue had theſe notions, to ingraue
A ſtained *Siluia* there, as now thou art?
Ah yes, it hath beene better farre, I prooue,
T'haue periſht for thy loue, then vvith thy loue.
Mir. Ah good *Palæmon* ceaſe theſe ſad complaints,
And moderate thy paſſions, thou ſhalt ſee
She may returne, and theſe reports be found
But idle fictions on vncertaine ground.
Pal. Mirtillus I perceiue my tedious tale,
Begins to be diſtaſtefull to thine eare,
And therefore will I to ſome deſert vale,
To ſome cloſe groue to waile, where none ſhall heare
But beaſts, and trees, whoſe ſenſe I ſhall not tyre.
VVith length of mone, for length is my deſire.
And therefore gentle Sheepheard, now adieu,
And truſt not women, for they are vntrue.
Mir. Adue *Palæmon*, and thy ſad diſtreſſe,
Shall make me weigh *Dorindas* loſſe the leſſe:
For if I ſhould be hers, and ſhe prooue ſo,
Better to be mine owne and let her go.

SCENA

SCEN. IV.

Ergastus. Melibæus.

NOw *Melibæus*; who would haue ſuppos'd
That had not ſeene theſe impious paſſages,
That euer monſtrous wretch could haue expos'd,
To honeſt hearts to theſe extremity,
T'attaine his wicked ends? by hauing wrought
Firſt in, their eaſie confidence
Away, by an opinion to be thought,
Honeſt, diſcreet, of great experience.
Whereby we ſee open-faſt villanie
Without a maske, no miſchiefe could haue done,
It was the couerture of honeſty,
That laid the ſnare, whereby they were vndone,
And that's the ingine that confounds vs all,
That makes the breach whereby the world is ſackt,
And made a prey to cunning, when we fall
Into the hands of wiſe diſhoneſty:
When as our weake credulity is rackt
By that opinion of ſufficiency,
To all the inconueniences that guile,
And impious craft can practiſe to beguile.
And note but how theſe cankers alwayes ſeaze
The choyceſt fruits with their infections,
How they are ſtill ordained to diſeaſe,
The natures of the beſt complections.
Mel. Tis true. And what an inſtrument hath he there got,
To be the Agent of his villany?
How truely ſhe negoriats, and doth plot,
To vndermine fraile imbecillity.
How ſtrong, theſe ſpirits combine them in a knot,
To circumvent plaine open honeſty?
And what a creature there is no conuerſe
With feeble maydes, whoſe vveaknes ſoone is led

VVith

VVith toyes, and new diſguiſes, to reuerſe
The courſe wherein by cuſtome they vvere bred;
And when that fitneſſe too her trade affoords,
To trafficke with the ſecrets of their heart,
And cheapen their affections vvith faire words.
VVhich vvomen ſtraight to women vvill impart?
And then to ſee how ſoone example vvill
Diſperſe it ſelfe, being met with our deſire?
How ſoone, it vvill inkindle others ill,
Like *Neptha* that takes fire by ſight of fire?
So that vnleſſe we runne vvith all the ſpeed
VVe can, to quench this new ariſing flame
O vanity, and luſt, it will proceed
T'vndoe vs, ere vve ſhall perceiue the ſame:
How farre already is the miſchiefe runne,
Before vve ſcarſe perceiu'd it was begunne?

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Alcon. Lincus.

VVHat my friend *Lincus*? now in troth tell me,
Lin. VVell met good *Alcon*, this fals happily
That we two thus incoumer all alone,
VVho had not any conference ſcarſe this moneth.
Al. In troth I long'd to heare how you proceed,
In your new practiſe, here among theſe ſwaines,
For you and I muſt grace each others arte;
Though you knew me, vvhen I in *Patras* dwelt,
And waited on a poore Phiſitions man,
And I knew you a Pronotories boy.
That wrote Indentures at the towne-houſe-doore.
Yet are you here, now a great man of law,
And I a graue Phiſition full of skill,
And here we two are held the only men.
But how thriue you in your new practiſe now?

Lin.

Lin. Alcon in troth not any thing to ſpeake,
For theſe poore people of *Arcadia* here,
Are ſoone contented each man with his owne,
As they deſire no more, nor will be drawne
To any conteſtation, nor indeed
Is there any frame compos'd, whereby
Contention may proceed in practicke forme?
For if they had this forme once to contend.
Then would they brawle and wrangle without end.
For then might they be taught, and councell'd how
To litigate perpetually you know;
And ſo might I be ſure to doe ſome good:
But hauing here no matter whereupon
To furniſh reall actions, as elſe where;
No tenures, but a conſtumary hold
Of what they haue from their progenitors
Common, without indiuiduitie;
No purchaſings, no contracts, no comerſe,
No politique commands, no ſeruices,
No generall aſſemblies but to feaſt,
And to delight themſelues with freſh paſtimes,
How can I hope that euer I ſhall thriue?

Alc. Iſt poſſible that a ſocietie
Can with ſo little noyſe, and ſweat ſubſiſt?

Lin. It ſeemes it may before men haue transform'd
Their ſtate of nature in ſo many ſhapes
Of their owne managements, and are caſt out
Into confuſion, by their knowledges.
And either I muſt packe me hence, or elſe
Muſt labour wholly to diſſolue the frame,
And compoſition, of their ſtrange built ſtate.
Which now I ſeeke to doe, by drawing them
To appr'hend of theſe proprieties
Of *mine and thine* and teach them to incroch
And get them ſtates apart, and priuate ſhares.
And this I haue already ſet a worke

If it vvill take, for I haue met with two
The apteſt ſpirits the countrey yeelds, I know,
Montanus and *Aeryppius*, vvho are both
Old, and both cholericke, and both peruerſe,
And both inclinable to Auarice
And if their quarrell hold, as tis begun
I doe not doubt but all the reſt vvill on.
And if the vvorſt ſhould fall, if I could gaine
The reputation but to arbitrate,
And ſway their ſtrifes, I vvould get vvell by that.

Alc. Tis maruell that their long and eaſie peace
That foſters plenty, and giues nought to doe,
Should not vvith them beget contention too,
As vvell as other vvhere vve ſee it doth.

Lin. This peace of theirs, is not like others peace
Where craft laies traps t'inrich himſelfe with wiles,
And men make prey of men, and riſe by ſpoiles.
This rather ſeemes a quiet then a peace,
For this poore corner of *Arcadia* here,
This little angle of the vvorld you ſee,
Which hath ſhut out of doore, all t'earth beſide,
And are bard vp with mountaines, and with rocks;
Haue had no intertrading with the reſt,
Of men, nor yet will haue, but here alone,
Quite out of fortunes way, and vnderneath
Ambition, or deſire, that weighes them not,
They liue as if ſtill in the golden age,
When as the world was in this pupillage.
But for mine owne part, *Alcon* I proteſt
I enuy them that they thus make themſelues,
An euerlaſting holy day of reſt,
Whiles others worke, and I doe thinke it fit
Being in the world, they ſhould be of the world,
And if that other ſtates ſhould doe ſo too
As God forbid, what ſhould we Lawyers doe?
But I hope ſhortly yet; we ſhall haue here

As many of vs as are other where:
And we ſhall ſweat, and chafe, and talke as loud,
Brawle our ſelues hoarſe, as well as they doe
At *Patras*, *Sparta*, *Corinth*, or at *Thebes*,
And be as arrogant and euen as proud,
And then 'twill be a world, and not before.
But how doſt thou with thy profeſſion frame?
Alc. No man can wiſh a better place then this
To practiſe in my arte, for here they will
Be ſicke for company, they are ſo kinde,
I haue now twenty Pacients at this time,
That know not vvhat they ayle, no more doe I,
And they haue Phyſicke all accordingly.
Firſt *Phillis* got running at Barley-breake
A little cold, vvhich I vvith certaine drugs
I miniſtred, vvas thought to remedie,
Doris ſaw that, how *Phillis* Phyſicke wrought
(For *Phillis* had told her, ſhe neuer tooke
So delicate a thing in all her life
That more reuiu'd her heart, and clear'd her blood,)
Doris would needs be ſicke too, and take ſome.
Melma ſeeing that, ſhe would the like,
And ſo ſhe had the very ſame receit,
For ſo ſaith troth I haue no more but that
And one poore pill I vſe for greater cures.
But this is onely ſweet and delicate,
Fit for young women, and is like th'hearbe Iohn,
Doth neither good nor hurt, but that's all one,
For if they but conceiue it doth, it doth
And it is that Phyſitions hold the chiefe
In all their cures, *conceit, and ſtrong beliefe:*
Beſides I am a ſtranger come from farr
Which doth adde much vnto opinion too.
For who now but th' *Arabian* or the *Iew*
In forraine lands, are held the onely men,
Although their knowledge be no more then mine.

Lin. Tis true friend *Alcon*, he that hath once got,
Th'Elixit of opinion hath got all,
And h'is th'man that turnes his brasse to gold.
Then can I talke of *Galen*, *Auerrois*,
Hypocratis, *Rasis*, and *Auicen*
And booke I neuer read, and vse strange speach
Of Symptons, Crysis, and the Critique dayes.
Of Trochises, Opiats, Apophilegmatismes,
Eclegmats, Embrochs, Lixiues, Cataplasmes,
With all the hideous tearmes Arte can deuise,
T'amuse weake, and admiring ignorance.

Lin. And that is right my tricke, I ouerwhelme
My practise too, with darknes, and strange words,
With Paragraphs, Conditions, Codicilles,
Acceptilations, actions, recissorie,
Noxall, and Hypothecall, and inuolue
Domesticke matter in a forraine phrase.

Alc. Then am I as abstruse and mysticall,
In Carecteer, and giuing my receit,
Obseruing th'odde number in my pills,
And certaine houres to gather and compound
My simples, and make all t'attend the Moone.
Then doe I shew the rare ingredients
I vse for some great cures, when need requires,
The liuer of a Wolfe, the Lyons gall,
The left side of a Moles, the Foxes heare,
The right foote of a Tortuse, Dragons bloody
And such strange sauage stuffe, as euen the names
Are physicke of themselues, to moue a man.
And all the drugs I vse, must come from farre,
Beyoung the Occian, and the Sunne at least,
Or else it hath no vertue Physicall,
These home-bred simples doe no good at all.

Lin. No, no, it must be forraine stuffe, God wot,
Or something else that is not to be got.

Al. But now in faith I haue [illegible]

That will perpetually ſo feede their rheumes,
And entertaine their idle vveakeneſſes,
As nothing in the vvorld could doe the like,
for lately being at *Corinth*, 'twas my chance
T'incounter vvith a Sea-man, new arriu'd
Of *Alexandria*, vvho from *India* came,
And brought a certaine hearbe wrapt vp in rowles,
From th'Iſland of *Nicoſia*, vvhere it growes:
Infus'd I thinke in ſome peſtiferous iuice.
(Produc'd in that contagious burning clime,
Contrarious to our nature, and our ſpirits)
Or elſe ſteep'd in the fuming ſap, it ſelfe
Doth yeeld, t'inforce th'infecting power thereof,
And this in powder made, and fir'd, he ſuckes
Out of a little hollow inſtrument
Of calcinated clay, the ſmoake thereof:
Which either he conuayes out of his noſe,
Or downe into his ſtomacke vvith a vvhiffe.
And this he ſaid a vvondrous vertue had,
To purge the head, and cure the great Catarre,
And to dry vp all other meaner rhumes,
Which vvhen I ſaw, I ſtraight vvay thought how vvell
This new fantaſticall deuiſe vvould pleaſe
The fooliſh people here growne humorous.
And vp I tooke all this commoditie,
And here haue taught them how to vſe the ſame.

Lin. And it is eaſie to bring in the vſe
Of any thing, though neuer ſo abſurd,
When nations are prepar'd to all abuſe,
And th'humour of corruption once is ſtird.

Alc. Tis true, and now to ſee with what a ſtrange
And gluttonous deſire, th'exhauſt the ſame
How infinite, and how inſatiably,
They doe deuoure th'intoxicating fume,
You vvould admire, as if their ſpirits thereby
Were taken, and inchanted, or transformd,

By ſome infuſed philter in the drug.
For vvhereas heretofore they vvonted vvere,
At all their meetings, and their feſtiualls,
To paſſe the time in telling vvitty tales,
In queſtions, riddles, and in purpoſes,
Now doe they nothing elſe, but ſit and ſucke,
And ſpit, and ſlauer, all the time they ſit.
That I goe by, and laugh vnto my ſelfe,
And thinke that this wil one day make ſome worke
For me or others, bnt I feare it vvill
B'another age will finde the hurt of this.
But ſure the time's to come when they looke backe
On this, vvill vvonder vvith themſelues to thinke
That men of ſenſe could euer be ſo mad,
To ſucke ſo groſſe a vapour, that conſumes
Their ſpirits, ſends nature, dries vp memorie,
Corrupts the blood, and in a vanitie.
Lin. But *Alcon* peace, here comes a patient, peace.
Al. Linthus there doth indeed, therefore away,
Leaue me alone, for I muſt not reſume
My ſurely, graue, and Doctorall aſpect.
This wench I know, tis *Daphne* who hath wrong'd
Her loue *Menalcus*, and plaid faſt and looſe
With *Colax*, vvho reueald the whole to me.

SCEN. II.

Daphne. Alcon.

GOod Doctor *Alcon*, I am come to craue
Your counſell to aduiſe me for my health,
For I ſuppoſe, in troath, I am not well,
Me thinkes I ſhould be ſicke, yet cannot tell:
Some thing there is amiſſe that troubles me,
For which I would take Phiſicke willingly,
Alc. Welcome, faire Nymph, come let me try your pulſe.
I can-

I cannot blame you t'hold your ſelfe not well.
Something amiſſe quoth you, here's all amiſſe,
Th'whole Fabricke of your ſelfe diſtempred is,
The Syſtole, and Dyaſtole of your pulſe,
Doe ſhew your paſſions moſt hyſtericall,
It ſeemes yoo haue not very carefull beene,
T'obſerue the prophilactick regiment
Of your owne body, ſo that we muſt now
Deſcend vnto the Therapheuticall;
That ſo we may preuent the ſyndrome
Of Symtomes, and may afterwards apply
Some analepticall Elexir harmacum,
That may be proper for your maladie:
It ſeemes faire nimph you dream much in the night
Dap. Doctor I doe indeed, *Alc.* I know you doe;
Y'are troubled much with thought.
Dap. I am indeed, *Alc.* I know you are.
You haue great heauineſſe about your heart.
Dap. Now truly ſo I haue. *Alc.* I know you haue.
You wake oft in the night. *Dap.* In troath I doe.
Alc. All this I know you doe.
And this vnleſſe by phyſicke you preuent,
Thinke whereto it may bring you in the end,
And therefore you muſt firſt euacuate
All thoſe Colaxicall hote humour which
Diſturbe your heart, and then refrigerate
Your blood by ſome Menalchian Cordials,
Which you muſt take, & you ſhal ſtraight find eaſe,
And in the morning I will viſit you.
Dap. I pray Sir, let me take of that you gaue,
To *Phillis* th'other day, for that ſhe ſaid,
Did comfort wonderfully, and cheere her heart.
Alc. Faire nimph, you muſt, if you wil vſe my art,
Let me alone, to giue what I thinke good,
I knew what fitted *Phillis* maladie,
And ſo, I thinke, I know what will fit you. *Exit.*

Daphne ſola.

O what a wondrous skill man is this?
Why he knowes all? O God, who euer thought
Any man liuing, could haue told ſo right
A womans griefe in all points as he hath?
Why this is ſtrange that by my very pulſe,
He ſhould know all I ayle, as well as I.
Beſide I feare he ſees too much in mee,
More then I would that any man ſhould ſee.
Me thought (although I could not well conceiue
His words, he ſpake ſo learned and ſo ſtrange)
He ſaid I had miſruld my body much,
As if he meant that in ſome wanton ſort,
I had abus'd my body with ſome man:
O how ſhould he know that? what is my pulſe
Become the intelligencer of my ſhame?
Or are my lookes the index of my heart?
Sure ſo he ſaid, and me thought too, he nam'd
Menalcas, or elſe ſomething very like,
And likewiſe nam'd that cunning treacherous wretch
That hath vndone me, *Calus*, that vile Diuell,
Who is indeed the cauſe of all my griefe,
For which I now ſeeke Phyſicke, but O what
Can Phyſicke doe to cure that hideous wound
My luſts haue giuen my Conſcience? which I ſee
Is that which onely is diſeas'd within
And not my body now, that's it doth ſo
Diſquiet all the lodging of my ſpirits,
As keepes me waking, that is it preſents
Thoſe onely formes of terror that affright
My broken ſleepes, that layes vpon my heart
This heauy loade that weighes it downe with griefe,
And no diſeaſe beſide, for which there is
No cure I ſee at all, nor no redreſſe.

Didſt

Didſt thou alleadge vile man to my weake youth,
How that thoſe vowes I made vnto my loue
Were bands of cuſtome, and could not lay on
Thoſe manicles on nature, vvhich ſhould keepe
Her freedome priſoner by our dome of breath?
O impious wretch now nature giues the lye
To thy foule heart and tels my grieued ſoule,
I haue done vvrong, to falſifie that vow
I firſt to my deare loue *Menalcas* made.
And ſayes th'aſſurance and the faith is giuen
By band on earth, the ſame is ſeal'd in Heauen.
And therefore now *Menalcas* can theſe eyes
That now abhorre to looke vpon my ſelfe,
Dare euer view that vvronged face of thine,
Who haſt relide on this falſe heart of mine?

SCEN. III.

Colax. Techne.

Iſt poſſibl ſweete *Techne*, what you ſay,
That *Cloris* is ſo witty, and ſo coy?

Tec. Tis as I tell you *Colax*, ſh'is as coy
And hath as ſhrewd a ſpirit, as quicke conceipt
As euer wench I brok'd in all my life.

Col. Then there's ſome glory in attaining her,
Here now I ſhall be ſure t'haue ſomething yet
Beſides dull beauty, I ſhall lay vvith wit.
For theſe faire creatures, haue ſuch feeble ſpirits,
And are ſo languiſhing, as giue no edge
To appetite, and loue, but ſtuffes pelight.

Tec. Well if you get her, then you ſhall be ſure
To haue your vviſh; and yet perhaps that ſtore,
You find in her, may checke your longing more
Then all their wants, whom you haue tride before.

Col. How? if I get her, what doe you ſuppoſe,

I ſhall not get her, that were very ſtrange.

Tec. Yes ſir, ſhe may be got, but yet I know
Sh'will put you to the triall of your wit.

Col. Let me alone, could I find ſeaſon fit
To talke with her in priuate, ſhe vvere mine.

Tec. That ſeaſon may you now haue very well.
For *Colax*, ſhe hath promis'd faithfully
This euening late to meete me at the caue
Of *Erycina* vnderneath the hill,
Where I muſt fit her vvith a new attyre
Where vvith ſh's farre in loue, and th'other day
Thinking to try it at her fathers houſe,
Whether I went vvith her to deale for you)
The old *Acryſius* was himſelfe at home.
VVhich did inforce vs to deferre our worke
Vntill this euening, that we might alone
There out of ſight, more cloſely do the ſame:
Where while ſhe ſtayes (for I will make her ſtay
For me a while) you at your pleaſure may
Haue th'opportunity vvhich you deſire.

Col. O *Techne* thou haſt bleſt me, if I now
On this aduantage conquer not her mind,
Let me be loathed of all vvoman-kind.
And preſently will I go ſute my ſelfe
As brauely as I can, go ſet my lookes
Arme my diſcourſe, frame ſpeaches paſſionate
And action both, fit for ſo great a worke,
Techne a thouſand thankes and ſo adieu. *Ex.*

Tec. Well *Colax*, ſhe may yet deceiue thy hopes,
And I perſwade my ſelfe ſhe is as like,
As any ſubtile vvench was euery borne,
To giue as wiſe a man as you the skorne:
But ſee where one whoſe faith hath better right
Vnto her loue then you, comes here forlorne
Like fortunes out-caſt, full of heauines.
Ah poore *Amyntas*, vvould thou knewſt how much

Thou

Thou art eſteem'd, although not vvhere thou wouldſt,
Yet vvhere thou ſhould haue loue in that degree,
As neuer liuing man had like to thee.
Ah ſee how I, who ſets for others loue,
Am tooke my ſelfe, and intricated here
With one, that hath his heart another where?
But I vvill labour to diuert the ſtreame
Of his affections, and to turne his thoughts
From that coy *Cloris*, to the liberty
Of his owne heart, vvith hope to make him mine.

SCEN. IIII.

Techne. Amyntas.

NOw fie *Amyntas*, why ſhould you thus grieue
For a moſt fooliſh vvay-ward girle, that ſcornes
Your honeſt loue, and laughes at all you doe;
For ſhame *Amyntas* let her go as ſh'is.
You ſee her vaine, and how peruerſly ſet,
Tis fond to follow vvhat we cannot get.

Am. O *Techne*, *Techne*, though I neuer get,
Yet will I euer follow vvhilſt I breath,
And if I periſh by the vvay, yet ſhall
My death be pleaſing that for her I die.
And one day ſhe may hap to come that way,
(And be it, O her way) where I ſhall lye,
And with her proud diſdainefull foote ſhe may
Tread on my tombe, and ſay, loe where he lies,
The tryumph, and the conqueſt of mine eyes.
And though I looſe my ſelfe, and looſe my teares,
It ſhall be glory yet that I was hers.
VVhat haue I done of late, ſhould make her thus
My preſence with that ſtrange diſdaine to flye,
As if ſhe did abhorre my company?
Cloris God knowes, thou haſt no cauſe therefore,

Vnleſſe

Vnleſſe it be for louing more, and more.
Why thou wert vvont to lend me yet an eare,
And though thou wouldſt not helpe, yet wouldſt thou heare
Tec. Perhaps ſhe thinkes thy heat will be allayd,
The fire being gone, and therefore doth ſhe well
Not to be ſeene there vvhere ſhe vvill not aide.
Am. Alas ſhe knowes no hand but her can quench
That heat in me, and therefore doth ſhe vvrong
To fire my heart, and then to runne away,
And if ſhe would not aide, yet might ſhe eaſe
My carefull ſoule, if ſhe vvould but ſtand by
And only looke vpon me while I die.
Tec. Well well *Amyntas*, little doeſt thou know
With vvhom that cunning vvanton ſorts her ſelfe.
Whil'ſt thus thou mourn'ſt, and vvith that ſecrets wiles
She vvorkes, to meet her louer in the vvoods,
With whom in groues, and caues ſhe dailying ſits,
And mockes thy paſſions and thy dolefull fits,
Am. No *Techne*, no I know that cannot be,
And therefore do not vvrong her modeſty,
For *Cloris* loues no man, and that's ſome eaſe
Vnto my griefe, and giues a hope that yet
If euer ſoft affection touch her heart,
She will looke backe, and thinke on my deſert.
Tec. If that be all, that hope is at an end,
For if thou wilt this euening but attend
And walke downe vnder *Erycinas* groue,
And place thy ſelfe in ſome cloſe ſecret buſh,
Right oppoſite vnto the hollow caue
That lookes into the vally, thou ſhalt ſee
That honeſty, and that great modeſty.
Am. If I ſee *Cloris* there, I know I ſhall
See nothing elſe vvith her, but modeſty.
Tec. Yes ſomething els will grieue your heart to ſee:
But you muſt be content, and thinke your ſelfe
Are not the firſt that thus haue bin deceiu'd,

With

With faire appearing out-sides, and mistooke
A wanton heart, by a chast seeming looke.
But I coniure you by the loue you beare
Vnto those eyes which make you (as you are
Th'example of compassion to the world)
Sit close and be not seene in any case.
Am. Well *Techne*, if I shall see *Cloris* there
It is enough, then thither will I goe,
Who will go and any where to looke on her.
And *Cloris* know, I do not go to see,
Any thing else of thee, but only thee.
Tec. Well go and thinke yet of her honest care,
VVho giues the note of such a shamefull deed,
And iudge *Amyntas* when thou shalt be free,
VVho more deserues thy loue, or I or she.

SCEN. V.

Melibæus. Ergastus.

NOw what infernall proiects are here laid,
T'afflict an honest heart, t'expose a maide,
Vnto the danger of alou[illegible] assault,
To make her to offend without her fault.
Er. And see what other new appearing spirits
Would raise the tempests of disturbances
Vpon our rest, and labour to bring in
All the whole Ocean of vnquietnesse,
To ouerwhelme the poore peace we liue in?
How one would faine instruct, and teach vs how
To cut our throates with forme, and to contend
VVith artificiall knowledge, to vndoo
Each other, and to brabble without end.
As if that nature had not tooke more care
For vs, then we for our owne selues can take,
And makes vs better lawes then those we make.
And as if all that science ought could giue

Vnto

Vnto our bliſſe, but onely ſhewes vs how
The better to contend, but not to liue.
And euermore we ſee how vice doth grow
With knowledge, and brings forth a more increaſe,
When skilfull, men begin, how good men ceaſe.
And therefore how much better do vve liue,
With quiet ignorance, then vve ſhould do
With turbulent and euer vvorking skill,
Which makes vs not to liue, but labour ſtill.
Mel. And ſee that other vaine fantaſticke ſpirit,
Who vvould corrupt our bodies too likewiſe,
As this our mindes, and make our health to be,
As troubleſome as ſickneſſe, to deuiſe,
That no part of vs euer ſhould be free;
Both forraging our credulity,
Take ſtill th'aduantage of our weakeneſſes;
Both cloath their friuolous vncertainties
In ſtrange attires, to make it ſeeme the leſſe.

ACTVS. IV. SCENA. I.

Techne. *Amyntas.*

A *Myntas* muſt come backe I know this vvay,
And here it will be beſt for me to ſtay,
And here, indeed he comes, poore man I ſee
All quite diſmayd: and now ile worke on him.
Come, vvho tels troth *Amyntas*, vvho deceiues
Your expectation now, *Cloris*, or I?
Am. Peace *Techne* peace, and do not interrupt
The griefe that hath no leaſure to attend
Ought but it ſelfe, and hath ſhut vp vvith it
All other ſenſe in priuate cloſe within,
From doing any thing, but onely thinke. (enough
Tec. Thinke? whereon ſhould you think? y'haue thought
And too too much, on ſuch a one as ſhe,

Whom

Whom now you ſee y'haue tride her honeſty:
And let her goe proud girle accordingly,
There's none of theſe young vvauton things that know
How t'vſe a man, or how to make their choyſe,
Or anſwere mens affections as they ought.
And if y'will thinke, thinke ſh'is not worth a thought.
Am. Good *Techne*, leave me for thy ſpeech and ſight
Beare both that diſproportion to my griefe,
As that they trouble, trouble, and confound
Confuſion in my ſorrowes, vvhich doth loath
That ſound of words, that anſweres not the tone
Of my diſprayers in th'accents of like mone.
And now hath ſorrow no vvorſe plague I ſee,
Then free and vnpartaking company,
Who are not in the faſhion of our vvoes,
And whoſe affection do not looke likewiſe
Of that complection as our miſeries?
And therefore pray thee leaue me, or elſe leaue
To ſpeake, or if thou ſpeake let it not be
To me, or elſe let me, not anſwere thee.
Tec. Well I ſay nothing, you know vvhat y'haue ſeene,
Am. Tis true, I do confeſſe that I haue ſeene
The vvorſt the world can ſhew me, and the worſt
That can be euer ſeene vvith mortall eye.
I haue beheld the whole of all wherein
My heart had any intereſt in this life;
To be diſrent and tome from of my hopes,
That nothing now is leaſt, why I ſhould liue:
That oſtage I had giuen the world, which was
The hope of her, that held me to hold truce
With it, and with this life is gone, and now
Well may I breake with them, and breake I will
And rend that pact of nature, and diſſolue
That league of blood that ties me to my ſelfe.
For *Cloris* now hath thy immodeſty
Infranchiz'd me, and made me free to dye:

Which

VVhich otherwiſe I could not left it might
Haue beene ſome ſtaine and ſome diſgrace to thee.
Ah was it not enough for this poore heart
T'indure the burden of her proud diſdaine?
That weigh'd it to the earth but it muſt
Be cruſht thus vvith th'oppreſſion of her ſtaine?
The firſt vvound yet though it were huge and wide,
Yet was it cleanely made, it feſtred not,
But this now giuen, comes by a poyſoned ſhot,
Againſt all lawes of honor that are pure,
And rankles deadly is vvithout all cure.
Ah how ſhe bluſht vvhen as ſhe iſſued forth
VVith her inamor'd mate out of the caue?
And well then might ſhe bluſh at ſuch a deed,
And with how vvild a looke ſhe caſts about
Her fearefull eyes? as if her loathſome ſinne
Now comming thus into the open ſight,
VVith terror did her guiltineſſe affright;
And vp ſhe treades the hill vvith ſuch a pace,
As if ſhe gladly would haue out gone ſhame,
Which yet for all her haſting after came.
And at their comming forth, me thought I heard
The villaine vſe my name, and ſhe returne
The ſame againe in very earneſt ſort,
Which could be for no good I know to me,
But onely that perhaps it pleas'd her then
To caſt me vp by this way of her mouth
From of her heart, leſt it might ſtuffe the ſame.
But *Cloris* know thou ſhalt not need to feare.
I neuer more ſhall interrupt thy ioyes
With my complaints, nor more obſerue thy waies;
And O I would thy heart could be as free
From ſinne and ſhame, as thou ſhalt be from me.
I could (and I haue reaſon ſo to do)
Reuenge my wrong vpon that wicked wretch,
Who hath ſurpriz'd my loue, and robb'd thy fhame,

And make his blood th'oblation of my wrath
Euen at thy feete, that thou might'ſt ſee the ſame
To expiate, for this vniuſtice done,
But that the fact examin'd would diſplay
Thy infamy abroad vnto the world,
Which I had rather die then once bewray.
And *Techne* pray-thee, tell her thus from me,
But yet, ah tell it ſoftly in her eare,
And be thou ſure no liuing creature heare.
That her immodeſty hath loſt this day;
Two the moſt honeſt guardians of her good
She had in life, her honour, and my blood.

Tec. Now I may ſpeake I truſt you ſpeake to me.

Am. No not yet *Techne*, pray-thee ſtay a while,
And tell her too, though ſhe ſpares not her ſhame,
My death ſhall ſhew, that I reſpect her fame.

Tec. Then now I may.

Am. O *Techne* no not yet.
And bid her not forget *Amyntas* faith,
Though ſhe deſpiſed him, and one day yet
She may be toucht with griefe, and that ere long,
To thinke on her diſhonour, and his wrong,
Now *Techne* I haue done, and ſo farewell.

Tec. But ſtay *Amyntas*, now muſt I begin.

Am. I cannot ſtay *Techne*, let goe your hold,
It is in vaine I ſay, I muſt be gone.

Tec. Now deare *Amyntas*, heare me but one word.
Ah he is gone, and in that fury gone,
As ſure he vvill in this extremity
Of his diſpaire, do violence to himſelfe:
And therefore now vvhat helpe ſhall I deuiſe
To ſtay his ruine? ſure there is no meanes
But to call *Cloris*, and perſvvade with her
To follovv him, and to preuent his death;
For though this practiſe vvas for mine owne good
Yet my deceipts vſe not to ſtretch to blood.

But now I know not vvhere I ſhould finde out
That cruell mayde, but I muſt caſt about.

SCEN. II.

Amarillis. Dorinda.

Dorinda, you are yet in happy caſe,
You are belou'd, you need not to complaine;
'Tis I haue reaſon onely to bewaile
My fortunes, who am caſt vpon diſdaine,
And on his rockey heart that wrackes my youth
With ſtormes of ſorrowes, and contemnes my ttuth;
'Tis I that am ſhut out from all delight
This vvorld can yeeld a mayd, that am remou'd
From th'onely ioy on earth, to be belou'd:
Cruell *Charinus* ſknornes this faith of mine,
And lets poore *Amarillis* grieue and pine.

Do. Tis true indeed you ſay, I am belou'd,
Sweete *Amarillis*, and perhaps much more
Then I vvould be: plenty doth make me poore,
For now my heart, as if deuided ſtands
Betwixt two paſſions, loue, and pitty both,
That draw it either way vvith that maine force,
As that I know not vvhich to yeeld vnto:
And then feare in the midd'ſt, holds m'in ſuſpence,
Leſt I loſe both by mine improuidence.

Ama. How may that be *Dorinda*? you know this,
You can enioy but one, and one there is
Ought to poſſeſſe your heart, and loue a lone,
Who hunts two Hares at one time, catches none.

Do. I muſt tell you deare friend the whole diſcourſe
From vvhom I cannot any thing conceale,
Arcadia knowes, and euery Shepheard knowes
How much *Mirtillus* hath deſeru'd of me,
And how long time his woefull ſute hath laine,

Depending

Depending on the mercie of mine eyes,
For whom I doe confeſſe, pitty hath beene
Th'Atturny euermore that ſtands and pleades
Before my heart, the iuſtice of his cauſe,
And ſaies he ought haue loue, by loues owne lawes.
But now the maiſter ſou'raigne Lord of hearts.
That great commander, and that tyrant loue,
Who muſt haue all according to his will,
Whom pitty onely vſhers goes before,
As lightning doth the thunder, he ſayes no,
And vvill that *Colax* onely haue my heart,
That gallant heardſman full of skill and arte?
And all experience of loues myſteries,
To whom I muſt confeſſe me to haue giuen
The earneſt of my loue; but ſince that time
I neuer ſaw the man, vvhich makes me much
To wonder that his dealing ſhould be ſuch:
For either loue, hath (in reſpect that I
Deſpiſed haue the true and honeſt faith,
Of one that lou'd me with ſincerity,)
Made me the ſpoyle of falſhood and contempt,
Or elſe perhaps the ſame is done to trye
My reſolution, and my conſtancy.
But yet I feare the worſt, and feare I may,
Leſt he now hauing got the victory,
Cares for no more: and ſeeing he knowes my loue
Turnes towards him, he turnes his backe to me.
So that I know not vvhat vvere beſt reſolue,
Either to ſtand vnto the doubtfull faith
Of one that hath ſo dangerouſly begun,
Or elſe returne t'accept *Mirtillus* loue,
Who vvill perhaps when mine begins, haue done:
So that inwrapt in this diſtracted toyle
I vexe, and know not vvhat to do the vvhile.
And therefore *Amarillis* I thinke ſure

Se'ing now how others loue in me hath prou'd)
You are moſt happy not to be belou'd.

SCEN. III.

Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda,

NOw here betweene you two, kind louing ſoules,
I know there can be no talke but of loue,
Loue muſt be all the ſcope of your diſcourſe,
Alas poore hearts, I vvonder how you can
In this deceiptfull vvorld thinke of a man.
For they doe nothing but make fooles of you,
And laugh vvhen they haue done, and prooue vntrue.
Am. Well *Cloris* vvell, reioyce that you are free
You may be toucht one day as vvell as we.
Clo. Indeed and I had like to this laſt night,
Had I not lookt vvith ſuch an angry eye,
And frown'd ſo ſowre, that I made loue afeard,
There vvas a fellow needes forſooth would haue
My heart from me vvhether I would or not,
And had as great aduantage one could haue,
I tell you that he had me in a Caue,
Do. What in a Caue? *Cloris* how came you there?
Clo. Truely *Dorinda* I vvill tell you how:
By no arte magique, but a plaine deuiſe
Of *Techne*, vvho would trie her vvit on me,
For ſhe had promis'd me, to meete me there
At ſuch an houre, and thither bring vvith her
A new ſtrange dreſſing ſhe had made for me,
Which there cloſe out of ſight, I ſhould trie on:
Thither vvent I poore foole, at th'houre decreed,
And there expecting *Technes* company,
In ruſhes fleering *Colax* after me.
Whom ſure ſhe ſent of purpoſe to the place,
And there with his affected apiſh grace

And

And ſtrained ſpeach, offring to ſeaze on me,
Out ruſht I from him, as indeed amaz'd
At his ſo ſodaine and vnexpected ſight.
And after followes he, vowes, ſweares, proteſts
By all the gods, he neuer lou'd before
Any one liuing in the world but me,
And for me onely, would he ſpend his life.
Do. Alas, and what am I forgotten then?
Why theſe were euen the words he ſpake to me.
Clo. And then inueighes againſt *Amyntas* loue,
Vantes his owne parts, and his great knowledges,
And all ſo idle, as, in troth me thought
I neuer heard a man (more vainely talke,
For ſo much as I heard, for vp the hill
I went with ſuch a pace and neuer ſtayd
To giue regard to any thing he ſayd:
As at the laſt I ſcarſe had left him breath
Sufficient to forſweare himſelfe withall.
Do. Ah what hath then my ſilly ignorance done
To be deceiu'd, and mockt by ſuch a one?
Clo. And when I had recouered vp the hill,
I fairely ran away and left my man
In midd'ſt of his coniuring periuries;
All empty to returne with mighty loſſe
Of breath and labour, hauing caſt away
Much fooliſh paines in tricking vp himſelfe
For this exploit, and goes without his game,
Which he in hope deuour'd before he came,
I, I, too, miſt my dreſſing by this meanes.
But I admire how any woman can?
Be ſo vnwiſe to like of ſuch a man,
For I proteſt I ſee nought elſe but froth,
And ſhallow impudence, affected grace,
And ſome few idle practiſe complement:
And all the thing he is without he is,
For affection ſtriues but to appeare,

And neuer is of Subſtance,or Sincere.
And yet this dare of falſhood hath beguil'd
A thouſand fooliſh vvenches in his dayes.
Do. The more vvretch he,and more hard hap was theirs.
Clo. Why do you ſigh *Dorinda* are you toucht
VVith any of theſe paſſages of mine?
Do. No truly not of yours,but I haue cauſe
In my particular that makes me ſigh.
Clo. Well vvell come one to put vs from this talke,
Let vs deuiſe ſome ſport to paſſe the time.
Am. Faith I haue no great liſt to any ſport.
Do. Nor I in troth 'tis fartheſt from my minde.
Clo. Then let vs tell old tales, repeate our dreames,
Or any thing rather then thinke of loue.
Am. And now you ſpeake of dreames,in troth laſt night
I vvas much troubled with a fearefull dreame.
Do. And truely *Amarillis* ſo was I.
Clo. And now I do remember too,I had
A fooliſh idle dreame,and this it was:
Me thought the faireſt of *Montanus* lambs,
And one he lou'd the beſt of all his flocke,
VVas fingled out,and chac'd b'a cruell curre,
And in his hot purſuit makes towards me,
(Me thought) for ſuccour,and about me ran,
As if it beg'd my ayde to haue his life,
Which I long time deferr'd,and ſtill looke on,
And would not reſcue it, vntill at length
I ſaw it euen quite wourried out of breath,
And panting at my feete and could no more:
And then me thought,I tooke it vp from death,
And cheriſht it with me,and brought it backe
Home to *Montanus*,who vvas glad to ſee
The poore recouer'd creature thus reſtor'd;
And I my ſelfe was greatly pleas'd,me thought,
That by my hand ſo good a deed vvas wrought,
And *Amarillis* now tell vs your dreame?

Am.

Am. Me thought as I in *Eremathus* walkt
A fearefull vvoolfe ruſht forth from out a brake,
And towards me makes with open hideous aiwes.
From whom I ranne with all the ſpeed I could,
T'eſcape my danger, and t'ouertake
One vvhom I ſaw before, that might lend ayde
To me diſtreſt, but he me thought did runne
As faſt from me, as I did from the beaſt
I cride to him (but all in vaine) to ſtay;
The more I cride, the more he ranne away;
And after I, and after me the woolfe,
So long, as I began to faint in minde,
Seeing my deſpaire before, my death behind:
Yet ranne I ſtill, and loe, me thought, at length
A little he began to ſlacke his pace,
Which I perceiuing, put to all my ſtrength
And ranne, as if deſire had wing'd my heeles,
And in the end me thought recouer'd him.
But neuer woman felt more ioy it ſeem'd
To ouertake a man, then did I him,
By whom I ſcapte the danger I was in,
That when I wak'd, as preſently I awak'd,
Toucht with that ſudaine ioy, which my poore heart
God knowes, had not beene vs'd vnto of late:
I found my ſelfe all in a moyſt faint ſweate,
VVhich that affrighting horrour did beget,
And though I were deliu'red of my feare,
And felt this ioy, yet did the trembling laſt
Vpon my heart, when now the feare was paſt.

Clo. This *Amarillis* may your good portend,
That yet you ſhall haue comfort in the end.

Am. God grant I may, it is the thing I want.

Clo. And now *Dorinda* tell vs what you dream't,

Do. I dream't, that hauing gone to gather flowers,
And weary of my worke, repoſing me
Vpon a banke neere to a Riuers ſide,

A ſubtile Serpent lurking in the graſſe,
Came ſecretly, and ſeiz'd on my breaſt,
Which though I ſaw, I had no power to ſtirre,
But lay me ſtill, till he had eate away
Into my boſome whence he tooke my heart,
And in his mouth carrying the ſame away,
Returnes me thought againe from whence he came,
Which I perceiuing preſently aroſe,
And after it moſt wofully I went,
To ſee if I could finde my heart againe,
And vp and downe, I ſought but all in vaine.

Clo. In troth 'tis no good lucke to dreame of Snakes,
One ſhall be ſure t'heare anger after it.

Do. *And* ſo it may be I haue done to day.

Clo. Indeed, and I haue heard it neuer failes.

SCEN. IIII.

Techne. Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.

COme you are talking here in iollity,
Whilſt I haue ſought you *Cloris* all about:
Come, come, good *Cloris* quickly come away.

Clo. What is the newes? what haue we now to doo.
Haue you another Caue to ſend me too?

Tec. *A*h talke no more of that but come away,
As euer you will ſaue the wofull life
Of a diſtreſſed man that dies for you.

Clo. Why what doth *Colax* whom you ſent to me
Into the Caue, faint now vvith his repulſe?

Tec. I ſent him not you would ſo wiſely goe,
In open ſight, as men might ſee you goe,
And trace you thither all the way you went.
But come, ah t'is not he, it is the man
You ought to ſaue: *Amyntas* is the man
Your cruelty, and rigor hath vndone:

O quickly come, or it vvill be too late;
For 'twas his chance, and moſt vnluckely,
To ſee both you and *Colax*, as you came
Out of the Caue, and he thinkes verily
You are poſſeſt by him; which ſo confounds
His ſpirits, and ſinkes his heart, that ſure h'is runne
T'vndoe himſelfe, and O I feare 'tis done.
Clo. If it be done my help will come too late,
And I may ſtay, and ſaue that labour here.
Am. Ah *Cloris* haſte away if it be ſo,
And doe not if thou haſt a heart of fleſh,
And of a woman, ſtay and trifle time,
Goe runne, and ſaue thine owne, for if he die,
'Tis thine that dies, his blood is ſhed for thee,
And what a horror this will euer be
Hereafter to thy guilty conſcience, when
Yeares ſhall haue taught thee wit, and thou ſhalt find
This deed inſtampt in bloody Characters,
Within the blacke records of thine owne thoughts.
Which neuer will be raz'd whilſt thou haſt breath,
Nor yet will be forgotten by the death.
Beſides wide Fame, will trumpet forth thy wrong,
And thou ſhalt be with all poſterity,
Amongſt th'examples held of cruelty,
And haue this ſauage deed of thine be made
A ſullen ſubiect for a Tragedy,
Intitled *Cloris*, that thereby thy name
May ſerue to be an euerlaſting ſhame;
And therefore go preuent ſo foule a ſtaine.
Do. Ah go, go *Cloris*, haſte away with ſpeede.
Clo. Why whether ſhould I go? I know not where
To finde him now, and if he do this deed.
It is his error, and no fault of mine.
Yet pray thee *Techne*, which way went the man?
Tec. Come *Cloris*, I will ſhew which way he went,
In moſt ſtrange fury, and moſt deſperate ſpeed.

Still

Still crying, *Cloris*, haſt thou done this deed?
Clo. Why had not you ſtaid, and perſwaded him?
Tec. I could not ſtay him by no meanes I vſ'd,
Though all the meanes I could deuiſe I vſ'd.
Clo. VVell I will go, poore man to ſeeke him out,
Though I can do him elſe no other good.
I know indeed he hath deſeru'd my loue,
And if I would like any, ſhould be him,
So that I thought he would be true to me.
But thus my dreame may chance now come to paſſe,
And I may happen to bring home indeed
Montanus ſonne, *Amyntas* that deere Lambe
He loues ſo well, and by my gracious deed,
He may eſcape the danger he was in.
VVhich if I do, and thereby do inthrall
My ſelfe, to free and others miſery,
Then will I ſit and ſigh, and talke of loue
As well as you, and haue your company.
For ſomething I do feele begin to moue,
And yet I hope 'tis nothing elſe but feare;
Yet what know I that feare may hap to loue.
VVell *Techne*, come, I would not haue him yet
To periſh, poore *Amyntas* in this fit.
Ama. VVell *Cloris* yet he may, for ought I ſee
Before you come, vnleſſe you make more haſt.
Ah cruell maide, ſhe little knowes the griefe
Of ſuch a heart that's deſperate of reliefe,
Nor vnderſtands ſhe her owne happineſſe,
To haue ſo true a louer as he is.
And yet I ſee ſh'is toucht, if not too late,
For I perceiue her colour come and goe,
And though in pride ſhe would haue hid her woe,
Yet I ſaw ſorrow looke out at her eyes.
And poore *Amyntas* if thou now be gone,
Thou haſt (like to the Bee that ſtinging dies,
And in anothers wound left his owne life)

Tranſpierced

Transpierced by the death, that marble heart,
Which liuing thou, couldst touch by no desert,
And if thou shalt escape, thou hast suruiu'd
Her cruelty, which now repents her wrong,
And thou shalt by her fauours be reuiu'd.
After the affliction thou hast suffred long,
Which makes me thinke, that time, and patience may
Intenerat at length the hardest heart,
And that I may yet after all my woe,
Liue t'ouertake *Carinus* mercy too.

Do. And here this sad distresse of such a true,
And constant louer ouercome with griefe.
Presents vnto my guilty memory
The wrongs *Mirtillus* hath indur'd of me.
And O I would I knew now how he doth,
I feare he is not vvell, I saw him not
Scarse these three dayes, I meruaile vvhere he is
And yet vvhat need I meruaile, vvho haue thus
Chac'd him from me vvith frownes and vsage vile,
And fondly left the substance of his faith,
To catch the shadow of deceipt and guile?
Was *Colax* he I thought the onely man,
And is he now prou'd to be such a one?
O that I euer lent an easie eare,
Vnto so false a wretches flatteries,
Whose very name I now abhorre to heare,
And loath my selfe, for being so vnwise.
What shall I doe sweet *Amarillis* now,
Which way shall I betake me to recouer
The losse of shame, and losse of such a louer?

Am. Indeed *Dorinda* you haue done him wrong,
But your repentance, and compassion now
May make amends, and you must learne to do
As I long time haue done, indure and hope,
And on that turne of Fortunes Scene depend,
VVhen all extremities must mend, or end.

SCEN.

SCEN. V.

Melibæus. Ergaſtus.

VVEll, come *Ergaſtus*, we haue ſeene ynow,
And it is more then time, that we prepare
Againſt this Hydra of confuſion now
Which ſtill preſents new hideous heads of feare:
And euery houre we ſee begets new broyles,
And intricates our youth in deſperate toyles,
And therefore let th'aduantage of this day,
Which is the great and generall hunting day
In *Eremanthus*, ſerue for this good deed:
And when we meete (as all of vs ſhall meet
Here in this place anone, as is decreed)
We will aduiſe our Shepheards to intermit
That worke, and fall to this imports vs more,
To chaſe out theſe wilde miſchiefes that do lurke,
And worſe infect, then th'*Erimanthian* Boare,
Or all Beaſts elſe, which onely ſpoile our fields,
Whilſt theſe which are of more prodigious kinds,
Bend all their forces to deſtroy our mindes.

Erg. And this occaſion will be very fit
Now to be tooke, for one day loſt may loſe
More by example, then we ſhall reget
In thouſands, for when men ſhall once diſcloſe
The way of ill that lay vnknowne before,
Scarce all our paines will euer ſtop it more.
Man is a creature of a wilfull head,
And hardly is driuen, but eaſily is lead.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Amarillis. Carinus.

AH gentle *Lelaps*, pretty louing dogge,
Where haſt thou left thy maiſter, where is he,

That

That great commander ouer thee and me?
Thou wert not wont be farre off from his feete,
And O no more would I, were he so pleas'd;
But would as well as thou goe follow him,
Through brakes and thickets, ouer cliffes and rocks
So long as I had life to follow him,
Would he but looke vpon me with that eye
Of fauour, as h'is vs'd to looke on thee,
Thou canst be clapt, and strookt with that faire hand
That thrusts away my heart, and beates it backe
From following him, which yet it euer will
And though he flye me yet I must after still.
But here he comes me thought he was not farre.

Car: What meane you *Amarillis* in this sort
By taking vp my dogge to marre my sport?

Am. My deare *Carinus* thou doest much mistake
I do not marre thy sport, tis thou marrst mine,
And kilst my ioyes with that hard heart of thine.
Thy dogge perhaps by some instinct doth know
How that I am his maisters creature too,
And kindely comes himselfe and fawnes on me
To shew what you in nature ought to doe?

Car. Fie *Amarillis*, you that know my minde
Should not me thinkes thus euer trouble me.

Am. What it is troublesome to be belou'd?
How is it then *Carinus* to be loath'd?
If I had done like *Cloris*, skornd your suite.
And spurn'd your passions, in disdainefull sort,
I had beene woo'd, and sought, and highly priz'd,
But hauing n'other arte to winne thy loue,
Saue by discouering mine, I am despis'd
As if you would not haue the thing you sought,
Vnlesse you knew, it were not to be got.
And now because I lie here at thy feete,
The humble booty of thy conqueting eyes,
And lay my heart all open in thy sight,

And tell thee I am thine, and tell the right.
And doe not ſure my lookes, nor cloth my words
In other colours, then my thoughts do vveare,
But doe thee right in all, thou skorneſt me
As if thou didſt not loue ſincerity
Neuer did Cryſtall more apparantly
Preſent the colour it contain'd with in
Then haue theſe eyes, theſe teares, this tongue of mine
Bewray'd my heart, and told how much I am thine.

Car. Tis true I know you haue too much bewrayd
And more then fits the honour of a mayd.

Am. O if that nature hath not arm'd my breaſt
With that ſtronge temper of reſiſting proofe,
But that by treaſon of my weake complection, I
Am made thus eaſie to the violent ſhot
Of paſſion, and th'affection I ſhould not:
Me thinkes yet you out of your ſtrength and power,
Should not diſdaine that weakenes, but ſhould thinke
It rather is your vertue, as indeed
It is, that makes me thus againſt my kinde,
T'vnlocke my thoughts, and to let out my minde,
When I ſhould rather die and burſt with loue,
Then once to let my tongue to ſay, I loue
And if your worthy parts be of that power
To vanquiſh nature, and I muſt be wonne
Do not diſdaine the worke vvhen you haue done,
For in contemning me you do diſpiſe
That power of yours which makes me to be thus.

Car. Now vvhat adoe is here with idle talke?
And to no purpoſe, for you know I haue
Ingag'd long ſince my heart, my loue and all
To *Cloris*, vvho muſt haue the ſame and ſhall.

Am. Why there is no ſuch oddes twixt her and me
I am a Nymph, tis knowne as well as ſhe.
There is no other difference betwixt vs twaine
But that I loue, and ſhe doth thee diſdaine.

No

No other reaſon can induce thy minde,
But onely that which ſhould diuert thy minde,
I will attend thy flockes better then ſhe,
And dreſſe thy Bower more ſweet, more daintily,
And cheeriſh thee with Salets, and with Fruites,
And all freſh dainties that the ſeaſon ſuites;
I haue more skill in hearbes, then ſhe, by farre,
I know which nouriſh, which reſtoring are:
And I will finde *Dictamnus* for thy Goates,
And ſeeke out Clauer for thy little Lambes,
And Tetriſoll to cheeriſh vp their Dammes,
And this I know, I haue a better voyce
Then ſhe, though ſhe perhaps may haue more arte,
But which is beſt; I haue the faithfull'ſt heart,
Beſides *Amyntas* hath her loue, I know,
And ſhe begins to manifeſt it now.

Car. *Amyntas* haue her loue? that were moſt ſtrange,
When he hath gotten that you ſhall haue mine.

Am. O deere *Carinus*, let me reſt vpon
That bleſſed word of thine, and I haue done.

SCEN. II.

Mirtillus. Carinus. Amarillis.

VVEll met *Carinus*, I can tell you newes,
Your riuall, poore *Amyntas*, hath vndone
And ſpoil'd himſelfe, and lies in that weake caſe,
As we thinke neuer more to ſee his face.

Car. *Mirtillus*, I am ſorry t'heare ſo much:
Although *Amyntas* be competitor
In th'Empire of her heart, vvherein my life
Hath chiefeſt claime, I doe not wiſh his death:
But by vvhat chance, *Mirtillus* pray thee tell?

Mir. I will *Carinus*, though I grieue to tell.
As *Tytirus*, *Menalcas*, and my ſelfe

Were

Were placing of our toyles (against anon
That We ſhall hunt) below within the ſtreight,
Twixt *Erimanthus*, and *Lycaus* mount,
We might perceiue vnder a ragged clife,
In that moſt vncouch deſart, all alone
Diſtreſt'd *Amyntas* lying on the ground,
With his ſad face, turn'd cloſe vnto the rock,
As if he loathed to ſee more of the world,
Then that poore ſpace, which was twixt him and it
His right hand ſtretch a long vpon his ſide,
His left he makes the pillar to ſupport
His carefull head, his Pipe he had hung vp
Vpon a Beach tree by, vvhere he likewiſe
Had plac'd his Sheephooke, and his Knife, whetewith
He had incaru'd an wofull Elegy,
To ſhew th'occaſion of his miſery.
His dogge *Melampus* ſitting by his ſide,
As if he were partaker of his vvoe:
By vvhich we knew t'was he, and to him went,
And after vve had call'd, and ſhooke him vp,
And found him not to anſwere, nor to ſtirre
And yet his eyes abroad, his body warme;
We tooke him vp, and held him from the ground.
But could not make him ſtand by any meanes;
And ſincking downe againe, we ſearcht to ſee
If he had any vvound, or blow, or wrinch,
But none could finde: at laſt by chance we ſpide
A little horne which he had flung aſide,
Whereby we geſt he had ſome poyſon tooke.
And thereupon vve ſent out preſently
To fetch *Vrania*, vvhoſe great skill in hearbes
Is ſuch, as if there any meanes will be,
As I feare none will be, her onely arte
Muſt ſerue to bring him to himſelfe againe.

Car. Indeed *Vrania* hath bin knowne t'haue done
Moſt deſperate cures, and peraduenture may

Reſtore him yet, and I doe wiſh ſhe may.
Mir. But hauing there vs'd all the helpe we could,
And all in vaine, and ſtanding by with griefe,
(As we might well, to ſee ſo ſad a ſight)
(And ſuch an worthy Shepheard in that plight)
We might perceiue come running downe the hill,
Cloris and *Techne*, with what ſpeed they could,
But *Cloris* had got ground, and was before,
And made more haſt, as it concernd her more.
And nearer as ſhe came, ſhe faſter went,
As if ſhe did deſire to haue beene there
Before her feete, too ſlow for her ſwift feare.
And comming to the place, ſhe ſuddenly
Stopt, ſtarts, and ſhrikt, and hauing made ſuch haſt
T'haue ſomething done, now could ſhe nothing do,
Perhaps our preſence might perplex her too,
As being aſham'd that any eye ſhould ſee
The new appearing of her naked heart,
That neuer yet before was ſeene till now.
Car. And 'tis ill hap for me it was ſeene now.
Mir. For we perceiu'd how *Loue* and *Modeſtie*
With ſeu'rall Enſignes, ſtroue within her cheekes
Which ſhould be Lord that day, and charged hard
Vpon each other, with their freſh ſupplies
Of different colours, that ſtill came, and went,
And much diſturb'd her, but at length diſſolu'd
Into affection, downe ſhe caſts her ſelfe
Vpon his ſenſeleſſe body, where ſhe ſaw
The mercy ſhe had brought was come too late:
And to him calles O deare *Amyntas*, ſpeake,
Looke on me, ſweete *Amyntas*, it is I
That calles thee, I it is, that holds thee here,
Within thoſe armes thou haſte eſteem'd ſo deare.
And though that loue were yet ſo young in her
As that it knew not how to ſpeake, or what,
And that ſhe neuer had that paſſion prou'd,

Being firſt a louer ere ſhe knew ſhe lou'd,
Yet what ſhe could not vtter, ſhe ſupplide,
With her poore buſie hands that rubb'd his face,
Chafd his pale temples, wrung his fingers ends
Held vp his head, and puld him by the hands,
And neuer left her worke, nor euer ceaſt.
Ama. Alas the leaſt of this regard before,
Might haue helpt all, then when 'twas in her power
T'haue ſau'd his heart, and to reuiue his minde,
Now for all this, her mercy is vnkinde;
The good that's out of ſeaſon, is not good.
There is no difference now twixt cruelty,
And the compaſſion that's not vnderſtood.
Mir. But yet at length, as if thoſe dainty hands,
Had had a power to haue awakened death,
We might perceiue him moue his heauy eyes,
Which had ſtood fixt all the whole time before,
And faſtens them directly vpon her.
Which when ſhe ſaw, it ſtrook her with that force,
As that it pierc'd through all the ſpirits ſhe had,
Made all the powers and parts of her ſhrinke vp,
With that conuulſion of remorſe and griefe,
As out ſhe ſhrik'd, O deare, O my deare heart,
Then ſhrikes againe, and then againe cryes out.
For now that looke of his did ſhake her more,
Then death or any thing had done before,
That looke did read t'her new conceiuing heart,
All the whole tragicke Lecture of his loue,
And his ſad ſuffrings, all his griefes, and feare,
And now in th'end what he had done for her.
And with that powerfull force of mouing too,
As all the world of words could neuer doe.
Ah what a ſilly meſſenger is Speech
To be imploi'd in that great Embaſſie
Of our affection in reſpect of th'eye?
Ah 'tis the ſilent rhetoricke of a looke,

That

That works the league betwixt the ſtates of hearts,
Not words I ſee, nor knowledge of the booke,
Nor incantations made by hidden artes,
For now this looke ſo melts her into teares,
As that ſhe powr'd them down like thunder drops,
Or elſe did Nature taking pitty now
Of her diſtreſſe, imploy them in that ſtore,
To ſerue as vailes, and to be interpoſde
Betwixt her griefe and her, t'impeach her ſight,
From that full view of ſorrow thus diſcloſde.
And now with this came in *Vrania* there,
With other vvomen, to imploy their beſt
To ſaue his life, if b'any meanes they can.
And ſo vve came our vvay, being ſent for now
About ſome conference for our hunting ſports,
And vvith vs *Techne* comes, vvho is ſuppoſde,
T'haue beene a ſpeciall cauſe of much of this.
Car. Alas this ſad report doth grieue me much,
And I did neuer thinke, that *Claris* had
So dearely lou'd him as I finde ſhe doth,
For by this act of hers I plainly ſee,
There will be neuer any hope for me.
Ama. There may for me, if now *Carinus* thou
VVilt ſtand but to thy vvord, as thou haſt ſaid.
Mir. Ah would to God *Dorinda* had bene there,
T'haue ſeene but *Cloris* act this vvofull part;
It may be, it might haue deterr'd her heart
From crueltie, ſo long as ſhe had liu'd.
Am. And I am glad *Carinus* hath but heard
So much this day, for he may hap thereby
To haue ſome feeling of my miſery,
But for *Dorinda* neuer doubt at all,
She is more yours *Mirtillus* then you thinke.
Mir. Ah *Amarillis*, I would that were true.
But loe where come our chiefeſt heardſmen now,
Of all *Arcadia*, we ſhall know more newes.

SCEN. III.

Melibæus, Ergaſtus, Montanus, Acriſius with other Arcadians, bringing with them Alcon, Lincus, Colax, Techne, Piſtophœnax.

YOu gentle Shepheards and Inhabitors
Of theſe remote, and ſolitary parts
Of *Montaynous Arcadia*, ſhut vp here
Within theſe Rockes, theſe vnfrequented Clifts,
The walles and bulwarkes of our libertie,
From out the noyſe of tumult, and the throng
Of ſweating toyle, ratling concurrencie,
And haue continued ſtill the ſame and one
In all ſucceſſions from antiquitie;
Whil'ſt all the ſtates on earth beſides haue made
A thouſand reuolutions, and haue rowl'd
From change to change, and neuer yet found reſt,
Nor euer bettered their eſtates by change.
You, I inuoke this day in generall,
To doe a worke that now concernes vs all:
Leſt that we leaue not to poſteritie,
Th' *Arcadia* that we found continued thus
By our fore-fathers care who left it vs.
For none of you I know, whoſe iudgement's graue
Can ought diſcerne, but ſees how much we are
Transformd of late, and changd from what we were!
And vvhat diſtempers daily doe ariſe
Amongſt our people, neuer felt before,
At vvhich I know you maruell, as indeed
You well may maruel, whence they ſhould proceed
And ſo did good *Ergaſtus* here, and I,
Vntill we ſet our ſelues more vvarily
To ſearch it out, vvhich by good hap vve haue,
And found the authors of this vvickedneſſe.
Which diuels attyr'd here in the ſhape of men,
We haue produc'd before you, to the end

You

You may take ſpeedy order to ſuppreſſe
Our growing follies, and their impiouſneſſe.
Erg. Indeed theſe odious wretches which you ſee,
Are they who haue brought in vpon our reſt,
Theſe new and vnknowne miſchiefes of debate,
Of wanton pride, of ſcandulous report.
Of vile deluding chaſte and honeſt loues,
Of vndeſeru'd ſuſpitious deſperate griefes,
And all the ſadneſſe we haue ſeene of late.
And firſt this man, this *Lincus* here you ſee,
Montanus you, and you *Aryſius* know,
With what deceit, and with what cunning arte,
He entertaind your ſtrifes abuſd you both,
By firſt perſwading you that you had right
In your demands, and then the right was yours,
And would haue made as many rights, as men
Had meanes, or power, or will to purchaſe them;
Could he haue once attain'd to his deſires.
Mon. We doe confeſſe our errour, that we were
Too eaſily perſwaded by his craft,
To wrangle for imagin'd titles, which
We here renounce, and quit for euermore,
Acry. And we deſire the memory thereof
May die with vs, that it be neuer knowne
Our feeble age hath ſuch example ſhowne,
Erg. And now this other ſtrange impoſtor here,
This *Alcon*, who like *Lincus* hath put on,
The habite too of emptie grauitie,
To catch opinion, and conceit withall,
Seekes how to ſet vs all at variance here
With nature, as this other with our ſelues,
And would confound her, working with his arte,
And labours how to make our mindes firſt ſicke,
Before our bodies, and perſwade our health
It is not well, that he may haue thereby
Both it and ſickneſſe euer vnder cure.

And forraine drugs brings to diſtemper's here
And make vs like the wanton world abroad.
Mel. But here are two the moſt pernitious ſpirits
The world I thinke did euer yet produce.
Colax and *Techne*, two ſuch inſtruments
Of Wantonneſſe, of Luſt and treachery,
As are of power t'intice and to debauſh
The vniuerſall ſtate of honeſty.
Erg. But *Techne* who is that ſtands there by you.
What is your company increaſt of late?
Tec. Truely it is a very honeſt man
A friend of mine that comes to ſee me here.
Erg. He cannot then but be an honeſt man
If he be one of your acquaintance ſure.
Mel. This man I found with them now ſince you went
Maintaining hote diſpute with *Tityrus*
About the rites and miſteries of *Pan*.
Erg. His like to be of their aſſociats then.
Erg. *Techne*, what is this ſecret friend of yours?
Tec. For-ſooth he is a very holy man.
Erg. A very holy man? what is his name?
Tec. Truely his name Sir is *Pyſtophanax*.
Erg. What is he maskt, or is that face his owne?
Tec. He is not maskt, tis his complexion ſure.
Erg. *Techne* we cannot credite thy report.
Let one trie whether it be ſo or not,
O ſee a moſt deformed ougly face,
Wherewith if openly he ſhould appeare,
He would deterre all men from comming neere.
And therefore hath that cunning wretch put on
This pleaſing viſor of apparency,
T' intice and to delude the world withall;
So that you ſee with what ſtrange inginiers,
The proiect of our ruine is forecaſt.
How they implanted haue their battery here,
Againſt all the maine pillors of our ſtate,

Our

Our Rites, our Cuſtome, Nature, Honeſty.
T'imbroyle, and to confound vs vtterly,
Reckning vs barbarous, but if thus their skill
Doth ciuilize let vs be barbarous ſtill.
Mel. But now to ſhew the horrible effects
Of *Colax*, and of *Technes* practiſes,
(Beſides this laſt exploit they vvrought vpon,
Amyntas vvho, poore youth, lies now full weake:
Vnder *Vranias* cure, vvhoſe skill we heare
Hath yet recall'd him to himſelfe againe)
We haue ſent out abroad into the vvoods,
For *Silvia* and *Palamon* two chaſt ſoules
Whom they haue tortur'd ſo vvith iealouſie,
Of each the other, as they made them runne
A part, to languiſh ſeuerally alone;
And we haue ſent for diuers others too,
Whoſe hearts haue felt what impious craft can do.
And here they come, and now you ſhall know all.

SCEN. IV.

Palamon. Mirtillus. Carinus. Silvia. Dorinda. Amarillis. Daphne. Cloris. Amyntas.

COme good *Palamon*, and good *Silvia* come,
You haue indur'd too much, and to too long,
Sil. Ah vvhy *Ergaſtus* doe you ſet our names
So neere together, when our hearts ſo farre,
Are diſtant from each other as they are?
Indeed whilſt vve were one as once vve were,
And as we ought to be vvere faith obſeru'd,
Palamon ſhould not haue beene nam'd withou:
A *Silvia*, nor yet *Silvia* vvithout him.
But now vve may *Ergaſtus*, vve are too.
Pal. Silvia, there in the greater wrong you doe.
Sil. Palamon, nay the greater vvrong you doe.

Erg. Alas we know well where the wrong doth lie.
Sil. I know you doe, and all the world may know,
Pal. Silvia, you see your fault cannot be hid.
Sil. It is no fault of mine *Palæmon*, that
Your shame doth come to be reuealed here;
I neuer told it, you your selfe haue not
Conceal'd your worke so closely as you should.
Pal. But there stands one can tell what you haue beene.
Sil. Nay there he stands can tell what you haue beene.
And sure is now in publicke here produc'd
To testifie your shame, but not set on
By me I doe protest, who rather would
Haue di'd alone in secret with my griefe
Then had your infamy discouered here.
Wherein my shame must haue so great a share.
Pal. I haue not sought to manifest your shame,
Which *Silvia*, rather then haue done I would
Haue beene content t'indure the worst of deaths,
I hauing such an interest in the same.
Col. No *Silvia*, no *Palamon*, I stand here
Not t'accuse you, but t'accuse my selfe
Of wrong, you both God knowes are c'leare,
I haue abus'd your apt credulitie,
With false reports of things that neuer were:
And therefore here craue pardon for the same.
Pal. Why *Colax*, did not *Silvia* entertaine
The loue of *Thyrsis* then as you told me?
Col. Palæmon no, she neuer entertain'd
His loue, nor wrong'd you as I euer knew.
Sil. But *Colax* you saw how *Palæmon* did
With *Nisa* falsifie his vow to me.
Col. Silvia, by heauen and earth I sweare not I,
But onely fain'd it out of subtiltie;
For some vngodly ends I had decreed.
Pal. O let not this be made some cunning baite
To take my griefes with false beliefe, for I

Had rather liue vvith ſorrow then deceipt,
And ſtill t'be vndone, then to haue ſuch reliefe.
Sil. Ah let not this deuiſe be wrought to guilde
My bitterneſſe, to make me ſwallow't now
That I might be another time beguilde
With confidence, and not truſt vvhat I know.
Pal. Ah *Silvia* now, how vvere I cleer'd of griefe,
Had I the power to vnbeleeue beliefe.
But ah my heart hath dwelt ſo long in houſe
With that firſt tale, as this vvhich is come new,
Cannot be put in truſt with my deſire
So ſoone, beſides 'tis too good to be true.
Sil. Could I *Palamon* but vnthinke the thought
Of th'ill firſt heard, and that it vvere not ſo
How bleſt were I? but loe I ſee how doubt
Comes in farre eaſier then it can get out.
And in theſe miſeries of iealouſie,
Our eare haue greater credit then our eye.
Mel. Stand not confus'd deare louers any more,
For this is now the certaine truth you heare,
And this vile vvretch hath done you both this vvrong.
Pal. Iſt poſſible, and is this true you ſay,
And do I liue, and doe I ſee the day?
Ah then come *Silvia*, for I finde this wound
That pierc'd into the center of my heart,
Hath let in loue farre deeper then it vvas.
Sil. If this be ſo, vvhy then *Palamon* know,
I likewiſe feele the loue that vvas before
Moſt in my heart, is now become farre more:
And now O pardon me you worthy race
O men, if I in paſſion vttred ought
In preiudice of your moſt noble ſexe;
And thinke it vvas m'agrieued errour ſpake
It knew not vvhat, tranſported ſo, not I.
Pal. And pardon me you glorious company
You ſtarres of vvomen, if m'in raged heare

Haue

Haue ought profan'd your reuerent dignity,
And thou bright *Pallas* ſou'raigne of all Nimphes,
The royall Miſtreſſe of our Paſtorall Muſe
And thou *Diana* honour of the woods
To whom I vow my ſongs, and vow my ſelfe,
Forgiue me mine offence and be you pleas'd
T'accept of my repentance now therefore,
And grace me ſtill, and I deſire no more.
Sil. And now I would that *Cloris* knew thus much
That ſo ſhe might be vndeceiued too,
Whom I haue made beleeue ſo ill of men:
But loe ſee where ſhe comes, and as it ſeemes
Brings her beliefe already in her hand
Preuents my act, and is confirm'd before.
Looke *Cloris* looke, my feares haue idle beene,
Palamon loues me there is truſt in men.
Clo. And *Siluia* I muſt not beleeue ſo too
Or elſe God helpe I know not what to doe.
Pal. Looke here *Mirtillis* looke what I told you
Is now prou'd falſe, and women they are true.
Mil. So I perceiue *Palamon*, and it ſeemes
But vaine conceipt that other wiſe eſteemes.
Mon. Alas here comes my deare reſtored ſonne
My louely child *Amyntas* here is come.
Acry. And here is *Cloris* my deare daughter come
And lookes as if ſhe were affrighted ſtill,
Poore ſoule, with feare, and with her ſudaine griefe,
Clo. Loe here *Montanus* I haue brought you home
Although with much a doe, your ſonne againe
And ſorry am with all my heart that I,
Haue beene the cauſe he hath indur'd ſo much.
Mon. And I reſtore him backe againe to you
Deare *Cloris* and doe vviſh you to forget
Your ſorrowes paſt, and pray the gods you may
From henceforth lead your life with happy ioy.
Acry. Doe *Cloris* take him, and I wiſh as much.

Erg.

Erg. Well then to make our ioyfull feſtiuals
The more complet, *Dorinda*, we intreate
You alſo to accept *Mirtillis* loue,
Who we are ſure hath well deſerued yours.

Do. Although this be vpon ſhort warning, yet
For that I haue beene ſommoned before
By mine owne heart, and his deſerts to me
To yeeld to ſuch a motion, I am now
Content t'accept his loue, and wilbe his.

Mir. *Dorinda* then I likewiſe haue my bliſſe
And reckon all the ſufferings I haue paſt
Worthy of thee to haue this ioy at laſt.

Mel. And you *Carinus* looke on that good Nymph
Whoſe eye is ſtill on you, as if ſhe thought
Her ſuffring too, deſeru'd ſome time of ioy
And now expects her turne, hath brought her lap
For comfort too whil'ſt fortune deales good hap.
And therefore let her haue it now poore ſoule
For ſhe is worthy to poſſeſſe your loue.

Car. I know ſhe is, and ſhe ſhall haue my loue,
Though *Colax* had perſwaded me before
Neuer t'accept or to beleeue the loue
Of any Nymph, and oft to me hath ſworne
How he had tri'd them all, and that none were
As men, beguild by ſhewes, ſuppos'd they were,
But now I do perceiue his treachery,
And that they haue both loue and conſtancy.

Ama. O deare *Carinus* bleſt be this good houre,
That I haue liu'd to ouertake at laſt
That heart of thine which fled from me ſo faſt.

Erg. Aud *Daphne* too me thinkes your heauy lookes
Shew how that ſomething is amiſſe with you.

Dap. Nothing amiſſe with me, but that of late
I tooke a fall, which ſomewhat grieues me yet.

Erg. That muſt aduiſe you *Daphne* from henceforth
To looke more warily vnto your feete,

VVhich

Which if you do, no doubt but all this will be well.
Mel. Then thus we see the sadnesse of this day
Is ended with the euening of our ioy:
And now you impious spirits, who thus haue rais'd
The hideous tempests of these miseries,
And thus abus'd our simple innocence,
We charge you all here present t'auoyd,
From out our confines, vnder paine to be
Cast downe and dasht in pieces from these rockes,
And t'haue your odious carkases deuour'd
By beasts, being worse your selues then beasts to men.
Col. Well then come *Techne*, for I see we two
Must euen be forc'd to make a marriage too,
And goe to *Corinth*, or some City neere,
And by our practise get our liuing there:
Which both together ioyn'd, perhaps we may:
And this is now the worst of miseries
Could come vnto me, and yet vvorthily,
For hauing thus abus'd so many Nymphes,
And vvrong'd the honour most vnreuerently
Of vvomen, in that sort as I haue done,
That now I am forst to vndergoe therefore,
The vvorst of Plagues: to marry vvith a W.
Alc. But *Lincus*, let not this discourage vs,
That this poore people iealous of their rest,
Exile vs thus, for vve no doubt shall finde
Nations enough, that vvill most ready be
To entertaine our skill, and cherish vs.
And worthier people too, of subtler spirits,
Then these vnfashion'd, and vncomb'd rude swaines,
Lin. Yea and those Nations are farre sooner drawne
T'all friuolous distractions then are these;
For oft vve see, the grosse doe manage things,
Farre better then the subtile, cunning brings
Confusion sooner then doth ignorance.
Alc. Yea and I doubt not whil'st there shall be found

Fantasticke

Fantaſticke puling wenchnes in the world,
But I ſhall floriſh, and liue iollily,
For ſuch as I by vvomen muſt begin
To gaine a name and reputation winne,
Which vvhen we haue attain'd to you know then
How eaſily the vvomen draw on men.

Lin. Nor doe I doubt but I ſhall likewiſe liue,
And thriue, where euer I ſhall plant my ſelfe,
For I haue all thoſe helpes my skill requires
A wrangling nature, a conteſting grace,
A clamorous voyce, and an audacious face.
And I can cite the law t'oppugne the law,
And make the gloſſe to ouerthrow the text
I can alledge and vouch authority,
T'imbroyle th'intent, and ſenſe of equity,
Beſides by hauing beene a Notary,
And vs'd to frame litigious inſtruments
And leaue aduantages for ſubtilty,
And ſtrife to worke on, I can ſo deuiſe
That there ſhall be no writing made ſo ſure
But it ſhall yeeld occaſion to conteſt
At any time when men ſhall thinke it beſt,
Nor be thou checkt vvith this *Piſtophanax*,
That at thy firſt appearing thou art thus
Diſcou'red here, thou ſhalt along with vs,
And take thy fortune too, as vvell as we.

Piſt. Tuſh *Lincus* this cannot diſcourage me,
For we that traffique with credulity
And with opinion, ſtill ſhall cheriſht be:
But here your errour was to enter firſt
And be before me, for you ſhould haue let
Me made the way that I might haue miſlikt
That chaine of zeale that holds in amity,
And call'd vp doubt in their eſtabliſht rites,
Which would haue made you ſuch an eaſie way,
As that you might haue brought in what you would,

Vpon

Vpon their ſhaken and diſcattered mindes,
For our profeſſion any thing refutes,
And all 's vnſetled whereas faith diſputes.

Mel. Now what a muttring keepe you there, away
Begone I ſay, and beſt doe, whilſt you may.
And ſince we haue redeem'd our ſelues ſo well
Out of the bonds of miſchiefe let vs all
Exile with them their ill example too,
Which neuer more remaines, as it begun,
But is a wicked fire t' a farre worſe ſonne,
And ſtayes not till it makes vs ſlaues vnto
That vniuerſall Tyrant of the earth
Cuſtome who takes from vs our priuiledge
To be our ſelues, reades that great charter too
Of nature and would likewiſe cancell man:
And ſo in chaines our iudgements and diſcourſe
Vnto the preſent vſances, that we
Muſt all our ſenſes thereunto miſch.
Be as we finde our ſelues, not as we are,
As if we had no other touch of truth
And reaſon their the nations of the times,
And place wherein we liue; and being our ſelues
Corrupted, and abaſtardized thus
Thinke all lookes ill, that doth not looke like vs.
And therefore let vs recollect our ſelues
Diſpers'd into theſe ſtrange confuſed ills
And be againe *Arcadians* as we were,
In manners and in habits as we were,
And ſo ſolemnize this our day
Of reſtauration, with other feaſts of ioy.

Vpon

THE VISION OF THE TVVELVE GODdesses, presented in a Maske the *eight of January, at Hampton* Court.

By the Queenes most excellent Maiesty, *and her Ladies.*

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,
for SIMON WATERSON.
1623.

THE

VISION OF

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By the Queenes most excellent Maiesty,

and her Ladies.

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

LONDON,

Printed by NICHOLAS OKES,

for SIMON WATERSON

1623.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE the Lady *Lucie*, Counteſſe of *Bedford*.

Madame.

IN reſpect of the vnmannerly preſumption of an indiſcreet Printer, who vvithout vvarrant hath divulged the late ſhewe at Court, preſented the eight of *Ianuary*, by the Queenes Maieſtie and her Ladies, and the ſame very diſorderly ſet forth: I thought it not amiſſe, ſeeing it vvould otherwiſe paſſe abroad, to the preiudice both of the Maske aud the inuention, to deſcribe the whole forme thereof in all points as it was then performed, and as the world wel knows very worthily performed, by a moſt magnificent Queene, whoſe heroicall ſpirit, and bounty onely gaue it ſo faire an execution as it had. Seeing alſo that theſe ornaments and delights of peace are in their ſeaſon, as fit to entertaine the world, and deſerue to be made memorable as well as the grauer actions, both of them concurring to the decking and furniſhing of glory, and Maieſtie, as the neceſſary complements requiſit for State and Greatneſſe.

And therefore firſt I will deliuer the intent and ſcope of the proiect: Which was onely to preſent the figure of thoſe bleſſings, with the wiſh of their encreaſe and countinuance, which this mightie Kingdome now enioyes by the benefits of his moſt gracious Maieſtie, by whom we haue this glory

of peace, with the acceſſion of ſo great ſtate and power. And to expreſſe the ſame, there were deuiſed twelue Goddeſſes, vnder whoſe Images former times haue repreſented the ſeuerall gifts of heauen, and erected Temples, Altars, and Figures vnto them, as vnto diuine powers, in the ſhape & name of vvomen. As vnto *Iuno* the Goddeſſe of Empire and *regnorum præſedi*, they attributed that bleſſing of power. To *Pallas*, Wiſedome and Defence: to *Venus*, Loue and Amity; to *Veſta*, Religion: to *Diana*, the gift of Chaſtitie: to *Proſerpina* riches: to *Marcaria* felicitie: to *Proſerpina* riches: to *Macaria*, felicitie: to *Concordia*, the vnion of hearts. *Aſtræa*, Iuſtice: *Flora*, the beauties of the earth. *Ceres* plenty. To *Tethis* power by Sea.

And though theſe Images haue oftentimes diuers ſignifications, yet being not our purpoſe to repreſent them, with all thoſe curious and ſuperfluous obſeruations, vve tooke them onely to ſerue as Hierogliphicqs for our preſent intention, according to ſome one propertie that fitted our occaſion, without obſeruing other their myſticall interpretations, wherein the authors themſelues are ſo irrigular and confuſed, as the beſt Mytheologers, vvho will make ſomwhat to ſeeme anything, are ſo vnfaithfull to themſelues, as they haue left vs no certaine way at all, but a tract of confuſion to take our courſe at aduenture. And therefore owing no homage to their intricate obſeruations, vve vvere left at libertie to take no other knowledge of them, then fitted our preſent purpoſe, nor were tied by any lawes of Heraldry to range them otherwiſe in their precidencies, then they fell out to ſtand vvith the nature of the matter in hand. And in theſe caſes it may vvell ſeeme *ingeneroſum ſapere ſolum ex commentarijs quaſi maiorum inuenta induſtria noſtræ viam precluſerit, quaſi in nobis offæta ſit vis naturæ, nihil ex ſeparere*, or that there can be nothing done authenticall, vnleſſe vve obſerue all the ſtrict rules of the booke.

And therefore we tooke their apteſt repreſentations that lay beſt and eaſieſt for vs. And firſt preſented the Hieroglephicq

phick of Empire and Dominion, as the ground and matter vvhereon this glory of State is built. Then thoſe bleſſings, and beauties that preſerue and adorne it: As armed policie, loue, Religion, Chaſtitie, wealth, happineſſe, Concord, Iuſtice, floriſhing ſeaſons, plenty: and laſtly power by ſea, as to imbound and circle the greatnes of dominion by land.

And to this purpoſe vvere theſe Goddeſſes thus preſented in their proper and ſeuerall attyres, bringing in the hands the particular figures of their power which they gaue to the Temple of Peace, erected vpon foure pillars, repreſenting the foure Vertues that ſupported a Globe of the earth.

1

Iuno in a skie-colour mantle imbrodered with gold, and figured with Peacocks feathers, wearing a Crowne of gold on her head, preſents a Scepter.

2

Pallas (which was the perſon her Maieſtie choſe to repreſent) was attyred in a blew mantle, with a ſiluer imbrodery of all weapons and engines of war, with a helmet-dreſſing on her head, and preſents a Launce and Target.

3

Venus, in a Mantle of Doue-colour, and ſiluer, imbrodred Doues, preſented (in ſtead of her *Ceſtus*, the girdle of Amity) a Skarffe of diuers colours.

4

Veſta, in a white Mantle imbrodred with gold-flames, with a dreſſing like a Nun, preſented a burning Lampe in one hand, and a Booke in the other.

5

Diana, in a greene Mantle imbrodered with ſiluer halfe Moones, and a croiſſant of pearle on her head: preſents a Bow and a Quiuer.

6

Proſerpina, in a blacke Mantle imbrodered with gold-flames, with a crowne of gold on her head: preſented a Myne of gold-ore.

7

Macaria, the Goddeſſe of Felicitie, in a Mantle of purple and ſiluer, imbrodered with the Figures of Plentie and Wiſedome, (which concurre to the making of true happineſſe) preſents a Cadaceum with the Figure of abundance.

8

Concordia, in a party coloured Mantle of Crimſon and White (the colours of *England* and *Scotland* ioyned) imbrodered with ſiluer, hands in hand, with a dreſſing likewiſe of party coloured Roſes, a Branch whereof in a wreath or knot ſhe preſented.

9

Aſtræa, in a Mantle Crimſon, with a ſiluer imbrodery, Figuring the Sword and Balance (as the Characters of Iuſtice) which ſhe preſented.

10

Flora, in a Mantle of diuers colours, imbrodered with all ſorts of Flowers, preſents a Pot of Flowers.

11

Ceres, in Strawe colour and Siluer imbrodery, with eares of Corne, and a dreſſing of the ſame, preſents a Sickle.

12

Tethes, in a Mantle of Sea-greene, with a ſiluer imbrodery of Waues, and a dreſſing of Reedes, preſents a Trident.

Now for the introducing this Shew: It was deuiſed that the *Night* repreſented in a blacke veſture ſet with Starres, ſhould ariſe from below, and come towards the vpper end of the Hall: there to waken her ſonne *Somnus*, ſleeping in his Caue, as the Proem to the Viſion. Which Figures when they are thus preſented in humane bodies, as all Vertues, Vices, Paſſions, Knowledges, and whatſoeuer Abſtracts elſe in imagination are, vvhich vve vvould make viſible, vve produce them, vſing humane actions, and euen *Sleepe* it ſelfe (which might ſeeme improperly to exereiſe waking motions)

ons) hath beene of often ſhewed vs in that manner, with ſpeech and geſture. As for example:

Excuſit tandem ſibi ſe; cubitoque leuatus
Quid veniat (cognouit enim) Scitatur.

Intanto ſoprauenne, & gli occhi chiuſe
A i Signori, & a i Sergenti il pigro Sonno.

And in another place:

Il Sonno viene, & Sparſo il corpo ſtanco
Col ramo intimo nel liquor di Lethe.

So there, *Sleepe* is brought in, as a body, vſing ſpeech and motion: and it was no more improper in this forme to make him walke, and ſtand, or ſpeake, then it is to giue voyce or paſſion to dead Men, Ghoſts, Trees, and Stones: and therefore in ſuch matters of Shewes, theſe like Characters (in what forme ſoeuer they be drawne) ſerue vs but to read the intention of vvhat vve would repreſent: as in this proiect of ours, *Night & Sleepe* vvere to produce a Viſion, an effect proper to their power, and fit to ſhadow our purpoſe, for that theſe apparitions & ſhewes are but as imaginations, and dreames that protend our affections, and dreames are neuer in all points agreeing right with waking actions: and therefore were they apteſt to ſhadow whatſoeuer error might be herein preſented. And therefore vvas *Sleepe* (as hee is deſcribed by *Philoſtratus in Amphirai imagine*) apparelled in a vvhite thin Veſture caſt ouer a blacke, to ſignifie both the day and the night, with wings of the ſame colour, a Garland of Poppy on his head, and in ſtead of his yuoyrie and tranſparent horne, hee was ſhewed bearing a blacke Wand in the left hand, and a white in the other, to effect either confuſed or ſignificant dreames, according to that inuocation of *Statius*.

——— Nec te totas infundere penas
Luminibus compella meis, hoc turba precatur,
Latior, extremo me tange cacumine virga.

And alſo agreeing to that of *Sil. Ital.*

——— Tangens Lethea tempora Virga.

And in this action did he here vſe his white Wand, as to infuſe ſignificant Viſions to entertaine the Spectators, and ſo made them ſeeme to ſee there a Temple, with a *Sybilla* therein attending vpon the Sacrifices; which done, *Iris* (the Meſſenger of *Iuno*) deſcends from the top of a Mountaine raiſed at the lower end of the Hall, and marching vp to the Temple of Peace, giues notice to the *Sybilla* of the comming of the Goddeſſes, and withall deliuers her a Proſpectiue, wherein ſhe might be hold the Figures of their Deities, and thereby deſcribe them; to the end that at their deſcending, there might be no ſtay or hinderance of their Motion, which was to be carryed vvithout any interruption, to the action of other entertainments that were to depend one of another, during the vvhole Shew: and that the eyes of the Spectators might not beguile their eares, as in ſuch caſes it euer happens, vvhiles pompe and ſplendor of the ſight takes vp all the intention vvithout regard what is ſpoken, and therefore vvas it thought fit their deſcriptions ſhould be deliuered by the *Sybilla*.

Which as ſoone as ſhe had ended, the three *Graces* in ſiluer Robes with vvhite Torches, appeared on the top of the mountaine, deſcending hand in hand before the Goddeſſes; vvho likewiſe followed three and three, as in a number dedicated vnto Sanctity and an incorporeall nature, vvhereas the *Dual*, *Hieroglyphicè pro immundis accipitur*. And betweene euery ranke of Goddeſſes, marched three Torch-bearers in the like ſeuerall colours, their heads and Robes all deck with Starres, and in their deſcending, the Cornets ſitting in the Concaues of the Mountaine, and ſeene

but

but to their breasts, in the habit of *Satyres*, sounded a stately March, vvhich continued vntill the Goddesses were approached iust before the Temple, and then ceased, when the Consort Musicke (placed in the *Cupula* thereof, out of sight) began: whereunto the three *Graces* retyring themselues aside, sang, vvhiles the Goddesses one after an other vvith solemne pace ascended vp into the Temple, and deliuering their presents to the *Sybilla* (as it vvere but in passing by) returned downe into the midst of the Hall, preparing themselues to their dance, vvhich (assoone as the *Graces* had ended their Song) they began to the Musicke of the Viols and Lutes, placed on one side of the Hall.

Which dance being performed with great maiesty and Arte, consisting of diuers straines, fram'd vnto motions circular, square, triangular, vvith other proportions exceeding rare and full of variety; the Goddesses made a pause, casting themselues into a circle, whilst the *Graces* againe sang to the Musicke of the Temple, and prepared to take out the Lords to dance. With whom after they had performed certaine Measures, Galliards, and Curranto's, *Iris* againe comes and giues notice of their pleasure to depart: whose speech ended, they drew themselues againe into another short dance, with some few pleasant changes, still retyring them toward the foote of the Mountaine, which they ascended in that same manner as they came downe, whilst the Cornets taking their Notes from the ceasing of the Musicke below, sounded another delightfull March.

And thus Madame, haue I briefly deliuered, both the reason and manner of this Maske; as well to satisfie the desire of those who could not well note the carriage of these passages, by reason (as I sayd) the present pompe and splendor entertain'd them otherwise (as that which is most regardfull in these Shewes) wherein (by the vnpartiall opinion of all the beholders Strangers and others) it was not inferiour to the best that euer was presented in Christendome: as also to giue vp my account hereof vnto your Honour,

whereby I might cleere the reckoning of any imputation that might be layd vpon your iudgement, for preferring ſuch a one, to her *Maieſty* in this imployment, as could giue no reaſon for what was done.

And for the captious Cenſurers, I regard not what they can ſay, who commonly can do little elſe but ſay; and if their deepe iudgements euer ſerue them to produce any thing, they muſt ſtand on the ſame Stage of Cenſure with other men, and peraduenture performe no ſuch great wonders as they would make vs beleeue: and I comfort my ſelfe in this, that in Court I know not any vnder him, who acts the greateſt parts) that is not obnoxious to enuy, and a ſiniſter interpretation. And whoſoeuer ſtriues to ſhew moſt wit about theſe Puntillos of Dreames and ſhewes, are ſure ſicke of a diſeaſe they cannot hide, and would faine haue the world to thinke them very deeply learned in all miſteries whatſoeuer. And peraduenture they thinke themſelues ſo, which if they do, they are in a farre worſe caſe then they imagine; *Non poteſt non indoctus eſſe qui ſe doctum credit.* And let vs labour to ſhew neuer ſo much skill or Arte, our weakneſſes and ignorance will be ſeene, whatſoeuer couering vve caſt ouer it. And yet in theſe matters of ſhewes (though they be that which moſt entertaine the vvorld) there needs no ſuch exact ſufficiency in this kind. For, *Iudit iſtis animus, non proficit.* And therefore, Madame, I will no longer idlely hold you therein, but refer you to the ſpeeches, and ſo to your better delights, as one vvho muſt euer acknowledge my ſelfe eſpecially bounds vnto your Honour.

SAM: DANIEL.

The Night *repreſented, in a blacke Veſture ſet with Starres, comes and wakens her Sonne* Somnus, *(ſleeping in his Caue) with this Speech.*

AWake darke *Sleepe* rouſe thee from out this Caue
Thy Mother *Night* that bred thee in her wombe
And fed thee firſt vvith ſilence and vvith eaſe,
Doth here thy ſhadowing operations craue:
And therefore wake my Sonne, awake, and come
Strike vvith thy Horny vvand, the ſpirits of theſe
That here expect ſome pleaſing nouelties:
And make their ſlumber to beget ſtrange ſights,
Strange viſions and vnuſuall properties.
Vnſeene of latters Ages, ancient Rites,
Of gifts diuine, vvrapt vp in myſteries.
Make this to ſeeme a Temple in their ſight,
Whoſe maine ſupport, holy Religion frame:
And 1 *Wiſdome*, 2 *Courage*, 3 *Temperance*, and 4 *Right*,
Make ſeeme the Pillars that ſuſtaine the ſame:
Shadow ſome *Sybill* to attend the Rites,
And to deſcribe the Powers that ſhall reſort,
With th'interpretation of the benefits
They bring in clouds, and what they do import.
Yet make them to portend the true deſire
Of thoſe that vvith them waking reall things:
Whilſt I will hou'ring, here a-loofe retire
And couer all things vvith my ſable Wings.

Somnus.

DEare Mother *Night*, I your commandement
Obey: Dreames I interpret Dreames will make,
As

As vvaking curiosity is wont.
Though better dreame a sleep, then dreame awake.
And this white horny Wand shall vvorke the deed;
Whose power doth Figures of the light present:
When from this sable *radius* doth proceed
Nought but confused shewes, to no intent.
Be this a Temple; there *Sybilla* stand,
Preparing reuerent Rites with holy hand,
And so bright visions go, and entertaine
All rouud about, vvhilst Ile to sleepe againe.

Iris, *the Messenger of the Goddesses discending from the Mount, where they were assembled, (dest like the Rainebow) spake as followeth.*

I The daughter of Wonder (now made the Messenger of Power) am here discended, to signifie the comming of a Cœlestiall presence of Goddesses, determined to visit this faire Temple of Peace, vvhich holy hands and deuout desires, haue dedicated to vnity and concord. And leauing to shew themselues any more in *Samos, Ida, Paphos*, their ancient delighting places of *Greece*, and *Asia*, made now the seats of Barbarisme and spoyle, vouchsafe to recreat themselues vpon this *Westerne Mouns of mighty Brittanny*, the Land of ciuill Musick and of rest, and are pleased to appeare in the selfe-same Figures, wherein antiquity hath formerly cloathed them, and as they haue bin cast in the imagination of piety, who hath giuen mortall shapes to the gifts and effects of an eternall power, for that those beautifull Caracters of sense were easier to be read then their mysticall *Ideas*, disperset in that wide, and imcomprehensible volume of Nature.

And well haue mortall men apparelled, all the *Graces*, all the *Blessings*, all *Vertues*, with that shape wherein themselues are much delighted, and which worke the best Motions, and best represent the beautie of heauenly Powers.

And therefore reuerent Propheteſſe, that here attendest

vpon

vpon the deuotions of this Place, prepare thy ſelfe for thoſe Rytes that apperraine to thy function, and the honour of ſuch Deities, and to the end thou mayſt haue a fore-notion what Powers, and who they are that come, take here this Proſpectiue, and wherein note and tell vvhat thou ſeeſt: for well mayeſt thou there obſerue their ſhadowes, but their preſence will bereaue thee of all, ſaue admiration and amazement, for who can looke vpon ſuch Powers and ſpeake? And ſo I leaue thee.

Sybilla, *hauing receiued this Meſſage, and the Proſpectiue, vſeth theſe words.*

VVHat haue I ſeene? where am I? or do I ſee all? or am I any where? was this *Iris*, (the Meſſenger of *Iuno*) or elſe but a fantaſme or imagination? will the diuine Goddeſſes vouchſafe to viſit this poore Temple? Shall I be bleſt, to entertaine ſo great Powers? it can be but a dreame: yet ſo great Powers haue bleſt, as humble roofes, and vſe, out of no other reſpect, then their owne gracefulnes to ſhine vvhere they will. But what Proſpectiue is this? or what ſhall I herein ſee? Oh admirable Powers! what ſights are theſe?

Iuno.

FIrſt here Imperiall *Iuno* in her Chayre,
With Scepter of command for Kingdomes large;
Deſcends all clad in colours of the Ayre,
Crown'd with bright Starres, to ſignifie her charge.

Pallas.

NExt War-like *Pallas*, in her Helmet dreſt
With Lance of vvinning, Target of defence:
In vvhom both Wit and Courage are expreſt,
To get with glory, hold vvith Prouidence.

Venus.

Venus.

THen louely *Venus* in bright Maiesty,
Appeares with milde aspect, in Doue-like hue:
With th'all combining Skarffe of Amity,
T'ingird strange Nations with affections true.

Vesta.

NExt Holy *Vesta*, vvith her flames of Zeale
Presents her selfe, clad in white Purity:
Whose booke, the soules sweet comfort, doth reueale
By the euer-burning Lampe of Piety.

Diana.

THen chaste *Diana*, in her Robes of greene,
With weapons of the Wood her selfe addrests
To blesse the Forrests, where her power is seene,
In peace vvith all the vvorld, but Sauage beasts.

Proserpina.

NExt rich *Proserpina*, vvith flames of gold,
Whose state although within the earth, yet she
Comes from aboue, and in her hand doth hold
The Myne of wealth, with cheerefull Maiesty.

Macaria.

THen all in purple Robes, rich Happinesse
Next her appeares, bearing in either hand,
Th'Ensignes both of wealth, and wits t'expresse,
That by them both, her Maiesty doth stand.

Concordia.

NExt all in party-coloured Robes appeares,
In white and crimson, gracefull *Concord* dresst
With knots of Vnion, and in hand she beares
The happy ioyned Roses of our rest.

Astrea.

Aſtrea.

CLeare-eyed *Aſtrea*, next, with reuerent brow
Clad in Cæleſtiall hue, (which beſt ſhe likes)
Comes with her Ballance, and her ſword to ſhew
That firſt her iudgement weighs before it ſtrikes.

Flora.

THen cheerefull *Flora*, all adorn'd with flowers,
Who cloathes the earth with beauty and delight
In thouſand ſundry ſuits, whilſt ſhiuing houres
Will skarce afford a darkneſſe to the night.

Ceres.

NExt plenteous *Ceres* in her Harueſt weede,
Crown'd with th'increaſe of what ſhe gaue to keepe:
To gratitude and faith: in whom we read,
Who ſowes on Vertue ſhall with glory reape.

Tethis.

LAſtly comes *Tethis*, *Albions* faireſt loue,
Whom ſhe in faithfull Armes deigne t'embrace
And brings the Trydent of her Power, t'approue
The kinde reſpect ſhe hath to do him grace.

Thus haue I read their ſhadowes, but behold!
In glory, where they come as Iris *told.*

The

The three Graces, *comming to the vpper part of the Hall, ſang this Song, while the Goddeſſes deliuered their preſents.*

Gratia ſunt 1 *dantium,* 2 *reddentium,* 3 *& promerentium.*

1

DEſert, Reward, and Gratitude,
The *Graces* of Societie;
Doe here with hand in hand conclude
The bleſſed chaine of Amitie:
For we deſerue, we giue, we thinke,
Thanks, Gifts, Deſerts, thus ioyne in ranke.

2

We yeeld the ſplendant raijes of light,
Vnto theſe bleſſings that deſcend:
The grace vvhereof with more delight,
The vvell diſpoſing doth commend;
Whilſt Gratitude, Rewards, Deſerts,
Pleaſe, winne, draw on, and couple hearts.

3

For worth and power and due reſpect,
Deſerues, beſtowes, returnes with Grace:
The meed, reward, the kinde effect,
That giue the world a cheerefull face,
And turning in this courſe of right,
Make Vertue moue with true delight.

The Song being ended, and the Maskers *in the middeſt of the Hall, diſpoſing themſelues to their Daunce:* Sybilla *hauing placed there ſeuerall preſents on the Altar, vttereth theſe words.*

O Powers of powers, grant to our vowes we pray,
That theſe faire bleſſings which we now erect

In

In Figures left vs here, in ſubſtance may
Be thoſe great props of glory and reſpect.
1 Let Kingdomes large, 2 let armed policie,
3 Milde loue, 4 true zeale, 5 right ſhouting at the white
Of braue diſignes: 6 let wealth, 7 felicitie,
8 Iuſtice, 9 and concord, 10 pleaſure, 11 plenty, 12 *might*
And power by Sea, with Grace proportionate,
Make glorious both the Soueraigne and his State.

After this the Maskers *danced their owne meaſures, which being ended, and they ready to take out the Lords, the three* Graces *ſang.*

WHiles worth with honour make their choiſe
For meaſured motions ordred right,
Now let vs likewiſe giue a voyce,
Vnto the touch of our delight.

For comforts lock't vp without ſound,
Are th'vnborne children of the thought:
Like vnto Treaſures neuer found
That buried lowe are left forgot.

Where words, our glory doth not ſhew,
(There) like braue actions without Fame:
It ſeemes as Plants not ſet to grow,
Or as a Tombe without a Name.

The Maskers *hauing ended their dancing with the Lords,* Iris *giues warning of their departure.*

Iris.

AS I was the ioyfull Meſſenger to notifie the comming, ſo am I now the ſame of the departure of theſe diuine powers. Who hauing cloathed themſelues with theſe apparances, doe now returne backe againe to the Spheres of their owne being from whence they came. But yet, of my ſelfe, this

this much I muſt reueale, though againſt the warrant of a Meſſenger; who I know had better to faile in obedience then in preſumption, that theſe Deities by the motion of the all-directing *Pallas*, the glorious Patroneſſe of this mighty Monarchy, deſcending in the Maieſtie of their inuiſible eſſence, vpon yonder Mountaine, found there, the beſt, (and moſt worthily the beſt) of LADIES, diſporting with her choyſeſt Attendants, whoſe formes they preſently vndertooke, as delighting to be in the beſt-built-Temples of Beauty and Honour. And in them vouchſafed to appeare in this manner, being otherwiſe no obiects for mortall eyes. And no doubt, but that in reſpect of the perſons vnder whoſe beautifull couerings they haue thus preſented themſelues, theſe Deities will be pleaſed the rather at their inuocation (knowing all their deſires to be ſuch) as euermore to grace this glorious Monarchy with the Reall effects of theſe bleſſings repreſented.

After this, they fell to a ſhort departing dance, and ſo aſcend the Mountayne.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF CLEOPATRA.

Aetas prima canas veneres postrema tumultus.

LONDON,
Printed by Nicholas Okes,
for Simon Waterson.
1623.

The Scæne ſuppoſed *Alexandria.*

THE ACTORS.

Cleopatra. Octauius Cæſar.
Proculeius. Dolabella.
Titius, ſeruant to Dolabella.
Arius, } two Philoſophers.
Philoſtratus, }
Seleucus, ſecretarie to Cleopatra.
Rodon, Tutor to Cæſario.
Nuntius.
The Chorus, all Egyptians.

THE

To the right honourable, the *Lady* Mary, *Counteſſe of* PEMBROOKE.



Oe heere the labour which ſhe did impoſe,
Whoſe influence did predominate my Muſe:
The ſtarre of wonder my deſires firſt choſe
To guide their trauels in the courſe I vſe:
She, whoſe cleare brightneſſe had the powre t'infuſe
Strength to my thoughts, from whence theſe motions came
Call'd vp my ſpirits from out their low repoſe,
To ſing of State, and tragicke notes to frame.

I, who (contend with an humble ſong,)
Made muſique to my ſelfe that pleaſd me beſt,
And onely told of DELIA, and her wrong,
And praiſd her eyes, and plaind mine owne vnreſt:
(A text from whence my Muſe had not digreſt)
Madam, had not thy well grac'd *Antony*;
(Who all alone, hauing remained long,)
Repuir'd his *Cleopatras* company.

Who if ſhe here doe ſo appeare in Act,
That he can ſcarce diſcerne her for his Queene,
Finding how much ſhe of her ſelfe hath lackt,
And miſs'd that grace wherein ſhe ſhould be ſeene,
Her worth obſcur'd, her ſpirit embaſed cleene,
Yet lightning thou by thy ſweete chearefulnes,
My darke defects, which from her powres detract,
He may her geſſe by ſome reſemblances.

And I hereafter in another kinde,
More ſuting to the nature of my vaine,
May peraduenture raiſe my humble minde
To other muſique in this higher ſtraine;
Since I perceiue the world and thou doſt daigne
To countenance my Song, and cheriſh me,
I muſt ſo worke Poſteritie may finde,
My loue to verſe, my gratitude to thee.

Now when ſo many Pennes (like Speares) are charg'd,
To chaſe away this tyrant of the North;
Groſſe Barbariſme, whoſe powre grown far inlarg'd
Was lately by the valiant brothers worth
Firſt found, encountred, and prouoked forth:
Whoſe onſet made the reſt audacious,
Whereby they likewiſe haue ſo well diſcharg'd
Vpon that hideous beaſt incroching thus,

And now muſt I with that poore ſtrength I haue,
Reſiſt ſo foule a foe in what I may:
And arme againſt Obliuion and the Graue,
That elſe in darkeneſſe carries all away,
And makes of all an vniuerſall pray;
So that if by my Penne procure I ſhall
But to defend me, and my name to ſaue,
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all;

But ſtill the better part of me will liue,
And in that part will liue thy reuerent name,
Although thy ſelfe doſt farre more glory giue
Vnto thy ſelfe, then I can by the ſame.
Who doſt with thine owne hand a bulwark frame
Againſt theſe monſters, (enemies of honour)
Which euermore ſhall ſo defend thy Fame,
As Time, or they ſhall neuer prey vpon her.

Thoſe

Thoſe Hymnes which thou doſt conſecrate to heauen,
Which Iſraels Singer to his God did frame:
Vnto thy voyce Eternitie hath giuen,
And makes thee deare to him from whence they came,
In them muſt reſt thy venerable name,
So long as Sions God remaineth honoured;
And till confuſion hath all zeale bereauen,
And murthered Faith, and Temples ruined.

By this (great Lady) thou muſt then be knowne,
When *Wilton* lies low leuell'd with the ground:
And this is that which thou maiſt call thine owne,
Which ſacrilegious Time cannot confound;
Heere thou ſuruiu'ſt thy ſelfe, heere thou art found
Of late ſucceeding ages, freſh in fame:
This monument cannot be ouerthrowne,
Where, in eternall Braſſe remaines thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our ſtile
Within theſe ſtrict and narrow limites ſo:
But that the melodie of our ſweete Ile,
Might now be heard to *Tyber*, *Arne*, and *Po*:
That they might know how far Thames doth out-go
The Muſike of declined *Italy*:
And liſtning to our Songs another while,
Might learne of thee their notes to purifie.

O why may not ſome after-comming hand
Vnlocke theſe limites, open our confines,
And breake aſunder this impriſoning band,
Enlarge our ſpirits, and publiſh our deſignes;
Planting our Roſes on the *Apenines*?
And to teach *Rheyne*, to *Loyre*, and *Rhodanus*.
Our accents, and the wonders of our Land,
That they might all admire and honour vs.

Whereby great *Sydney* and our *Spenser* might,
With thoſe *Po*-ſingers being equalled,
Enchaunt the world with ſuch a ſweet delight,
That their eternall Songs (for euer read)
May ſhew what great *Elizaes* raigne hath bred.
What muſicke in the kingdome of her peace
Hath now beene made to her, and by her might,
Whereby her glorious fame ſhall neuer ceaſe.

But if that fortune doth denie vs this,
Then *Neptune*, locke vp with the Ocean key
This treaſure to our ſelues, and let them miſſe
Of ſo ſweet riches: as vnworthy they
To taſt the great delights that we inioy.
And let our harmony ſo pleaſing growne,
Content our ſelues, whoſe errour euer is
Strange notes to like, and diſeſteeme our owne.

But, whither doe my vowes tranſport me now,
Without the compaſſe of my courſe enioynd?
Alas, what honour can a voyce ſo low
As this of mine, expect hereby to find?
But, (Madam,) this doth animate my mind,
That yet I ſhall be read among the reſt,
And though I doe not to perfection grow,
Yet ſomething ſhall I be, though not the beſt.

The

The Argument.

AFter the death of *Antonius*, *Cleopatra*, (liuing ſtill in the Monument ſhee had cauſed to be built,) could not, by any meanes be drawne foorth, although *Octauius Cæſar* very earneſtly laboured it: and ſent *Proculius*, to vſe all diligence to bring her vnto him: for that hee thought it would be a great Ornament to his Triumphes, to get her aliue to Rome. But neuer would ſhee put her ſelfe into the hands of *Proculeius*, although on a time he found the means, (by a window that was at the toppe of the Monument,) to come down vnto her: where he perſwaded her (all he might) to yeeld her ſelfe to *Cæſars* mercy. Which ſhe, (to be ridde of him,) cunningly ſeemed to grant vnto. After that, *Octauius* in perſon went to viſite her; to whom ſhe excuſed her offence, laying all the fault vpon the greatnes, and feare ſhe had of *Antonius*, and withall, ſeemed very tractable, and willing to be diſpoſed of by him,

Whereupon *Octauius*, (thinking himſelfe ſure) reſolued preſently to ſend her away to Rome, Whereof, *Dolabella*, a fauorite of *Cæſars*, (and one that was growne into ſome good liking of her) hauing certified her, ſhee makes her humble petition to *Cæſar*, that he would ſuffer her to ſacrifice to the ghoſt of *Antonius*: which being granted her, ſhe was brought vnto his ſepulchre, where, after her rites performed, ſhe returned to the Monument, and there dined with

great magnificence. And in dinner time, came there one in the habite of a countrey man, with a basket of Figs vnto her, who (vnsuspected) was suffered to carry them in. And in that basket (among the Figs) were conueyed the Aspickes wherewith she did her selfe to death. Dinner being ended, she dispatched Letters to *Cæsar*, contayning great lamentations with an earneſt supplication, that she might be intombed with *Antonius*. Whereupon *Cæsar* knowing what she intended, sent presently with all speed, Messengers to haue preuented her death, which notwithstanding, before they came, was dispatched.

Cæsario her sonne, which she had by *Iulius Cæsar* (conueyed before vnto *India*, out of the danger of the warres) was about the same time of her death, murthered at *Rhodes*: trained thither by the falsehood of his Tutor, corrupted by *Cæsar*. And so, hereby came the race of the *Ptolomies* to be wholly extinct, and the flouriſhing rich Kingdome of *Egypt* vtterly ouerthrowne and subdued.

THE

THE TRAGEDIE *Of CLEOPATRA.*

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Cleopatra.

YET doe I liue, and yet doth breath extend
My life beyond my life? nor can my graue
Shut vp my griefes, to make my end my end?
Will yet confuſion haue more then I haue?
Is th'honor, wonder, glory, pompe, and all
Of *Cleopatra* dead, and ſhe not dead?
Haue I out-liu'd my ſelfe, and ſeene the fall
Of all vpon me, and not ruined?
Can yet theſe eyes endure the ghaſtly looke
Of Deſolations darke and ougly face,
Wont but on Fortunes faireſt ſide to looke,
Where nought vvas but applauſe, but ſmiles, and grace?
Whiles on his ſhoulders all my reſt relide
On whom the burthen of m'ambition lay,
My *Atlas*, and ſupporter of my pride
That did the world of all my glory ſway,
Who now throwne downe, diſgrac'd, confounded lies
Cruſht vvith the weight of Shame and Infamy,
Following th'vnlucky party of mine eyes,
The traines of luſt and imbecility,
Whereby my diſſolution is become
The graue of Egypt, and the wracke of all;
My vnforeſeeing weakeneſſe muſt intoome
My Countries fame and glory with my fall.

Now

Now who vvould thinke that I were ſhe vvho late
With all the ornaments on earth inrich'd,
Enuiron'd vvith delights, compaſt with ſtate,
Glittering in pomp that hearts and eyes bewitch'd;
Should thus diſtreſt, caſt down from off that heigth
Leuell'd vvith low diſgrac'd calamity,
Vnder the weight of ſuch affliction ſigh,
Reduc'd vnto th'extreameſt miſery?
Am I the woman whoſe inuentiue pride,
Adorn'd like *Iſis*, ſcorn'd mortality?
Is't I would haue my frailety ſo beſide,
That flattery could perſwade I vvas not I?
Well, now I ſee, they but delude that praiſe vs,
Greatneſſe is mockt, proſperity betrayes vs.
And vve are but our ſelues, although this cloud
Of interpoſed ſmoakes make vs ſeeme more:
Theſe ſpreading parts of pomp wherof w'are proud
Are not our parts, but parts of others ſtore:
Witneſſe theſe gallant fortune-following traines,
Theſe Summer Swallowes of felicity
Gone vvith the heate, of all, ſee vvhat remaines,
This monument, two maydes, and vvrteched I.
And I, t'adorne their triumphs am reſeru'd
A captiue, kept to honour others ſpoyles,
Whom *Ceſar* labours ſo to haue preſeru'd,
And ſeekes to entertaine my life vvith wtles,
But *Ceſar*, it is more then thou canſt do,
Promiſe, flatter, threaten extreamity,
Imploy thy wits and all thy force thereto,
I haue both hands, and vvill, and I can die.
Though thou, of both my country and my crowne,
Of powre, of meanes and all doſt quite bereaue me;
Though thou haſt wholy Egypt made thine owne,
Yet haſt thou left me that which vvill deceiue thee.
That courage vvith my blood and birth innated,
Admir'd of all the earth as thou art now,

Can

Can neuer be ſo abiectly abated
To be thy ſlaue that rul'd as good as thou.
Thinke *Ceſar*, I that liu'd and raign'd a Queene,
Do ſcorne to buy my life at ſuch a rate,
That I ſhould vnderneath my ſelfe be ſeene,
Baſely induring to ſuruiue my ſtate:
That Rome ſhould ſee my ſcepter-bearing hands
Behind me bound, and glory in my teares,
That I ſhould paſſe whereas *Octauia* ſtands,
To view my miſery that purchas'd hers.
No, I diſdaine that head vvhich wore a crowne,
Should ſtoope to take vp that which others giue;
I muſt not be, vnleſſe I be mine owne.
Tis ſweet to die vvhen we are forc'd to liue,
Nor had I ſtayd behind my ſelfe this ſpace,
Nor payd ſuch int'reſt for this borrow'd breath,
But that hereby I ſeeke to purchaſe grace
For my diſtreſſed ſeede after my death.
It's that vvhich doth my deareſt blood controule,
That's it alas detaines me from my tombe,
Whiles Nature brings to contradict my ſoule
The argument of mine vnhappy wombe.
You luckleſſe iſſue of an vvofull mother,
The vvretched pledges of a vvanton bed,
You Kings deſign'd muſt ſubiects liue to other;
Or elſe, I feare, ſcarce liue, vvhen I am dead.
It is for you I temporize with *Ceſar*,
And ſtay this vvhile to mediate your ſafety:
For you I faine content, and ſoothe his pleaſure,
Calamity herein hath made me crafty.
But this is but to try what may be done,
For come what vvill, this ſtands, I muſt die free,
And die my ſelfe vncaptiu'd, and vnwonne.
Blood, Children, Nature, all muſt pardon me.
My ſoule yeelds Honor vp the victory,
And I muſt be a Queene, forget a mother,

Though

Though mother vvould I be, were I not I;
And Queene would not be now, could I be other.
But vvhat know I if th'heauens haue decreed,
And that the ſinnes of Egypt haue deſeru'd
The *Ptolomies* ſhould faile and none ſucceed,
And that my weakenes vvas thereto reſeru'd,
That I ſhould bring confuſion to my ſtate,
And fill the meaſure of iniquity,
Luxurioufneſſe in me ſhould raiſe the rate
Of looſe and ill-diſpenſed liberty.
If it be ſo, then what neede theſe delaies?
Since I was made the meanes of miſery:
Why ſhould I ſtriue but to make death my praiſe,
That had my life but for my infamy?
And let me vvrite in letters of my blood
A fit memoriall for the times to come,
To be example to ſuch Princes good
As pleaſe themſelues, and care not what [illegible].
And *Antony*, becauſe the world takes note
That my defects haue onely ruin'd thee:
And my ambitious practiſes are thought
The motiue and the cauſe of all to be:
Though God thou know'ſt, how iuſt this ſtaine is layd
Vpon my ſoule, vvhom ill ſucceſſe makes ill:
Yet ſince condemn'd misfortune hath no ayde
Againſt proud lucke that argues what it will,
I haue no meanes to vndeceiue their mindes,
But to bring in the witneſſe of my blood,
To teſtifie the faith and loue that bindes
My equall ſhame, to fall vvith whom I ſtood,
Defects I grant I had, but this vvas worſt,
That being the firſt to fall I di'd not firſt.
Though I perhaps could lighten mine owne ſide
With ſome excuſe of my conſtrained caſe
Drawne down with povvre: but that were to deuide
My ſhame: to ſtand alone in my diſgrace.

To

To cleere me ſo, vvould ſhew m'affections naught,
And make th'excuſe more hainous then the fault.
Since if I ſhould our errours diſunite,
I ſhould confound afflictions onely reſt,
That from ſterne death euen ſteales a ſad delight
To die vvith friends or vvith the like diſtreſt;
And ſince vve tooke of either ſuch firme hold
In th'ouerwhelming ſeas of fortune caſt,
What powre ſhould be of powre to revnfold
The armes of our affections lockt ſo faſt,
For grapling in the Ocean of our pride,
We ſuncke others greatneſſe both together;
And both made ſhipwracke of our fame beſide,
Both vvrought a like deſtruction vnto either:
And therefore I am bound to ſacrifice
To death and thee, the life that doth reproue me:
Our like diſtreſſe I feele doth ſimpathize,
And euen affliction makes me truely loue thee.
Which *Antony*, I much confeſſe my fault
I neuer did ſincerely vntill now:
Now I proteſt I do, now am I taught
In death to loue, in life that knew not how.
For vvhilſt my glory in her greatneſſe ſtood,
And that I ſaw my ſtate, and knew my beauty;
Saw how the vvorld admir'd me, how they woo'd,
I then thought all men muſt loue me of duety;
And I loue none: for my laſciuious Court,
Fertile in euer freſh and new-choyſe pleaſure,
Affoorded me ſo bountifull diſport,
That I to ſtay on Loue had neuer leiſure:
My vagabond deſires no limites found,
For luſt is endleſſe, pleaſure hath no bound.
Thou comming from the ſtrictneſſe of thy City,
And neuer this looſe pomp of monarchs learneſt,
Inur'd to vvarres, in womens vviles vnwitty,
Whilſt others faind, thou fell'ſt to loue in earneſt;

Not

Not knowing how vve like them beſt that houer,
And make leaſt reckoning of a doting louer.
And yet thou cam'ſt but in my beauties vvaine,
When nevv appearing vvrinckles of declining
Wrought vvith the hand of yeares, ſeem'd to detaine
My graces light, as now but dimly ſhining
Euen in the confines of mine age, vvhen I
Failing of vvhat I was, and vvas but thus;
When ſuch as we do deeme in iealouſie
That men loue for themſelues, and not for vs,
Then, and but thus, thou didſt loue moſt ſincerely
O *Antony*, that beſt deſeru'ſt it better,
This Autumne of my beauty bought ſo dearely,
For which in more then death, I ſtand thy debter,
Which I vvill pay thee vvith ſo true a minde,
(Caſting vp all theſe deepe accompts of mine)
That both our ſoules, and all the world ſhall find
All reckoning cleer'd, betwixt my loue and thine.
But to the I may preuent proud *Caſar*,
Who doth ſo eagerly my life importune,
I muſt preuaile me of this little leaſure,
Seeming to ſute my mind vnto my fortune;
Thereby vvith more conuenience to prouide
For vvhat my death and honor beſt ſhall fit:
An yeelding baſe content muſt vvary hide
My laſt diſſigne till I accompliſh it,
That hereby yet the vvorld ſhall ſee that I,
Although vnwiſe to liue, had vvit to die. *Exit.*

CHORVS.

BEhold what furies ſtill
Torment their tortur'd breſt,
Who by their doing ill,
Haue wrought the worlds vnreſt.
Which when being moſt diſtreſt,

Yet

Yet more to vexe their ſprite,
The hideous face of ſinne,
(In formes they muſt deteſt)
Stands euer in their ſight.
Their conſcience ſtill within
Th'eternall larum is
That euer-barking dog that oalles vpon their miſſe.

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himſelfe can finde:
No way to ſtart aſide
Out from the hell of minde.
But in himſelfe confin'd,
He ſtill ſee ſinne before:
And winged-footed paine,
That ſwiftly comes behind,
The which is euer-more,
The ſure and certaine gaine
Impiety doth get,
And wanton looſe reſpect, that doth it ſelfe forget.

And Cleopatra *now,*
Well ſees the dangerous way
She tooke, and car'd not how,
Which led her to decay.
And likewiſe makes vs pay
For her diſordred luſt,
The int'reſt of our blood:
Or line a ſeruile pray,
Vnder a hand vniuſt,
As others ſhall thinke good.
This hath her riot wonne:
And thus ſhe hath her ſtate, herſelfe and vs vndone.

Now euery mouth can tell,
What cloſe was muttered:

How

How that she did not well,
To take the course she did.
For now is nothing hid,
Of what feare did restraine,
No secret closely done,
But now is vttered.
The text is made most plaine
That flattry glos'd vpon,
The bed of sinne reueal'd,
And all the luxury that shame would haue conceal'd.

The scene is broken downe,
And all vncou'red lyes,
The purple actors knowne
Scarce men, whom men despise.
The complots of the wise,
Proue imperfections smoake:
And all what wonder gaue
To pleasure-gazing eyes,
Lyes scattred, dasht, all broke.
Thus much beguiled haue
Poore vnconsiderate wights,
These momentary pleasures, fugitiue delights.

ACT. III.

Cæsar. Proculeius.

KIngdomes I see we winne, vve conquer Climates,
Yet cannot vanquish hearts, nor force obedience,
Affections kept in close-concealed limits,
Stand farre without the reach of sword or violence
Who forc'd do pay vs duty, pay not loue:
Free is the heart, the temple of the minde,
The Sanctuary sacred from aboue,
Where nature keepes the keies that loose bind.

No

No mortall hand force open can that doore,
So cloſe ſhut vp, and lockt to all mankind:
I ſee mens bodies onely ours, no more,
The reſt, anothers right, that rules the minde.
Behold, my forces vanquiſht haue this land,
Subdu'd that ſtrong Competitor of mine:
All Egypt yeelds to my all-conqu'ring hand,
And all their treaſure and themſelues reſigne.
Onely this Queene, that hath loſt all this all,
To whom is nothing left except a minde:
Cannot into a thought of yeelding fall,
To be diſpos'd as Chance hath her aſſign'd.
But *Proculei*, what hope doth ſhe now giue,
Will ſhe be brought to condiſcend to liue?
Pro. My Lord, what time being ſent from you to try
To win her forth aliue (if that I might)
From out the Monument, where wofully
She liues inclos'd in moſt afflicted plight:
No way I found, no meanes how to ſurprize her,
But through a grate at the entry of the place
Standing to treate; I labour'd to aduiſe her,
To come to *Caeſar*, and to ſue for grace.
She ſaid, ſhe crau'd not life, but leaue to die,
Yet for her children, pray'd they might inherite,
That *Caeſar* would vouſchſafe (in clemencie)
To pittie them, though ſhe deſeru'd no merite.
So leauing her for then; and ſince of late,
With *Gallus* ſent to trie an other time,
The whilſt he entertaines her at the grate,
I found the meanes vp to the Tombe to clime.
Where, in deſcending in the cloſeſt wiſe,
And ſilent manner as I could contriue:
Her woman me deſcri'd, and out ſhe cries,
Poore *Cleopatra*, thou art tane aliue.
With that the Queene caught from her ſide her knife,
And euen in act to ſtab her martred breſt,

I ſtept with ſpeede, and held, and ſau'd her life,
And forth her trembling hand the blade did wreſt.
Ah *Cleopatra*, why ſhouldſt thou, (ſaid I)
Both iniury thy ſelfe and *Cæſar* ſo?
Barre him the honour of his victory,
Who euer deales moſt mildely with his foe?
Liue, and relie on him, whoſe mercy will
To thy ſubmiſſion alwayes ready be.
With that (as all amaz'd) ſhe held her ſtill,
Twixt maieſtie confuz'd and miſerie.
Her proud grieu'd eyes, held ſorrow and diſdaine,
State and diſtreſſe warring within her ſoule;
Dying ambition diſpoſſeſt her raigne,
So baſe affliction ſeemed to controule.
Like as a buring Lampe, whoſe liquor ſpent
With intermitted flames, when dead you deeme it,
Sends forth a dying flaſh, as diſcontent,
That ſo the matter failes that ſhould redeeme it:
So ſhe (in ſpight) to ſee her low-brought ſtate,
When all her hopes were now conſum'd to noght,
Scornes yet to make an abiect league with Fate,
Or once deſcend into a ſeruile thought.
Th'imperious tongue vnuſed to beſeech,
Authoritie confounds with prayers, ſo
Words of cõmand conioyn'd with humble ſpeech,
Shew'd ſhe would liue, yet ſcorn'd to pray her foe.
Ah, what hath *Cæſar* here to doe, ſaid ſhee,
In confines of the dead in darkeneſſe lying?
Will he not grant our ſepulchres be free,
But violate the priuiledge of dying?
What, muſt he ſtretch foorth his ambitious hand
Into the right of Death, and force vs heere?
Hath Miſery no couert where to ſtand
Free from the ſtorme of Pride, is't ſafe no where?
Cannot my land, my gold, my crowne ſuffice,
And all what I held deare, to him made common,

But

But that he muſt in this ſort tyrannize,
Th'afflicted body of an woefull woman?
Tell him, my frailetie, and the gods haue giuen
Sufficient glory, could he be content:
And let him now with his deſires make euen,
And leaue me to this horror, to lament.
Now he hath taken all away from mee,
What muſt he take me from my ſelfe by force?
Ah, let him yet (in mercy) leaue me free
The Kingdome of this poore diſtreſſed corſe.
No other crowne I ſeeke, no other good.
Yet wiſh that *Cæſar* would vouchſafe this grace,
To fauour the poore of-ſpring of my blood.
Confuſed iſſue, yet of Roman race.
If blood and name be linckes of loue in Princes,
Not ſpurres of hate; my poore *Cæſario* may
Finde fauour notwithſtanding mine offences,
And *Cæſars* blood, may *Cæſars* raging ſtay.
But if that with the torrent of my fall,
All muſt be rapt with furious violence,
And no reſpect, nor no regard at all,
Can ought with nature or with blood diſpence:
Then be it ſo, if needes it muſt be ſo.
There ſtaies and ſhrinkes in horror of her ſtate:
When I beganne to mittigate her woe,
And thy great mercies vnto her relate;
Wiſhing her not deſpaire, but rather come
And ſue for grace, and ſhake off all vaine feares:
No doubt ſhe ſhould obtaine as gentle doome
As ſhe deſir'd, both for her ſelfe and hers.
And ſo with much adoe, (well pacifide
Seeming to be) ſhe ſhew'd content to liue,
Saying ſhe was reſolu'd thy doome t'abide,
And to accept what fauour thou would'ſt giue,
And herewithall, crau'd alſo that ſhee might
Performe her laſt rites to her loſt belou'd.

To ſacrifice to him that wroght her plight:
And that ſhe might not be by force remou'd.
I granting from thy part this her requeſt,
Left her for then, ſeeming in better reſt.
Caſ. But doſt thou thinke ſhe will remaine ſo ſtill?
Pro. I thinke, and doe aſſure my ſelfe ſhe will.
Caſ. Ah, priuate men ſound not the harts of Princes,
Whoſe actions oft beare contrary pretences.
Pro. Why tis her ſafetie to come yeeld to thee.
Caſ. But tis more honour for her to goe free.
Pro. She may thereby procure her childrens good.
Caſ. Princes reſpect their honour more then blood.
Pro. Can Princes powre diſpence with nature than?
Caſ. To be a Prince, is more then be a Man.
Pro. There's none but haue in time perſwaded beene.
Caſ. And ſo might ſhe too, were ſhe not a Queene.
Pro. Diuers reſpects will force her be relaim'd.
Caſ. Princes (like Lions) neuer will be tam'd.
A priuate man may yeeld and care not how,
But greater heares will breake before they bow
And ſure I thinke ſh' will neuer condiſcend,
To liue to grace our ſpoiles with her diſgrace:
But yet let ſtill a wary troupe attend,
To guard her perſon, and to watch the place.
And looke that none with her come to confer:
Shortly my ſelfe will goe to viſite her.

CHORVS.

Opinion, how do'ſt thou moleſt
Th' affected mind of reſtleſſe man?
Who following thee neuer can,
Nor euer ſhall attaine to reſt,
For getting what thou ſaiſt is beſt,
Yet loe, that beſt he findes far wide
Of what thou promiſedſt before:

For

For in the ſame he lookt for more,
Which proues but ſmall when once tis tride
Then ſomething elſe thou find'ſt beſide,
To draw him ſtill from though to thought:
When in the end all prooues but nought.
Farther from reſt he findes him than,
Then at the firſt when he began.
O malecontent ſeducing gueſt,
Contriuer of our greateſt woes:
Which borne of winde, and fed with ſhowes,
Dooſt nurſe thy ſelfe in thine vnreſt,
Iudging vngotten things the beſt,
Or what thou in conceit deſign'ſt,
And all things in the world dooſt deeme,
Not as they are, but as they ſeeme:
Which ſhewes, their ſtate thou ill defin'ſt:
And liu'ſt to come, in preſent pin'ſt.
For what thou haſt, thou ſtill dooſt lacke:
O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke,
Vaine promiſer of that ſweete reſt,
Which neuer any yet poſſeſt.

If we vnto ambition tend,
Then dooſt thou drawe our weakeneſſe on,
With vaine imagination
Of that which neuer hath an end.
Or if that luſt we apprehend,
How doth that pleaſant plague infeſt?
O what ſtrange formes of luxurie,
Thou ſtrait dooſt caſt t'intice vs by?
And tell'ſt vs that is euer beſt,
Which we haue neuer yet poſſeſt.
And that more pleaſure reſts beſide,
In ſomething that we haue not tride.
And when the ſame likewiſe is had,
Then all is one, and all is bad.

This Antony *can ſay is true,*
And Cleopatra *knowes tis ſo,*
By th'experience of their woe.
She can ſay, ſhe neuer knew
But that luſt found pleaſures new,
And was neuer ſatisfide:
He can ſay by proofe of toyle,
Ambition is a Vulture vile,
That feedes vpon the heart of pride:
And findes no reſt when all is tride.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other, liſts and bounds hath none,
And both ſubuert the minde, the ſtate,
Procure deſtruction, enuy hate.

And now when all this is prou'd vaine,
Yet opinion leaues not heere,
But ſtickes to Cleopatra *neere,*
Perſwading now, how ſhe ſhall gaine
Honour by death, and fame attaine,
And what a ſhame it was to line,
Her Kingdome loſt, her Louer dead:
And ſo with this perſwaſion led,
Deſpaire doth ſuch a courage giue,
That nought elſe can her minde relieue,
Nor yet diuert her from that thought:
To this concluſion all is brought.
This is that reſt this vaine world lends,
To end in death that all things ends.

ACT. III.

Philoſtratus. Arius.

HOw deepely *Arius* am I bound to thee,
That ſau'dſt from death this wretched life of mine:

Obtaining

Obtaining *Cæsars* gentle grace for mee,
When I of all helpes elſe deſpaird but thine?
Although I ſee in ſuch a wofull ſtate,
Life is not that which ſhould be much deſir'd:
Sith all our glories come to end their date,
Our Countries honour and our own expir'd
Now that the hand of wrath hath ouer-gone vs,
Liuing (as 'twere) in th'armes of our dead mother,
With blood vnder our feete, ruine vpon vs,
And in a Land moſt wretched of all other,
When yet we reckon life our deareſt good.
And ſo we liue, we care not how we liue:
So deepe we feele impreſſed in our blood,
That touch which nature without breath did giue.
And yet what blaſts of words hath Learning found,
To blow againſt the feare of death and dying?
What comforts vnſicke eloquence can ſound,
And yet all faile vs in the point of trying.
For whilſt we reaſon with the breath of ſafety,
Without the compaſſe of deſtruction liuing:
What precepts ſhew we then, what courage lofty
In taxing others feares in councell giuing?
When all this ayre of ſweet-contriued words
Proues but weake armour to defend the heart.
For when this life, pale Feare and Terrour boords,
Where are our precepts then, where is our art?
O who is he that from himſelfe can turne,
That beare about the body of a man?
VVho doth not toyle and labour to adiorne
The day of death, by any meanes he can?
All this I ſpeake to th'end my ſelfe t'excuſe,
For my baſe begging of a ſeruile breath,
VVherein I grant my ſelfe much to abuſe,
So ſhamefully to ſeeke t'auoide my death.
Arius. Philoſtratus, that ſelfe ſame care to liue,
Poſſeſſeth all alike, and grieue not then

Nature doth vs no more then others giue:
Though we ſpeake more then men, we are but men
And yet (in truth) theſe miſeries to ſee,
Wherein we ſtand in moſt extreame diſtreſſe:
Might to our ſelues ſufficient motiues be
To loath this life, and weigh our death the leſſe:
For neuer any age hath better taught,
What feeble footing pride and greatneſſe hath.
How improuident proſperitie is caught,
And cleane confounded in the day of wrath.
See how diſmaid Confuſion keepes thoſe ſtreetes,
That nought but mirth & muſique late reſounded,
How nothing with our eye but horror meetes,
Our ſtate, our wealth, our pride, and al confounded.
Yet what weake ſight did not diſcerne from farre
This blacke-ariſing tempeſt, all confounding?
Who did not ſee we ſhould be what we are,
When pride and ryot grew to ſuch abounding.
When diſſolute impietie poſſeſt
Th'vnreſpectiue mindes of Prince, and People:
When inſolent Securitie found reſt
In wanton thoughts, with luſt and eaſe made feeble.
Then when vnwary peace with fat-fed pleaſure,
New-freſh inuented ryots ſtill detected,
Purchas'd with all the *Ptolomies* rich treaſure,
Our Lawes, our Gods, our myſteries neglected.
Who ſaw not how this confluence of vice,
This inundation of diſorders, muſt
At length of force pay backe the bloody price
Of ſad deſtruction, (a reward for luſt.)
O thou and I haue heard, and read, and knowne
Of like proude ſtates, as wofully incombred,
And fram'd by them, examples for our owne:
Which now among examples muſt be numbred.
For this decree a law from high is giuen,
An ancient Canon, of eternall date,

In

In Conſiſtory of the ſtarres of heauen,
Entred the Booke of vnauoyded Fate;
That no ſtate can in height of happineſſe,
In th'exaltation of their glory ſtand:
But thither once arriu'd, declining leſſe,
Ruine themſelues, or fall by others hand.
Thus doth the euer-changing courſe of things
Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning:
And that ſame day that hieſt glory brings,
Brings vs vnto the point of backe-returning.
For ſenceleſſe ſenſuality, doth euer
Accompany felicity and greatneſſe.
A fatall vvitch, whoſe charmes do leaue vs neuer,
Till vve leaue all in ſorrow for our ſweetneſſe;
When yet our ſelues muſt be the cauſe we fall,
Although the ſame be firſt decreed on hie:
Our errors ſtill muſt beare the blame of all,
This muſt it be; earth, aske not heauen why.
Yet mighty men vvith wary iealous hand,
Striue to cut off all obſtacles of feare:
All whatſoeuer ſeemes but to withſtand
Their leaſt conceit of quiet, held ſo deare;
And ſo intrench themſelues with blood, with crimes,
With all iniuſtice as their feares diſpoſe:
Yet for all this we ſee, how oftentimes
The meanes they worke to keepe, are meanes to loſe.
Aud ſure I cannot ſee, how this can ſtand
With great *Auguſtus* ſafety and his honor,
To cut off all ſucceſſion from our land,
For her offence that pull'd the warres vpon her.

Phi. Why muſt her iſſue pay the price of that?

Ari. The price is life that they are rated at.

Phi. *Cæſario* too, iſſued of *Cæſars* blood?

Ari. Plurality of *Cæſars* are not good.

Phi. Alas, what hurt procures his feeble arme?

Ari. Not for it doth, but that it may do harme.

Phi.

Phi. Then when it offers hurt, repreſſe the ſame.
Ari. Tis beſt to quench a ſparke before it flame.
Phi. Tis inhumane, and innocent to kill.
Ari. Such innocents ſeldome remaine ſo ſtill.
And ſure his death may beſt procure our peace,
Competitors the ſubiect deerely buies:
And ſo that our affliction may ſurceaſſe,
Let great men be the peoples ſacrifice.
But ſee where *Caſar* comes himſelfe, to try
And worke the mind of our diſtreſſed Queene,
To apprehend ſome falſed hope: whereby
She might be drawne to haue her fortune ſeene.
But yet I thinke, Rome will not ſee that face
(That queld her champions) bluſh in baſe diſgrace.

SCENA. II.

Caſar. Cleopatra. Seleucus. Dolabella.

VVHat *Cleopatra*, doeſt thou doubt ſo much
Of *Caſars* mercy, that thou hid'ſt thy face?
Or doeſt thou thinke, thy offences can be ſuch,
That they ſurmount the meaſure of our grace?
Cle. O *Caſar*, not for that I flie thy ſight
My ſoule this ſad retire of ſorrow choſe:
But that m'oppreſſed thoughts abhorring light
Like beſt in darkenes, my diſgrace t'incloſe.
And here to theſe cloſe limites of deſpaire,
This ſolitary horror where I bide:
Caſar, I thought no Roman ſhould repaire,
More after him, who here oppreſſed dyde.
Yet now, here at thy conquering feete I lie,
Poore captiue ſoule, that neuer thought to bow:
Whoſe happy foote of rule and Maieſty
Stood late on the ſame ground thou ſtandeſt now
Caſ. Riſe Queene, none but thy ſelfe is cauſe of all,

And

And yet, would all vvere but mine owne alone:
That others ruine had not vvith thy fall
Brought Rome her ſorrowes, to my triumphs mone.
For breaking off the league of loue and blood,
Thou mak'ſt my winning ioy againe vnpleaſing:
Sith th'eye of griefe muſt looke into our good,
Thorow the horror of our owne bloodſhedding.
And all, we muſt attribute vnto thee.

Cle; To me? *Caſar*, vvhat ſhould a woman doe
Oppreſt with greatnes? vvhat was it for me
To contradict my Lord, being bent thereto?
I vvas by loue, by feare, by weakeneſſe, made
An inſtrument to ſuch diſſeignes as theſe.
For vvhen the Lord of all the Orient bade,
Who but obey'd? vvho was not glad to pleaſe?
And how could I vvithdraw my ſuccouring hand
From him that had my heart, and vvhat vvas mine?
The int'reſt of my faith in ſtreighteſt band,
My loue to his moſt firmely did combine.

Caſ. Loue? alas no, it vvas th'innated hatred
That thou and thine haſt euer borne our people:
That made thee ſeek all meanes to haue vs ſcattred,
To diſunite our ſtrength, and make vs feeble.
And therefore did that breaſt nurſe our diſſention,
With hope t'exalt thy ſelfe, t'augment thy ſtate:
To pray vpon the vvracke of our contention,
And (with the reſt our foes,) to ioy thereat.

Cleo. O *Caſar*, ſee how eaſie tis t'accuſe
Whom Fortune hath made faulty by their fall,
The wretched conquered may not refuſe
The titles of reproch he's charg'd vvithall.
The conquering cauſe hath right, wherein thou art,
The vanquiſht ſtill is iudged the worſer part.
Which part is mine, becauſe I loſt my part.
No leſſer then the portion of a Crowne.
Enough for me, alas vvhat need Art

To gaine by others, but to keepe mine owne?
But here let vveaker powers note vvhat it is,
To neighbour great Competitors too neere,
If vve take part, vve oft do periſh thus,
If neutrall bide, both parties we muſt feare.
Alas, vvhat ſhall the forſt partakers do,
When following none, yet muſt they periſh too?
But *Cæſar*, ſith thy right and cauſe is ſuch,
Be not a heauy vveight vpon calamity:
Depreſſe not the afflicted ouer-much,
The chiefeſt glory is the Victors lenity.
Th'inheritance of mercy from him take,
Of vvhom thou haſt thy fortune and thy name:
Great *Cæſar* me a Queene at firſt did make,
And let not *Cæſar* now confound the ſame,
Reade here theſe lines which ſtill I keepe with me,
The witnes of his loue and fauours euer:
And God forbid this ſhould be ſayd of thee,
That *Cæſar* vvrong'd the fauoured of *Cæſar*.
For looke vvhat I haue beene to *Antony*,
Thinke thou the ſame I might haue beene to thee.
And here I do preſent thee vvith the note
Of all the treaſure, all the iewels rare
That Egypt hath in many ages got;
And looke what *Cleopatra* hath, is there.
Seleu. Nay there's not all ſet downe within that roule,
I know ſome things ſhe hath reſeru'd apart.
Cle. What, vile vngratefull wretch, dar'ſt thou controule
Thy Queene and ſoueraigne, caitife as thou art.
Cæſ. Hold, hold; a poore reuenge can worke ſo feeble (hands
Cle. Ah *Cæſar*, vvhat a great indiguity
Is this, that here my vaſtall ſubiect ſtands
T'accuſe me to my Lord of trechery?
If I reſeru'd ſome certaine vvomens toyes,
Alas it vvas not for my ſelfe (God knowes,
Poore miſerable ſoule, that little ioyes

In

In trifling ornaments in outward ſhowes.
But what I kept, I kept to make my vvay
Vnto thy *Liuia* and *Octauias* grace,
That thereby in compaſſion mooued, they
Might mediate thy fauour in my caſe.
Caſ. Well *Cleopatra*, feare not, thou ſhalt finde
What fauour thou deſir'ſt, or canſt expect:
For *Ceſar* neuer yet was found but kinde
To ſuch as yeeld, and can themſelues ſubiect.
And therefore giue thou comfort to thy mind,
Relieue thy ſoule thus ouercharg'd with care,
How well I vvill intreate thee thou ſhalt find,
So ſoone as ſome affaires diſpatched are.
Till then farewell. *Cle.* Thanks thriſe renowned *Caſar*,
Poore *Cleopatra* reſts thine owne for euer.
Dol. No maruell *Cæſar* though our greateſt ſpirits
Haue to the powre of ſuch a charming beauty
Been brought to yeeld the honor of their merits:
Forgetting all reſpect of other duty.
Then vvhilſt the glory of her youth remain'd
The wondring obiect to each wanton eye:
Before her full of ſweet (with ſorrow vvain'd,)
Came to the period of this miſery.
If ſtill, euen in the midſt of death and horror
Such beauty ſhines, thorow clouds of age and ſorrow.
If euen thoſe ſweet decayes ſeeme to pleade for her,
Which from affliction mouing graces borrow;
If in calamity ſhe could thus moue,
What could ſhe do adorn'd vvith youth and loue?
What could ſhe do then, when as ſpreading wide
The pompe of beauty, in her glory dight?
Wheu arm'd with wonder, ſhe could vſe beſide,
Th'ingines of her loue, Hope, and Delight?
Beauty daughter of Meruaile, O ſee how
Thou canſt diſgracing ſorrowes ſweetly grace.
What power thou ſhew'ſt in a diſtreſſed brow,

That

That mak'ſt affliction faire, giu'ſt teares their grace,
What can vntreſſed lockes, can torne rent haire,
A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire?
I ſee then, artleſſe feature can content,
And that true beauty needes no ornament.
Caſ. What in a paſſion *Dolabella?* what take heed,
Let others freſh examples be thy warning;
VVhat miſchiefes theſe, ſo idle humors breed,
VVhilſt error keepes vs from a true diſcerning.
Indeed I ſaw ſhe labour'd to impart
Her ſweeteſt graces in her ſaddeſt cheere:
Preſuming on the fame that knew the arte
To moue with vvhat aſpect ſo e're it were.
But all in vaine, ſhe takes her ayme amiſſe,
The ground and marke, her leuell much deceiues;
Time now hath altred all, for neither is
She as ſhe was, nor we as ſhe conceiues.
And therefore now, twere beſt ſhe left ſuch badnes,
Folly in youth is ſinne, in age, tis madnes.
And for my part, I ſeeke but t'entertaine
In her ſome feeding hope to draw her forth,
The greateſt Trophey that my trauailes gaine,
Is, to bring home a prizall of ſuch worth.
And now, ſith that ſhe ſeemes ſo well content
To be diſpos'd by vs, without more ſtay
She with her children ſhall to Rome be ſent,
VVhilſt I by *Syria* thither take my way.

CHORVS.

O *Fearefull frowning* Nemeſis,
Daughter of Iuſtice, moſt ſeuere,
That art the worlds great arbitreſſe,
And Queene of cauſes raigning here:
Whoſe ſwift-ſure hand is euer neere
Eternall iuſtice righting wrongs:

Who

Who neuer yet defenoſt long
The prouds decay, the weakes redreſſe:
But through thy power euery where,
Doſt raze the great, and raiſe the leſſe.
The leſſe made great doſt ruine too,
To ſhew the earth what heauen can do.

Thou from darke-cloſ'd eternity,
From thy blacke cloudy hidden ſeate,
The worlds diſorders doſt deſery:
Which when they ſwell ſo proudly great,
Reuerſing th'order nature ſet,
Thou giu'ſt thy all confounding doome,
Which none can know before it come,
Th'inenitable deſtiny,
Which neither wit nor ſtrength can let,
Faſt chain'd vnto neceſſity,
In mortall things doth order ſo,
Th'alternate courſe of weale or woe,

O how the powers of heauen doe play
With trauailed mortality:
And doth their weakeneſſe ſtill betray,
In their beſt proſperity?
When being lifted vp ſo hie,
They looke beyond themſelues ſo farre,
That to themſelues they take no care;
Whilſt ſwift confuſion downe doth lay,
Their late proud mounting vanity:
Bringing their glory to decay,
And with the ruine of their fall,
Extinguiſh people, ſtate and all.

But is it Iuſtice that all we
The innocent poore multitude,
For great mens faults ſhould puniſht be,

And

And to deſtruction thus purſude?
O why ſhould th'heauens vs include,
Within the compaſſe of their fall,
Who of themſelues procured all?
Or do the gods (in cloſe) decree,
Occaſion take how to extrude
Man from the earth with cruelty?
Ah no, the gods are euer iuſt,
Our faults excuſe their riger muſt.

This is the period Fate ſet downe,
To Egypts fat proſperity:
Which now vnto her greateſt growne,
Muſt periſh thus, by courſe muſt die,
And ſome muſt be the cauſers why
This reuolution muſt be wrought:
As borne to bring their ſtate to nought:
To change the people and the crowne,
And purge the worlds iniquity:
Which vice ſo farre hath euer growne.
As we, ſo they that treate vs thus,
Muſt one day periſh like to vs.

ACTVS IIII.

Seleucus. Rodon.

NEuer friend *Rodon* in a better houre,
Could I haue met thee then eu'n now I do,
Hauing affliction in the greateſt powre
Vpon my ſoule, and none to tell it to.
For tis ſome eaſe our ſorrowes to reueale,
If they to whom we ſhall impart our woes
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele:
And meete vs with a ſigh but at a cloze.

Rod. And neuer (friend *Seleucus*) found'ſt thou one

That

That better could beare ſuch a part with thee:
Who by his owne, knowes others cares to mone,
And can, in like accord of griefe, agree.
And therefore tell th'oppreſſion of thy heart,
Tell to ad eare prepar'd and tud'd to care:
And I will likewiſe vnto thee impart
As ſad a tale as what thou ſhalt declare.
So ſhall vve both our mournefull plaints combine
Ile vvaile thy ſtate, and thou ſhalt pitty mine.
Sel. Well then thou know'ſt how I haue liu'd in grace
With *Cleopotra*, and eſteem'd in Court
As one of Councell, aud of chiefeſt place,
And euer held my credite in that ſort.
Till now in this confuſion of our ſtate,
VVhen thinking to haue vs'd a meane to climbe.
And fled the wretched, flowne vnto the great,
(Following the fortune of the preſent time,)
Am come to be caſt downe and recin'd cleane;
And in the courſe of mine owne plot vndon.
For hauing all the ſecrets of the Queene
Reueald to *Caſar*, to haue fauour won.
My treachery is quitted vvith diſgrace,
My falſhood loath'd, and not without great reaſon.
Though good for him, yet Princes in this caſe
Doe hate the Traitor, though they loue the treaſon.
For how could he imagine I would be
Faithfull to him, being falſe vnto mine owne?
And falſe to ſuch a bounteous Queene as ſhe,
That had me rais'd and made mine honor knowne.
He ſaw twas not for zeale to him I bare,
But for baſe feare, or mine owne ſtate to ſettle.
Weakeneſſe is falſe, and faith in Cowards rare,
Feare findes out ſhifts, timiditie is ſubtle.
And therfore ſcorn'd of him, ſcorn'd of mine owne.
Hatefull to all that looke into my ſtate:
Deſpis'd *Seleucus* now is odely growne

The marke of infamy, that's pointed at.
Rod. Tis much thou saist, and O too much to feele,
And I doe grieue and doe lament thy fall:
Bet yet all this which thou dooſt heere reueale,
Compar'd with mine will make thine ſeeme but ſmall.
Although my fault be in the ſelfe-ſame kind,
Yet in degree farre greater, farre more hatefull;
Mine ſprong of miſchiefe, thine from feeble mind,
I ſtaind with blood, thou onely but vngratefull.
For vnto me did *Cleopatra* giue
The beſt and deareſt treaſure of her blood,
Louely *Caſario*, whom ſhe would ſhould liue
Free from the dangers wherein *Egypt* ſtood.
And vnto me with him this charge ſhe gaue,
Here *Rodon*, take, conuey from out this coaſt,
This precious Gem, the chiefeſt that I haue,
This iewell of my ſoule I value moſt.
Guide him to *India*, leade him farre from hence,
Safeguard him where ſecure he may remaine,
Till better fortune call him backe from thence,
And *Egypts* peace be reconcil'd againe.
For this is he that may our hopes bring backe;
(The riſing Sunne of our declyning ſtate:)
Theſe be the hands that may reſtore our wracke,
And raiſe the broken ruines made of late.
He may giue limits to the boundleſſe pride
Of fierce *Octauius*, and abate his might:
Great *Inlius* of-ſpring, he may come to guide
The Empire of the world, as his by right.
O how he ſeemes the modell of his Syre?
O how I gaze my *Cæſar* in his face?
Such was his gate, ſo did his lookes aſpire;
Such was his threatning brow, ſuch was his grace.
High ſhouldred, and his forehead euen as hie.
And O, (if he had not beene borne ſo late,)
He might haue rul'd the worlds great Monarchy,

And

And now haue beene the Champion of our ſtate.
Then vnto him, O my deere Sonne (ſhe ſaies,)
Sonne of my youth, flie hence, O flie, be gone,
Reſerue thy ſelfe, ordain'd for better daies,
For much thou haſt to ground thy hopes vpon.
Leaue me (my wofull Mother) to endure
The fury of this tempeſt heere alone:
Who cares not for her ſelfe, ſo thou be ſure,
Thou mayſt reuenge, when others can but mone:
Rodon will ſee thee ſafe, *Rodon* will guide
Thee and thy wayes, thou ſhalt not need to feare.
Rodon (my faithfull ſeruant) will prouide
What ſhall be beſt for thee, take thou no care.
And O good *Rodon*, looke well to his youth,
The waies are long, and dangers eu'ry where.
I vrge it not that I doe doubt thy truth,
Mothers will caſt the worſt, and alwaies feare.
The abſent danger greater ſtill appeares,
Leſſe feares he, who is neere the thing he feares.
And O, I know not what preſaging thought
My ſprite ſuggeſts of luckleſſe bad euent:
But yet it may tis but Loue doth doat,
Or ydle ſhadowes with my feares preſent,
But yet the memory of mine owne fate
Makes me feare his. And yet why ſhould I feare?
His fortune may recouer better ſtate,
And he may come in pompe to gouerne heere.
But yet I doubt the *Gentus* of our race
By ſome malignant ſpirite comes ouerthrowne:
Our bloud muſt be extinct, in my diſgrace,
Egypt muſt haue no more Kings of their owne.
Then let him ſtay, and let vs fall together,
Sith it is fore-decreed that we muſt fall.
Yet who knowes what may come? let him goe thither,
What Merchaunt in one veſſell venters all?
Let vs diuide our ſtarres. Go, go my ſonne,

Let not the fate of *Egypt* finde thee here:
Try if ſo be thy deſtiny can ſhunne
The common wracke of vs, by being there.
But who is he found euer yet defence
Againſt the heauens, or hid him any where?
Then what need I to ſend thee ſo farre hence
To ſeeke thy death that mayſt as well die here?
And here die with thy mother, die in reſt,
Not trauelling to what will come to thee.
Why ſhould we leaue our blood vnto the Eaſt,
When *Egypt* may a tombe ſufficient be?
O my diuided ſoule, what ſhall I do?
Whereon ſhall now my reſolution reſt?
What were I beſt reſolue to yeeld vnto,
When both are bad, how ſhall I know the beſt?
Stay, I may hap ſo worke with *Ceſar* now,
That he may yeeld him to reſtore thy right.
Goe; *Ceſar* neuer will conſent that thou
So neare in blood, ſhalt be ſo great in might.
Then take him *Rodon*, goe my ſonne, farewell.
But ſtay; there's ſomething elſe that I would ſay:
Yet nothing now, but O God ſpeed thee well,
Leſt ſaying more, that more may make thee ſtay.
Yet let me ſpeake: It may be tis the laſt
That euer I ſhall ſpeake to thee my ſonne.
Doe Mothers vſe to part in ſuch poſt haſt?
What, muſt I end when I haue ſcarce begunne?
Ah no (deare heart) tis no ſuch ſlender twine
Wherewith the knot is tide twixt thee and me,
That blood within thy veins came out of mine,
Parting from thee, I part from part of me:
And therefore I muſt ſpeake. Yet what? O ſonne.
Here more ſhe would, when more ſhe could not ſay,
Sorrow rebounding backe whence it begunne,
Fill'd vp the paſſage, and quite ſtopt the way:
When ſweete *Ceſario* with a princely ſpirit,

Though

(Though comfortleſſe himſelfe) did comfort giue;
With mildeſt words, perſwading her to beare it.
And as for him, ſhe ſhould not neede to grieue.
And I (with proteſtations of my part,)
Swore by that faith, (vvhich ſworne I did deceiue)
That I vvould vſe all care, all vvit and art
To ſee him ſafe; And ſo vve tooke our leaue.
Scarce had vve trauell'd to our iourneys end,
When *Caſar* hauing knowledge of our vvay,
His Agents after vs vvith ſpeed doth ſend
To labour me, *Caſario* to betray.
Who vvith rewards and promiſes ſo large,
Aſſail'd me then, that I grew ſoone content;
And backe to *Rhodes* did reconuay my charge,
Pretending that *Octauius* for him ſent,
To make him King of *Egypt* preſently.
And thither come, ſeeing himſelfe betray'd,
And in the hands of death through trechery,
Wailing his ſtate, thus to himſelfe he ſaid.
Loe here brought backe by ſubtile traine to death
Betrai'd by tutors faith, or traitors rather:
My fault my blood, and mine offence my birth,
For being ſonne of ſuch a mighty Father.
From *India*, (vvhither ſent by mothers care,
To be reſeru'd from *Egypts* common wracke,)
To *Rhodes*, (ſo long the armes of tyrants are,)
I am by *Caſars* ſubtile reach brought backe:
Here to be made th'oblation for his feares,
Who doubts the poore reuenge theſe hands may doe him:
Reſpecting neither blood, nor youth, nor yeares,
Or how ſmall ſafety can my death be to him.
And is this all the good of being borne great?
Then vvretched greatneſſe, proud rich miſery,
Pompous diſtreſſe, glittering calamitie.
Is it for this th'ambitious Fathers ſweat,
To purchaſe blood and death for them and theirs?

Is this the iſſue that their glories get,
To leaue a ſure deſtruction to their heires?
O how much better had it beene for me,
From low deſcent, deriu'd of humble birth,
T'haue eat the ſweet-ſowre bread of pouertie,
And drunke of *Nylus* ſtreames in *Nylus* earth:
Vnder the cou'ring of ſome quiet Cottage,
Free from the wrath of heauen, ſecure in minde,
Vntoucht when ſad euents of Princes dotage
Confounds vvhat euer mighty it doth finde.
And not t'haue ſtood in their way, whoſe condition
Is to haue all made cleare, and all thing plaine
Betweene them and the marke of their ambition,
That nothing let, the full ſight of their raigne.
VVhere nothing ſtands, that ſtands not in ſubmiſſion;
Where greatneſſe muſt all in it ſelfe containe.
Kings will be alone, Competitors muſt downe,
Neare death he ſtands, that ſtands too neare a Crowne.
Such is my caſe, for *Ceſar* vvill haue all.
My blood muſt ſeale th'aſſurance of his ſtate:
Yet ah weake ſtate that blood aſſure him ſhall,
Whoſe wrongfull ſhedding, gods and men do hate.
Iniuſtice neuer ſcapes vnpuniſht ſtill,
Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.
And thou *Auguſtus* that with bloody hand,
Cur'ſt off ſucceſſion from anothers race,
Maiſt find the heauens thy vowes ſo to withſtand,
That others may depriue thine in like caſe
When thou maiſt ſee thy prowd contentious bed
Yeelding thee none of thine that may inherite:
Subuert thy blood, place others in their ſted,
To pay this thy iniuſtice her due merite.
If it be true (as who can that deny
VVhich ſacred Prieſts of *Memphis* doe fore-ſay)
Some of the of-ſpring yet of *Antony*,
Shall all the rule of this whole Empire ſway;

And

And then *Auguſtus*, what is it thou gaineſt
By poore *Antillius* blood, or this of mine?
Nothing but this thy victory thou ſtaineſt,
And pull'ſt the wrath of heauen on thee and thine.
In vaine doth man contend againſt the ſtarr's,
For that he ſeekes to make, his wiſedome marr's.
Yet in the meane time we whom Fates reſerue,
The bloody ſacrifices of ambition,
VVe feele the ſmart what euer they deſerue,
And we indure the preſent times condition.
The iuſtice of the heauens reuenging thus,
Doth onely ſatisfie it ſelfe, not vs.
Yet tis a pleaſing comfort that doth eaſe
Affliction in ſo great extremitie,
To thinke their like deſtruction ſhall appeaſe
Our ghoſts, who did procure our miſery.
But dead we are, vncertaine what ſhall be,
And liuing, we are ſure to feele the wrong;
Our certaine ruine we our ſelues doe ſee.
They ioy the while, and we know not how long.
But yet *Ceſario*, thou muſt die content,
For men will mone, and God reuenge th'innocent.
Thus he complain'd, and thus thou hear'ſt my ſhame.
Sel. But how hath *Ceſar* now rewarded thee?
Rod. As he hath thee. And I expect the ſame
As fell to *Theodor* to fall to mee:
For he (one of my coate) hauing betraid
The yong *Antillus* ſonne of *Anthony*,
And at his death from off his necke conuaid
A iewell: which being askt, he did denie:
Ceſar occaſion tooke to hang him ſtrait.
Such inſtruments with Princes liue not long.
Although they need ſuch actors of deceit,
Yet ſtill our ſight ſeemes to vpbraid their wrong;
And therefore we muſt needes this danger runne,
And in the net of our owne guile be caught:

We muſt not liue to brag what we haue done,
For what is done, muſt not appeare their fault.
But here comes *Cleopatra*, wofull Queene,
And our ſhame will not that we ſhould be ſeene. *Exeunt.*

Cleopatra.

VVHat hath my face yet powre to win a Louer?
Can this torne remnant ſerue to grace me ſo,
That it can *Caſars* ſecret plots diſcouer
What he intends with me and mine to do?
Why then poore beauty thou haſt done thy laſt,
And beſt good ſeruice thou could'ſt doe vnto me,
For now the time of death reueal'd thou haſt,
Which in my life didſt ſerue but to vndoe me.
Heere *Dolabella* farre forſooth in loue,
VVrites, how that *Ceſar* meanes forthwith, to ſend
Both me and mine, th'ayre of *Rome* to proue:
There is Triumphant Chariot to attend.
I thanke the man, both for his loue and letter;
The one comes fit to warne me thus before,
But for th'other I muſt die his debter,
For *Cleopatra* now can loue no more.
But hauing leaue, I muſt goe take my leaue
And laſt farewell of my dead *Anthony*:
Whoſe dearely honour'd tombe muſt here receiue
This ſacrifice, the laſt before I die.
O ſacred euer-memorable ſtone,
That haſt without my teares, within my flame,
Receiue th'oblation of the wofull'ſt mone
That euer yet from affliction came.
And you deare reliques of my Lord and Loue.
(The ſweeteſt parcels of the faithfull'ſt liuer,)
O let no impious hand dare to remoue
You out from hence, but reſt you here for euer.
Let *Egypt* now giue peace vnto you dead,

That

That liuing gaue you trouble and turmoile:
Sleepe quiet in this euer-laſting bed,
In forraine land preferr'd before your ſoile.
And O, if that the ſp'rits of men remaine
After their bodies, and do neuer die,
Then heare thy ghoſt, thy captiue ſpouſe complaine
And be attentiue to her miſery.
But if that labourſome mortality
Found this ſweete error, onely to confine
The curious ſearch of idle vanity,
That would the deapth of darknes vndermine:
Or rather to giue reſt vnto the thought
Of wretched man, with th'after-comming ioy
Of thoſe conceiued fields whereon we dote,
To pacifie the preſent worlds annoy.
If it be ſo, why ſpeake I then to th'ayre?
But tis not ſo, my *Antony* doth heare:
His euer-liuing ghoſt attends my prayer,
And I do know his houering ſprite is neere.
And I will ſpeake, and pray, and mourne to thee,
O pure immortall loue that daign'ſt to heare:
I feele thou anſwer'ſt my credulity
With touch of comfort, finding none elſewhere.
Thou know'ſt theſe hands intomb'd thee here of late,
Free and vnforc'd, which now muſt ſeruile be,
Reſeru'd for bands to grace proud *Caſars* ſtate,
Who ſeekes in me to triumph ouer thee.
O if in life we could not ſeuerd be,
Shall death diuide our bodies now aſunder?
Muſt thine in Egypt, mine in Italy,
Be kept the Monuments of Fortunes vvonder?
If any powres be there whereas thou art,
(Sith our country gods betray our caſe,)
O worke they may their gracious helpe impart,
To ſaue thy wofull wife from ſuch diſgrace.
Do not permit ſhe ſhould in triumph ſhew

The bluſh of her reproach, ioyn'd vvith thy ſhame:
But (rather) let that hatefull tyrant know,
That thou and I had powre t'auoyde the ſame.
But what do I ſpend breath and idle winde,
In vaine inuoking a conceiued aide?
Why do I not my ſelfe occaſion finde
To breake the bounds wherein my ſelfe am ſtayd?
Words are for them that can complaine and liue,
Whoſe melting hearts compos'd of baſer frame,
Can to their ſorrowes, time and leaſure giue,
But *Cleopatra* may not do the ſame.
No *Antony*, thy loue requireth more:
A lingring death, with thee deſerues no merite
I muſt my ſelfe force open wide a dore
To let out life, and ſo vnhouſe my ſpirit.
Theſe hands muſt breake the priſon of my ſoule
To come to thee, there to enioy like ſtate,
As doth the long-pent ſolitary Foule,
That hath eſcapt her cage, and found her mate.
This ſacrifice to ſacrifice my life,
Is that true incenſe that doth beſt be ſeeme:
Theſe rites may ſerue a life-deſiring wife,
Who doing them, t'haue done enough doth deeme.
My hart bloud ſhould the purple flowers haue bin,
Which here vpon thy tombe to thee are offred.
No ſmoake but dying breath ſhould here bin ſeene,
And this it had bin too, had I bin ſuffred.
But what haue I ſaue theſe bare hands to do it?
And theſe weake fingers are not yron-poynted:
They cannot pierce the fleſh being put vnto it,
And I of all meanes elſe am diſappointed.
But yet I muſt a way and meanes ſeeke, how
To come vnto thee, whatſoere I do.
O Death, art thou ſo hard to come by now,
That we muſt pray, intreate, and ſeeke thee too?
But I will finde thee whereſoere thou lie,

For

For who can ſtay a minde reſolu'd to die?
And now I go to worke th'effect indeed,
Ile neuer ſend more words or ſighes to thee:
Ile bring my ſoule my ſelfe, and that with ſpeede,
My ſelfe will bring my ſoule to *Antony*.
Come go my Maydes, my fortunes ſole attenders,
That miniſter to miſery and ſorrow:
Your Miſtris you vnto your freedome renders.
And will diſcharge your charge yet ere to morrow.
And now by this, I thinke the man I ſent,
Is neere return'd that brings me my diſpatch.
God grant his cunning ſort to good euent,
And that his skill may well beguile my watch:
So ſhall I ſhun diſgrace, leaue to be ſorry,
Flie to my loue, ſcape my foe, free my ſoule;
So ſhall I act the laſt of life with glory,
Die like a Queene, and reſt without controule. *Exit.*

CHORVS.

MIſterious Egypt, wonder breeder,
ſtrict Religions ſtrange obſerver,
State-ordrer zeale, the beſt rule-keeper,
foſtring ſtill in temp'rate feruor:
O how cam'ſt thou to loſe ſo wholy
all religion, law and order?
And thus become the moſt vnholy
of all Lands, that Nylus *border?*
How could confus'd Diſorder enter
where ſterne Law ſate ſo ſeuerely?
How durſt weake luſt and riot venter
th'eye of Iuſtice looking neerely?
Could not thoſe means that made thee great
Be ſtill the meanes to keepe thy ſtate?

Ah

Ah no, the course of things requireth
change and alteration euer:
That same continuance man desireth,
th'vnconstant world yeeldeth neuer.
We in our counsels must be blinded,
and not see what doth import vs:
And often-times the things least minded
is the thing that most must hurt vs.
Yet they that haue the sterne in guiding,
tis their fault that should preuent it,
For oft they seeing their Country sliding,
take their ease, as though contented.
We imitate the greater powres,
The Princes manners fashion ours.

Th'example of their light regarding,
vulgar looseneſſe much incences:
Vice vncontrold, growes wide inlarging,
Kings small faults, be great offences,
And this hath set the window open
vnto licence, lust, and riot:
This way confusion first found broken,
whereby entred our disquiet,
Those lawes that old Sesostris *founded,*
and the Ptolomies *obserued,*
Hereby first came to be confounded,
which our state so long preserued.
The wanton luxury of Court,
Did forme the people of like sort.

For all (respecting priuate pleasure,)
vniuersally consenting
To abuse their time, their treasure,
in their owne delights contenting:
And future dangers nought respecting,
whereby, (O how easie matter

Made

Made this ſo generall neglecting,
confus'd weakeneſſe to diſcatter?)
Cæſar found th'effect true tried.
in his eaſie entrance making:
Who at the ſight of armes, deſcried
all our people, all forſaking.
For ryot (worſe then warre,) ſo ſore
Had waſted all our ſtrength before.

And thus is Egypt ſeruile rendred
to the inſolent deſtroyer:
And all their ſumptuous treaſure tendred,
all her wealth that did betray her.
Which poyſon (O if heauen be rightfull,)
may ſo farre infect their ſences,
That Egypts pleaſure ſo delightfull,
may breed them the like offences.
And Romans learne our way of weakenes,
be inſtructed in our vices:
That our ſpoyles may ſpoyle your greatnes,
ouercome with our deuiſes.
Fill full your hands, and carry home.
Enough from vs to ruine Rome.

ACT. IIII.

Dolabella. Titius.

COme tell me *Titius* eu'ry circumſtance
How *Cleopatra* did receiue my newes:
Tell eu'ry looke, each geſture, countenance,
That ſhe did in my Letters reading, vſe.

Tit. I ſhall my Lord, ſo farre as I could note,
Or my conceit obſerue in any wiſe.
It was the time when as ſhe hauing got
Leaue to her Deareſt dead to ſacrifice;
And now was iſſuing out the monument

With

With odors, incenſe, garlands in her hand,
When I approacht (as one from *Cæſar* ſent,)
And did her cloſe thy meſſage t'vnderſtand.
She turnes her backe, and with her takes me in,
Reades in thy lines thy ſtrange vnlookt for tale:
And reades, and ſmiles, and ſtaies, and doth begin
Again to reade, then bluſht, and then vvas pale.
And hauing ended with a ſigh, refoldes
Thy Letter vp: and with a fixed eye,
(Which ſtedfaſt her imagination holds)
She mus'd a while, ſtanding confuſedly:
At length. Ah friend (ſayd ſhe) tell thy good Lord,
How deare I hold his pittying of my caſe:
That out of his ſweete nature can affoord
A miſerable woman ſo much grace.
Tell him how much my heauy ſoule doth grieue:
Mercileſſe *Cæſar* ſhould ſo deale with me:
Pray him that he vvould all the counſell giue,
That might diuert him from ſuch cruelty.
As for my loue, ſay *Antony* hath all,
Say that my heart is gone into the graue
With him, in whom it reſts and euer ſhall:
I haue it not my ſelfe, nor cannot haue.
Yet tell him, he ſhall more command of me
Then any, whoſoeuer liuing can.
He that ſo friendly ſhewes himſelfe to be
A right kind Roman, and a Gentleman.
Although his Nation (fatall vnto me,)
Haue had mine age a ſpoyle, my youth a pray,
Yet his affection muſt accepted be,
That fauours one diſtreſt in ſuch decay.
Ah, he was worthy then to haue beene lou'd,
Of *Cleopatra* whiles her glory laſted;
Before ſhe had declining fortune prou'd,
Or ſeene her honor wrackt, her flowre blaſted.
Now there is nothing left her but diſgrace,

Nothing

Nothing but her affliction that can moue:
Tell *Dolabella*, one that's in her caſe,
(Poore ſoule) needs rather pity now then loue,
But ſhortly ſhall thy Lord heare more of me.
And ending ſo her ſpeech, no longer ſtayd,
But haſted to the tombe of *Antony*,
And this was all ſhe did, and all ſhe ſayd.

Dol. Ah ſweet diſtreſſed Lady. What hard heart
Could chuſe but pity thee, and loue thee too?
Thy worthineſſe, the ſtate vvherein thou art
Requireth both, and both I vow to do.
Although ambition lets not *Caſar* ſee
The vvrong he doth thy maieſty and ſweetnes,
Which makes him now exact ſo much of thee,
To adde vnto his pride, to grace his greatnes,
He knowes thou canſt no hurt procure vs now,
Sith all thy ſtrength is ſeiz'd into our hands:
Nor feares he that, but rather labours how
He might ſhew Rome ſo great a Queene in bands:
That our great Ladies (enuying thee ſo much
That ſtain'd them all, and held them in ſuch wonder,)
Might ioy to ſee thee, and thy fortune ſuch,
Thereby extolling him that brought thee vnder.
But I will ſeeke to ſtay it what I may;
I am but one, yet one that *Caſars* loues,
And O if now I could do more then pray,
Then ſhould'ſt thou know how farre affection moues.
But what my powre and prayer may preuaile,
Ile ioyne them both, to hinder thy diſgrace:
And euen this preſent day I will not faile
To do my beſt vvith *Caſar* in this caſe.

Tit. And ſir, euen now herſelfe hath letters ſent,
I met her meſſenger as I came hither,
With a diſpatch as he to *Caſar* went,
But know not what imports her ſending thither.
Yet this he told, how *Cleopatra* late

Was

Was come from ſacrifice. How richly clad
Was ſeru'd to dinner in moſt ſumptuous ſtate,
With all the braueſt ornaments ſhe had.
How hauing din'd, ſhe writes, and ſends away
Him ſtrait to *Cæſar*, and commanded than
All ſhould depart the Tombe, and none to ſtay
But her two maides, and one poore countrey man.
Dol. Why then I know ſhe ſends t'haue audience now,
And meanes t'experience what her ſtate can do:
To ſee if Maieſtie will make him bow
To what affliction could not moue him to.
And O, if now ſhe could but bring a view
Of that freſh beauty ſhe in youth poſſeſt,
(The argument wherr with ſhe ouerthrew
The wit of *Iulius Cæſar*, and the reſt condition.
Then happily *Auguſtus* might relent,
Whilſt powrefull Loue, (farre ſtronger then ambition)
Might worke in him, a minde to be content
To grant her asking, in the beſt,
But being as ſhe is, yet doth ſhe merrite
To be reſpected, for what ſhe hath beene:
The wonder of her kinde, of rareſt ſpirit,
A glorious Lady, and a mighty Queene.
And now, but by a little weakeneſſe falling
To doe that which perhaps ſh'was forſt to doe:
Alas, an errour paſt, is paſt recalling,
Take away weakeneſſe, and take women too,
But now I goe to be thy aduocate,
Sweet *Cleopatra*, now I'le vſe mine arte.
Thy preſence will me greatly animate,
Thy face will teach my tongue, thy loue my heart.

SCENA

SCEN. II.

Nuntius.

AM I ordain'd the carefull Meſſenger
And ſad newes bringer of the ſtrangeſt death,
Which ſelfe hand did vpon himſelfe inferre,
To free a captiue ſoule from ſeruile breath?
Muſt I the lamentable vvonder ſhew,
Which all the world muſt grieue and maruell at?
The rareſt forme of death in earth below,
That euer pitty, glory, vvonder gat.

Cho. What newes bringſt thou, can *Egypt* yet yeeld more
Of ſorrow than it hath? vvhat can it adde
To the already ouerflowing ſtore
Of ſad affliction, matter yet more ſad?
Haue vve not ſeene the vvorſt of our calamity?
Is there behind yet ſomething of diſtreſſe
Vnſeene, vnknowne? Tell if that greater miſery
There be, that vve vvaile not that vvhich is leſſe.
Tell vs vvhat ſo it be, and tell at firſt,
For ſorrow euer longs to heare her vvorſt.

Nun. Well then, the ſtrangeſt thing relate I will,
That euer eye of mortall man hath ſeene.
I (as you know) euen from my youth, haue ſtill
Attended on the perſon of the Queene:
And euer in all fortunes good or ill,
With her as one of chiefeſt truſt haue beene.
And now in theſe two great extremities,
That euer could to Maieſtie befall,
I did my beſt in vvhat I could deuiſe,
And left her not, till now ſhe left vs all.

Cho. What is ſhe gone. Hath *Caſar* forſt ſo?

Nun. Yea, ſhe is gone, and hath deceiu'd him to.

Cho. What, fled to *India*, to goe find her ſonne?

Nun. No, not to *India*, but to find her ſonne.

Cho. Why then there's hope ſhe may her ſtate recouer
Nun. Her ſtate? nay rather honour, and her Louer.
Cho. Her Louer? him ſhe cannot haue againe.
Nun. Well, him ſhe hath, with him ſhe doth remaine.
Cho. Why then ſhe's dead. Iſt ſo? why ſpeakſt not thou
Nun. You geſſe aright, and I will tell you how.
When ſhe perceiu'd all hope was cleane bereft,
That *Caſar* meant to ſend her ſtrait away,
And ſaw no meanes of reconcilement left,
Worke what ſhe could, ſhe could not worke to ſtay:
She calles me to her, and ſhe thus began,
O thou, whoſe truſt hath euer beene the ſame,
And one in all my fortunes, faithfull man,
Alone content t'attend diſgrace and ſhame.
Thou, whom the fearefull ruine of my fall,
Neuer deterr'd to leaue calamitie:
As did thoſe other ſmoothe ſtare-pleaſers all,
VVho followed but my fortune, and not me,
Tis thou muſt do a ſeruice for thy Queene,
Wherein thy faith and skill muſt do their beſt:
Thy honeſt care and duty ſhall be ſeene,
Performing this, more then in all the reſt.
For all what thou haſt done, may die with thee,
Although tis pitty that ſuch faith ſhould die.
But this ſhall euermore remembred be,
A rare example to poſterity.
And looke how long as *Cleopatra* ſhall
In after ages liue in memory,
So long ſhall thy cleare fame endure withall,
And therefore thou muſt not my ſute denie
Nor contradict my will. For what I will
I am reſolu'd: and this now muſt it be,
Goe finde me out with all thy art and skill
Two Aſpicks, and conuay them cloſe to me.
I haue a worke to doe with them in hand,
Enquire not what, for thou ſhalt ſoone ſee what,

If

If the heauens doe not my diſſeignes withſtand,
But doe thy charge, and let me ſhift with that.
Being thus coniur'd by her t'whom I'had vow'd
My true perpetuall ſeruice, forth I went,
Deuiſing how my cloſe attempt to ſhrowde,
So that there might no art my art preuent.
And ſo diſguis'd in habite as you ſee,
Hauing found out the thing for which I went,
I ſoone return'd againe, and brought with me
The Aſpickes, in a basket cloſely pent.
Which I had fill'd with Figges, and leaues vpon.
And comming to the guard that kept the doore,
What haſt thou there? ſaid they, and lookt thereon.
Seeing the figges, they deem'd of nothing more,
But ſaid, they were the faireſt they had ſeene.
Taſt ſome, ſaid I, for they are good and pleaſant.
No, no, ſaid I, goe beare them to thy Queene,
Thinking me ſome poore man that brought a preſent.
Well, in I went, where brighter then the Sunne,
Glittering in all their pompeous rich aray,
Great *Cleopatra* ſate, as if ſh'had wonne
Ceſar, and all the world beſide this day:
Euen as ſhe was when on thy criſtall ſtreames,
Cleare *Cydnos* ſhe did ſhew what earth could ſhew.
When *Aſia* all amaz'd in wonder, deemes
Venus from heauen was come on earth below.
Euen as ſhe went at firſt to meete her loue,
So goes ſhe now againe to finde him.
But that firſt, did her greatnes onely proue,
This laſt her loue, that could not liue behind him.
Yet as ſhe ſate, the doubt of my good ſpeed,
Detracts much from the ſweetnes of her looke:
Cheere-marrer Care, did then ſuch paſſions breed,
That made her eye bewray the griefe ſhe tooke.
But ſhe no ſooner ſees me in the place,
But ſtrait her ſorrow-clouded brow ſhe cleares,

Lightning a ſmile from out a ſtormy face,
Which all her tempeſt-beaten ſenſes cheeres.
Locke how a ſtrai'd perplexed traueller,
When chaſd by thieues, and euen at point of taking,
Deſcrying ſuddenly ſome towne not far,
Or ſome vnlookt for aide to him-ward making;
Cheeres vp his tyred ſprites, thruſts forth his ſtrength
To meet that good, that comes in ſo good houre:
Such was her ioy, perceiuing now at length,
Her honour was t'eſcape ſo proude a powre.
Forth from her ſeate ſhe haſts to meete the preſent,
And as one ouer-ioy'd, ſhe caught it ſtrait.
And with a ſmiling cheere in action pleaſant,
Looking among the figs, findes the deceite.
And ſeeing there the vgly vehemous beaſt,
Nothing diſmaid, ſhe ſtayes and viewes it well.
At length th'extreameſt of her paſſion ceaſt,
When ſhe began with words her ioy to tell.
O rareſt beaſt (ſaith ſhe) that Affrick breedes,
How dearely welcome art thou vnto me?
The faireſt creature that faire *Nylus* feedes
Me thinkes I ſee, in now beholding thee.
What though the euer-erring world doth deeme
That angred Nature fram'd thee but in ſpight?
Little they know what they ſo light eſteeme,
That neuer learn'd the wonder of thy might.
Better then Death, Deaths office thou diſchargeſt,
That with one gentle touch canſt free our breath:
And in a pleaſing ſleepe our ſoule inlargeſt,
Making our ſelues not priuy to our death.
If Nature err'd, O then how happy error,
Thinking to make thee worſt, ſhe made thee beſt:
Sith thou beſt freeſt vs from our liues worſt terror,
In ſweetly bringing ſoules to quiet reſt.
When that inexorable Monſter Death
That followes Fortune, flies the poore diſtreſſed,

Tortures

Tortures our bodies ere he takes our breath,
And loades with paines th'already weak oppreſſed.
How oft haue I begg'd, prayd, intreated him
To take my life, which he would neuer do,
And when he comes, he comes ſo vgly grim,
Attended on with hideous torments to.
Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chiefe.
That open canſt with ſuch an eaſie key
The doore of life, come gentle cunning thiefe
That from our ſelues ſo ſteal'ſt our ſelues away.
Well did our Prieſts diſcerne ſomething diuine
Shadow'd in thee, and therefore firſt they did
Offrings and worſhips due to thee aſſigne,
In whom they found ſuch myſteries were did.
Comparing thy ſwift motion to the Sunne,
That mou'ſt without the inſtruments that moue:
And neuer waxing old, but alwayes one,
Dooſt ſure thy ſtrange diuinitie approue.
And therefore too, the rather vnto thee
In zeale I make the offring of my blood,
Calamitie confirming now in me
A ſure beliefe that pietie makes good.
Which happy men neglect, or hold ambiguous.
And onely the afflicted are religious.
And here I ſacrifice theſe armes to Death,
That luſt late dedicated to Delights:
Offring vp for my laſt, this laſt of breath,
The complements of my loues deareſt rites.
With that ſhe beares her arme, and offer makes
To touch her death, yet at the touch with-drawes,
And ſeeming more to ſpeake, occaſion takes,
Willing to die, and willing too to pauſe.
Looke how a mother at her ſonnes departing
For ſome farre voyage bent to get him fame,
Doth entertaine him with an ydle parling
And ſtill doth ſpeake, and ſtill ſpeakes but the ſame;

Now bids farewell, and now recalles him backe,
Tels what was told, and bids againe farewell,
And yet againe recalles; for ſtill doth lacke
Something that Loue would faine and cannot tell.
Pleas'd he ſhould goe, yet cannot let him go.
So ſhe, although ſhe knew there was no way
But this, yet this ſhe could not handle ſo
But ſhe muſt ſhew that life deſir'd delay.
Faine would ſhe entertaine the time as now,
And now would faine that Death would ſeize vpon her,
Whilſt I might ſee preſented in her brow,
The doubtfull combate tride twixt Life and Honour.
Life bringing Legions of freſh hopes with her,
Arm'd with the proofe of time, which yeelds we ſay
Comfort and helpe, to ſuch as doe referre
All vnto him, and can admit delay.
But Honour ſcorning Life, loe forth leades he
Bright Immortalitie in ſhining armour:
Thorow the rayes of whoſe cleare glory, ſhe
Might ſee lifes baſeneſſe, how much it might harme her.
Beſides ſhe ſaw whole armies of Reproches,
And baſe Diſgraces, Furies fearefull ſad,
Marching with Life, and Shame that ſtill incroches
Vpon her face, in bloody colours clad.
Which repreſentments ſeeing, worſe then death
She deem'd to yeeld to Life, and therefore choſe
To render all to Honour, heart and breath;
And that with ſpeed, leſt that her inward foes
Falſe fleſh and blood, ioyning with life and hope,
Should mutinie againſt her reſolution.
And to the end ſhe would not giue them ſcope,
Shee preſently proceedes to th'execution.
And ſharpely blaming of her rebell powres,
Falſe fleſh (ſaith ſhe) and what doſt thou conſpire
With *Cæſar* too, as thou vvert none of ours,
To worke my ſhame, and hinder my deſire?

Wilt

VVilt thou retaine in cloſure of thy vaines,
That enemy Baſe life, to let my good?
No, know there is a greater powre conſtraines
Then can be countercheckt with fearefull blood.
For to the minde that's great, nothing ſeemes great:
And ſeeing death to be the laſt of woes,
And life laſting diſgrace, which I ſhall get,
VVhat doe I loſe, that haue but life to loſe?
This hauing ſaid, ſtrengthned in her owne heart,
And vnion of her ſelfe, ſenſes in one
Charging together, ſhe performes that part
That hath ſo great a part of glory wonne.
And ſo receiues the deadly poyſoning tuch;
That touch that tride the gold of her loue, pure,
And hath confirm'd her honour to be ſuch,
As muſt a wonder to all worlds endure.
Now not an yeelding ſhrinke or touch of feare,
Conſented to bewray leaſt ſenſe of paine:
But ſtill in one ſame ſweete vnaltred cheare,
Her honour did her dying thoughts retaine.
Well, now this worke is done (ſaith ſhe) here ends
This act of Life, that part the Fates aſſign'd;
VVhat glory or diſgrace here this world lends,
Both haue I had, and both I leaue behind.
And now O earth, the Theater where I
Haue acted this, witneſſe I die vnforſt.
Witneſſe my ſoule parts free to *Antony*,
And now prowde tyrant *Cæſar* doe thy worſt.
This ſaid, ſhe ſtaies, and makes a ſudden pauſe,
As twere to feele whether the poyſon vvrought:
Or rather elſe the vvorking might be cauſe
That made her ſtay, and intertain'd her thought.
For in that inſtant I might vvell perceiue
The drowſie humour in her falling brow:
And how each powre, each part oppreſt did leaue
Their former office, and did ſenſeleſſe grow.

Looke how a new pluckt branch againſt the Sun,
Declines his fading leaues in feeble ſort;
So here diſioyned ioyntures as vndone,
Let fall her weake diſſolued limbes ſupport.
Yet loe that face the vvonder of her life,
Retaines in death, a grace that graceth death,
Colour ſo liuely, cheere ſo louely rife,
That none would thinke ſuch beauty could want breath.
And in that cheere th'impreſſion of a ſmile,
Did ſeeme to ſhew ſhe ſcorn'd death and *Caeſar*,
As glorying that ſhe could them both beguile,
And telling death how much her death did pleaſe her.
Wonder it vvas to ſee how ſoone ſhe vvent,
She went with ſuch a will, and did ſo haſte it,
That ſure I thinke ſhe did her paine preuent,
Fore-going paine, or ſtaying not to taſte it.
And ſenceleſſe, in her ſinking downe ſhe wrines
The Diademe vvhich on her head ſhe vvore,
Which *Charmion* (poore weake feeble maid) eſpies.
And haſtes to rightit as it vvas before.
For *Eras* nowwas dead, and *Charmion* too
Euen at the point, for both vvould immitate
Their Miſtreſſe glory, ſtriuing like to doo.
But *Charmion* vvould in this exceed her mate,
For ſhe vvould haue this honour to be laſt,
That ſhould adorne that head that muſt be ſeene
To weare a Crowne in death, that life held faſt,
That all the world may know ſhe dide a Queene.
And as ſhe ſtood, ſetting it fitly on,
Loe, in ruſh *Caeſars* meſſengers in haſt,
Thinking to haue preuented vvhat vvas done,
But yet they came too late, for all vvas paſt.
For their they found ſtretcht on a bed of gold,
Dead *Cleopatra*, and that proudly dead,
In all the rich attire procure ſhe could,
And dying *Charmion* trimming of her head,

And *Eras* at her feete, dead in like caſe.
Charmion, is this well done? ſayd one of them.
Yea, well ſayd ſhe, and her that from the race
Of ſo great Kings deſcends, doth beſt become.
And with that word, yeelds to her faithfull breath,
To paſſe th'aſſurance of her loue with death,

Cho. But how knew *Caſar* of her cloſe intent?

Nun. By Letters which before to him ſhe ſent.
For when ſhe had procur'd this meanes to die,
She writes, and earneſtly intreates, ſhe might
Be buried in one Tombe with *Antony*.
Whereby then *Caſar* ges'd all went not right.
And forthwith ſends, yet ere the meſſage came
She was diſpatcht, he croſt in his intent,
Her prouidence had ordred ſo the ſame,
That ſhe was ſure none ſhould her plot preuent.

CHORVS.

THen thus we haue beheld
Th'accompliſhment of woes
The full of ruine and
The worſt of worſt of ills:
And ſeene all hope expeld,
That euer ſweete repoſe
Shall repoſſeſſe the Land,
That Deſolation fills,
And where Ambition ſpills
With vncontrouled hand,
All th'iſſue of all thoſe
That ſo long rule haue held:
To make vs no more vs,
But cleane confound vs thus.

And canſt O Nylus thou,
Father of flouds indure,

That

That yellow Tyber ſhould
With ſandy ſtreames rule thee?
Wilt thou be pleas'd to bow
To him thoſe feete ſo pure,
Whoſe vnknowne head we hold
A powre diuine to be?
Thou that didſt euer ſee
Thy free bankes vncontrould,
Liue vnder thine owne care:
Ah wilt thou beare it now?
And now wilt yeeld thy ſtreames
A prey to other Reames?

Draw backe thy waters floe
To thy concealed head:
Rockes ſtrangle vp thy waues,
Stop Cataractes thy fall.
And turne thy courſes ſo,
That ſandy Deſarts dead,
(The world of duſt that graues
To ſwallow thee vp all,
May drinke ſo much as ſhall
Reuiue from vaſty graues
A liuing greene which ſpred
Far floriſhing, may grow
On that wide face of Death,
Where nothing now drawes breath.

Fatten ſome people there,
Euen as thou vs haſt done,
With plenties wanton ſtore,
And feeble luxury:
And them as vs prepare
Fit for the day of mone
Reſpect not before.
Leane leuell'd Egypt drie,

A barren prey to lie,
Waſted for euer-more.
Of plenties yeelding none
To recompence the care
Of Victors greedy luſt,
And bring forth nought but duſt.

And ſo O leaue to be,
Sith thou art what thou art:
Let not our race poſſeſſe
Th'inheritance of ſhame,
The fee of ſin, that we
Haue left them for their part:
The yoake of whoſe diſtreſſe
Muſt ſtill vpbraid our blame.
Telling from whom it came,
Our weight of wantonneſſe
Lies heauy on their heart,
Who neuer-more ſhall ſee
The glory of that worth
They left, who brought vs forth.

O then all-ſeeing light,
High Preſident of Heauen,
You Magiſtrates the Starres
Of that eternall Court
Of Prouidence and Right,
Are theſe the bounds y'haue giuen
Th'vntranſpaſſable barres,
That limit Pride ſo ſhort?
Is greatneſſe of this ſort,
That greatneſſe greatneſſe marres,
And wrackes it ſelfe, ſelfe driuen
On Rockes of her owne might?
Doth Order order ſo
Diſorders ouerthrow?

FINIS.